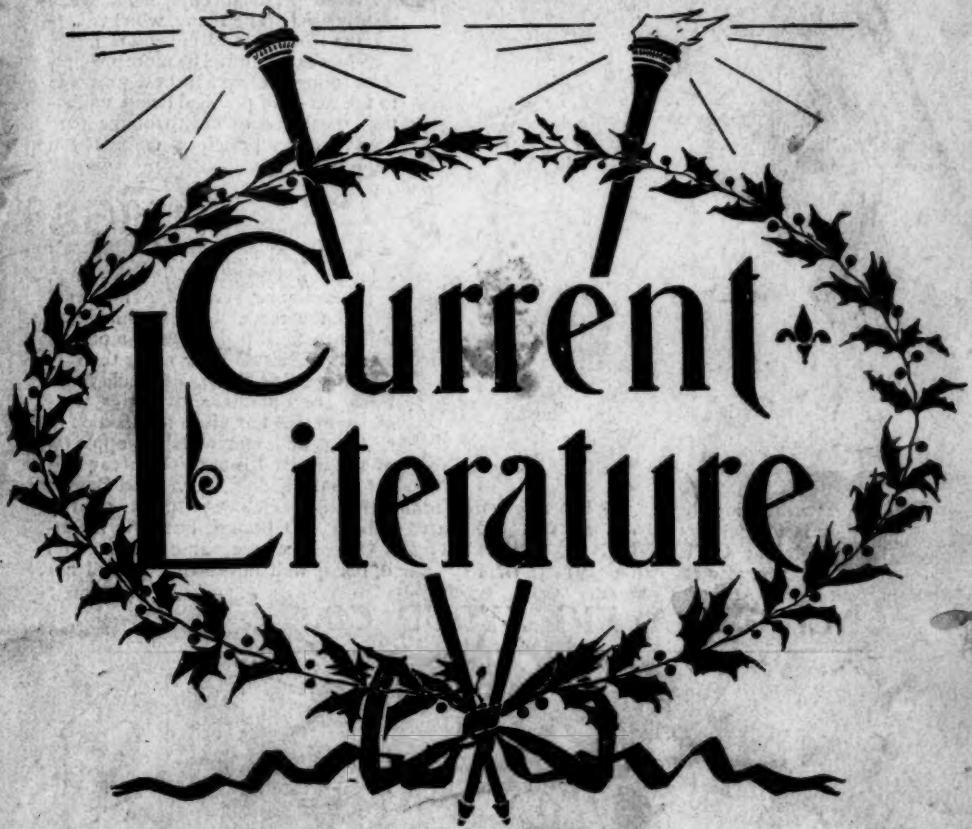


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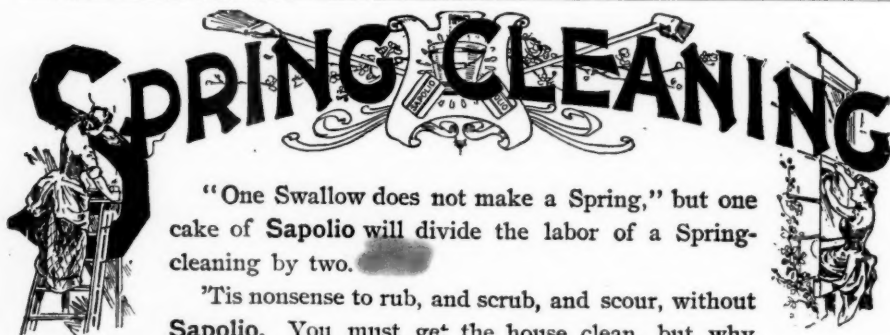
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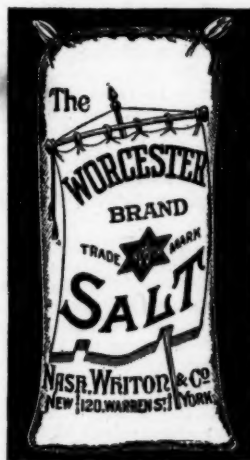
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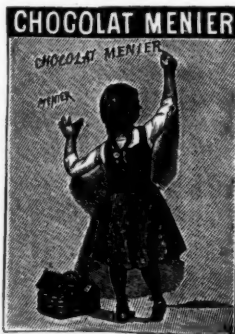
more

Simple

Nothing

so

Refreshing



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# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Record and Review

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VOL. XIII. No. 1. *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing. . . but the thread that binds them is mine own."*—Montaigne. . . MAY, 1893

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All correspondents sending material for use in CURRENT LITERATURE, may insure its return if unavailable by enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

Any person contributing a department of epigrams, of anecdotes, of interestingly collated facts, translations, or other material deemed suitable for CURRENT LITERATURE, will be liberally paid therefor. One year's subscription will be given for any hint or suggestion which is acceptable in the business or editorial departments.

The editor wishes to thank a host of friends who in the past have sent material for reprint which might otherwise have been overlooked. Such contributions are guaranteed careful and prompt attention.

THE EDITOR OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

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### ANNOUNCEMENT

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Beginning with the next number of this periodical, and continuing throughout the period of the World's Fair, arrangements have been made to publish monthly a special edition of "Current Literature," a large part of which will be devoted to the Fair. Everything of interest in this colossal and remarkable display will be specially gathered for the World's Fair number. Once the gates have opened on May 1st, there will be published in every part of the civilized world thousands of written accounts which will embody the impressions of the literary world at large. From these we purpose to gather the salient features, making thereby a record and review of the event which must prove invaluable to every visitor, whether as a keepsake from which in future to refresh the memory, or as a guide which shall single out from month to month the marvels which are most worthy of attention. For this purpose we have a special representative upon the grounds, and with the assistance of other editors, diligent search will be made for the unusual, the strange and marvellous, the picturesque, the worthy in all the departments of science, art, and industry, which are represented. These special numbers will be published on the first of each month, and will be bound in a specially designed cover. They will be kept up to date, and will be sold in all the principal cities. Special advertising of World's Fair matters will be included in the number. For particulars regarding this and other information, readers will kindly address the Current Literature Company, New York.

A prize of 100 dollars will be given to that person who, during the World's Fair, shall have contributed the best article on his experiences at the Fair, or who shall have sent in the best descriptive account of anything connected with the Fair, of not over 2,000 words. Articles so contributed will be used from month to month and paid for at regular rates. The prize will be given in addition at the end of the season. Send all contributions to the editor of Current Literature, New York.

## CURRENTS OF THOUGHT, FACT AND OPINION

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The mortality from the grip has, it appears, been so great as to place it among the most deadly of the plagues which have visited this sphere. In this connection the Sun of New York recently made the following startling estimates, based upon a report of the New York board of health, to the effect that in New York State there had been 21,000 deaths from the grip, while in the country at large there have been over 300,000.

"Assuming," says that journal, "that the average mortality from the grip throughout the earth was no higher than it is estimated to have been in the United States, let us attempt to approximate the number of deaths in the human family from that disease. If 300,000 persons out of 63,000,000 died, how many of the earth's 1,500,000,000 were carried off? These are round numbers, but they are accurate enough for the purpose of a rough estimate. It is an easy problem by the old rule of three, and the answer comes out in the shape of these appalling figures: If all the world suffered from the grip as the United States suffered, according to the best estimate, more than seven million persons died of that unprecedented plague! But, in order to be surely within bounds, let us make an allowance of fifty per cent. for errors, and say that at the very lowest reasonable estimate three and one half millions of lives were taken. Yet the story is only partly told. The number of persons who 'have never seen a well day' since they had the grip is probably far greater than the number killed by that sweeping plague. The earth numbers millions of mental or physical wrecks whose death, when it occurs, will be indirectly the result of the grip. It should be remembered that no plague sent upon the earth previous to the

coming of the grip made all the inhabited world the field of its ravages. Early in the seventeenth century a fearful malady is said to have carried off 200,000 victims in and near Constantinople, but it raged only in a comparatively small area in the East. A few years later a plague that was hardly felt beyond the boundaries of Italy originated in Naples, and is credited with having caused some 400,000 deaths. In London between 80,000 and 100,000 persons are said to have died in 1664, but this awful death rate was confined to a mere point on the earth's surface. It is recorded that 800,000 persons died in Egypt in the course of a plague which visited that country a century ago. Unlike any of these visitations, the grip visited nearly every inhabited part of the globe. It was first heard of in the cold climate of Russia. It afterward prostrated caravans on the hot sand of the great desert in Africa. In the western hemisphere it left hardly any region untouched. It served the Indians of Alaska as badly as it served the Crackers of Florida. To say that it swept over the entire earth is, with a few unimportant exceptions, to speak no more than the truth.

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The Mongolian's patience and perseverance are traits which distinguish not only the individual but the nation to such an extent that in a very readable article in MacMillan's Magazine, Mr. F. Greenwood fore-shadows a time, long distant, it may be hoped, when the Chinaman will become the conqueror and devastator of our lands. He says:

It may be a comparatively distant day, a hundred years hence, perhaps; but then the Chinese are accustomed to reckon by hundreds of years where we reckon by tens, mapping out their projects and policies on a similar dif-



ference of scale. Already, however, their resolute exclusiveness, their immovable determination to shut out the enlightened foreigner, with his nineteenth-century inventions and his fructiferous capital, have ceased to be a subject of derision in Europe. Europe has gained no footing in China, but China has gained a strong footing in Europe. That both rulers and people are looking forward to the time when the business premises of Hong Kong and Shanghai will be all in native hands is pretty obvious already. More Chinese exclusion rather than less may be expected; and meanwhile the rulers of the country are no longer in fear of the "combined representations" and the joint operations which were her dread forty years ago. Her own statesmanship, favored by the apprehensions and animosities of which the Triple Alliance is a standing illustration, has altered all that. No European Government dreams now of conquering China, foolish as their warriors and their painted shields may seem. On the other hand, China (with its embassies here, there and everywhere) has been practically admitted by the European powers (with their ambitions, their jealousies, and their competition for good understandings) into the political system. Arrived at that standpoint, it will be safe to make a more rapid advance in self-assertion, while it becomes more desirable to hasten acquaintance with the newer arts and equipments of war.

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The salaries of American statesmen and officeholders are notoriously small in comparison with those of other nations. The President of the United States is in receipt of \$50,000 a year, the chief justices of \$10,000, our minister to France of \$17,000, and so on through the list. Certain consulates are actu-

ally worth more than the ministries to the incumbents, the fees aggregating, as rumor has it, \$20,000 a year and more. Meanwhile the representative of the American nation, whether at home or abroad, is obliged to keep up a style of living which entails heavy expenses; so much so that it is a well-known fact that men of ability have frequently been unable to accept office because of their limited means, while others have shown, as was the case with a recent minister to France, that the salary paid by the Government only went far enough to pay the minister's house rent. Meanwhile the English and other foreign nations are far more liberal with their public servants, going sometimes to the opposite extreme of liberality. In a recent letter to the New York Tribune the following ornamental salaries are mentioned:

"The Queen's privy purse is \$300,000 a year, out of a civil list of more than six times that amount; a civil list, all rigorously parcelled out, the privy purse excepted, and paid for salaries of the royal household, expenses of the royal household, and sundry smaller items. The Prince of Wales has what is called an annuity, meaning an annual payment from the Treasury of \$200,000, increased each year to over \$500,000 by the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. The Princess has \$50,000 to herself—just the sum thought sufficient for the President of the United States. The children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are entitled, under a recent vote of Parliament, to a yearly lump sum of \$100,000—in the hands of trustees. The brothers of the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburgh and of Connaught, have each an annuity of \$125,000; his eldest sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany, has \$40,000; the other sisters

each \$30,000. The salary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is \$100,000."

In changing our ministers to England into ambassadors, the higher rank which they assume may be made a reason for the increase of their pay. Even then they are likely to be less liberally treated than some of the clerical dignitaries of the Church of England.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is not thought to be overpaid by a salary of \$75,000. He is, next after Her Majesty, the head of the Church and its ruler, and the Church is a great establishment, as well as the authorized teacher of religion to the State. A lesser sum, \$50,000, suffices for the Archbishop of York; the same to the Bishop of London; \$35,000 for the Bishop of Durham, and nearly as much for him of Winchester; and for the rest of the Episcopal body salaries range from \$10,000 to \$25,000. The minimum pay of the English successors, if successors they be, to St. Peter, is \$10,000. They all, I think, have palaces, as the royal family also have, greater or lesser, and have much else that is a real addition to their incomes. The ferocious Radical has, of late years, been inquiring into these matters and cutting down the liberal allowances of old, but a good many of what he calls abuses survive, and life is the easier for them to a great many persons high in social position.

The building of an American navy and the recent liberal policy of the nation toward ship-building is designed to encourage an industry which has long since been idle. Something of a stimulus will furthermore be given to marine architecture by the parade of native and foreign ships in the naval review, which will occur just before the opening of the World's Fair. The parade of the white fleet,

from Norfolk, Va., to New York, headed by Admiral Gherardi, on the Philadelphia, and followed by representative vessels from abroad, will form a pageant of peculiar impressiveness. This parade will be in the nature of a surprise to some of our visitors. In the North American Review, Naval Constructor Hichborne points this out rather forcibly as follows:

It is only about seven years ago that the English press bubbled over with anticipated joy over the undoubted failures that would follow our attempt to build a new navy. On July 10, 1885, one paper, *The Engineer*, commented upon the proposition of Secretary Whitney to build a number of ships, and sneeringly concluded: "The question is, who is to build them?" Again on January 29, 1886, this same paper referring to the "*Chicago*," said: "If the boat is a success then it is clear that British engineers do not know their business." These adverse comments might be multiplied to an interminable extent, but the hopes of our enemies abroad were not realized; a dozen firms have built a fleet of men-of-war unsurpassed by any, and the "*Chicago*" has proved a success. It is admitted that the first cost of a ship here is greater than in Scotland and that the expense of running sailing and steam vessels is greater under the American flag than under any other flag; but in the first cost of the vessel the difference is actually not so great as to make ship-owning unprofitable, as our vessels compare favorably in every respect with similar ones built abroad for like purposes, and will last as long. Opponents at home argue that the first cost and running expenses of American vessels prevent their profitable employment, and our adversaries abroad, such as shipbuilders and underwriters, contend that American ships are lowest in the scale of duration and they therefore dis-

criminate against American bottoms. It is evident that these charges of inferiority are baseless, for it is universally admitted that our iron and steel material is far superior to that used in Europe, and that the design and workmanship should be inferior to foreign work none but supporters of Lloyd's methods would have the hardihood to pretend.

The millennium, according to a score of prophets, has been fixed for innumerable dates now passed. While they are, as a rule, positive enough about the time when all shall end, the reasoning by which the date is reached is not always so plain. The most recent of the adventists is an interesting divine by the name of Baxter, who foretells the general dissolution of things on the 5th of March, in 1896. The London Spectator gives this curious account of his prophecy:

Mr. Baxter, the expounder of the prophecy, said pure mathematics could demonstrate nothing with greater precision than that 1896 is the correct year for the Ascension of the Saints. In the vision recorded in the Apocalypse there are the words, "I am Alpha and Omega." Now, in Greek, Alpha equals 1, and Omega, 200. Place 1 before 800, and there is the year 1800. The year of the vision was 96; add this, and you have 1896—Q. E. D. It is not worth while to criticise Mr. Baxter's figures, or one might protest that they are hardly satisfactory. In the first place, how does he get his date of March 5? That is still unaccounted for. Secondly, upon what authority does he assign the date of the vision to the year in which Domitian died? And, finally, his treatment of the Greek letters seems somewhat arbitrary. Alpha, it is true, means numerically either one or a thousand, according to its accent; and Omega, by the same rule, means either 800 or 800,000. If he is going

to make Alpha into 1,000, he ought also to make Omega 800,000; in which case, the Second Advent, according to Mr. Baxter, will take place in 801,096 A.D. That date is still fairly distant, and it is scarcely necessary yet to hold meetings either in Farrington street or elsewhere to prepare for its coming.

When some social philosopher, says a writer in Scribner's, who will need a large infusion of the quality himself, some time undertakes that uncommonly interesting book "A History of Courage," he will have a very entertaining task in pointing out the changes that have taken place in the popular ideal of that first of human excellences. On purely gladiatorial and military courage he will have to spend little space, of course; the conception of it probably has not changed much either way in a matter of three or four thousand years, and takes very little thought of motives or morals. So with what is called gallantry, dash, or what you like; now and then someone will write of "mere intrepidity," or some rather frigid hero like the Great Duke will say, "What the devil was he doing, larking there?" I shall not mention him in the dispatches; but in the main the common judgment of these qualities is unchanged and unchangeable—sound and healthy enough, if sometimes discouragingly indiscriminating. When it comes to the other and more complicated courage, however, the "courage of conduct," the author of the great work suggested will find puzzling changes; among which, I hope, he will choose for attention a particular phase in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which seems to me not to have received the proper notice from moralists. It is not a change of ideal which shows any loss in the popular estimate of the relative value of courage—on the contrary; it is in one sense a still further proof of Emerson's remark, that all mankind give courage "the first rank; they

forgive everything to it." But it certainly shows a change in the kind of courage to which they forgive. I mean the admiration that has grown up for the "nerve" of that modern type known by many names, from financier to wrecker. "You may say what you like," I heard *à propos* of one of the "young Napoleons of Wall street," "of course it's all wrong, and I have no idea of defending the man, but I can't help admiring his nerve." And when the recognized head of the master "wizards" died, every account of him dwelt upon his daring as the great redeeming trait.

That Italian immigrants are not treated as they should be by labor contractors is well known. Mr. S. Merlino, who records his personal experiences, in the Forum, among the immigrants, declares that their condition is one of enslavement.

I once witnessed, he writes, the departure of a party of laborers and I shall never forget the sight. In foul Mulberry street a half-dozen carts were being loaded with bundles of the poorest clothes and rags. One man after another brought his things; women and children lounged about, and the men gathered together in small groups, chattering about the work, their hopes, and their fears. For these men fear. They have heard of the deceit practised upon those who have preceded them and of their sufferings. Each man carried a tin box containing stale bread and pieces of loathsome cheese and sausage, his provision for the journey. Some had invested whatever money they had in buying more of such food, because, as they told me, everything was so much dearer at the contractor's store. The sausage, for instance, which, rotten as it was, cost them four cents a pound in New York, was sold for twenty cents a pound at the place of their work. Presently our conversation was interrupted by

the appearance of the contractor; the groups dissolved, the men took leave of their wives and friends, kissed once more their children, and made a rush for the carts. Then the train started for the railroad station, where the laborers were to be taken to their unknown destination. Of course, this destination and the wages and the nature of the work have been agreed upon in some informal way. But the contract is a sham. I do not believe there is a single instance in which a contract was honestly fulfilled by the contractor. When we think of law-breakers we instinctively refer to the lowest classes. But the contractors are systematic law-breakers. As a rule, the laborer is faithful to the letter of his engagement, even when he feels wronged or deceived.

The contractor is sure to depart from the terms of the contract either as to wages, or hours of labor, or the very nature of the work. Contractors have been known to promise employment, to pocket their fees, and then to lead the men to lonely places and abandon them. Some employment agencies agree with the employers that the men shall be dismissed under pretext after a fortnight or two of work, in order that the agents may receive new fees from fresh recruits. As a rule, however, the men obtain more work than they want or can stand. The contractor, who has acted thus far as an employment agent, now assumes his real functions. Him alone the employer (a railroad or some other company) recognizes, and all wages are paid to him. He curtails these for his own benefit, first by ten or twenty per cent or more, and he retains another portion to reimburse himself for the money he has spent for railway fares and other items. Wages are generally paid at the end of the second fortnight; the first fortnight they remain unpaid till the end of the work, in guarantee of the fulfilment of the contract by the laborer. Meanwhile the men have to



live, and to obtain food they increase their debt with the contractor, who keeps a "pluck-me store," where the laborers are bound to purchase all their provisions, inclusive of the straw on which they sleep. The prices charged are from twenty-five to one hundred per cent and upward above the cost of the goods to the seller, and the quality is as bad as the price is high. At sunset the work ceases and the men retire to a shanty, very much like the steerage of a third-class emigrant ship, the men being packed together in unclean and narrow berths. The shanty is no shelter from wind or rain. Only recently the shanty where the Chicago National Gas-Pipe Company huddled its Italian workmen, near Logansport, Ind., was blown down by a wind-storm and several men were killed. Neither the number nor the names of the dead were known, as Italian laborers are designated only by figures.

The brutality of the contractors toward their subjects baffles description. The contractor is a strongly-built, powerful man; he has acquired the habit of command, is well armed, protected by the authorities, supported by such of his employees as he chooses to favor, and, sad to say, by the people, who are hostile to the laborers. He often keeps guards armed with Winchester rifles to prevent his men from running away. His power has the essential characteristics of a government. He fines his men and beats and punishes them for any attempted resistance to his self-constituted authority. On Sunday he may either force them to attend church service or keep them at work. I have been told of contractors who taxed their men to make birthday presents to their wives. A feudal lord would not have expected more from his vassals.

An attempt is making to water dried-up Arizona, to which end the

ancient irrigation system is to be restored at great expense. The enterprise is attracting considerable attention. Some ideas of the great undertaking may be gathered from the following figures which appear in *The Arid Region*:

Two surveyors and sixteen men have gone to the Pot Holes and Castle Dome to begin the work of running the lines for the projected canal of the Colorado Canal Company. This system of canals will cost \$10,000,000, and the main ditch will be 150 miles long, 112 feet wide on the bottom, and will carry twelve feet of water. For the distance given this canal will be broader and deeper than any 150 miles of the great Erie Canal of New York. This will give Eastern people some comprehension of the magnitude of this immense irrigation project. The engineers surveying the line of the Colorado Canal are working in the region traversed by the ancient canal system of prehistoric times, of which there are more than 800 miles of the larger canals and more than 3,000 miles of the smaller ones, all of which can be used in the Colorado, covering an area of 6,000,000 acres of the finest land on the Pacific Coast. By using the larger canal system the cost of extending the Colorado Canal to the westward so as to bring it back to American soil in San Diego County, California, west of the Algetones sand hills, so as to irrigate the million acres of good land between the boundary and Salton Lake, will be greatly reduced, as every mile of this ancient canal, which is from 50 to 200 feet wide and from 8 to 15 feet deep, can be utilized, and by doing so, the cost of building the former will be lessened more than one-half. Both New River, in its meanderings from Indian Wells to Salton basin, over a distance of 80 miles, and Carter river, from Alamo basin to that at Salton, more than 200 miles as it comes, can be

used. The ancient lakes, of which there are scores, can all be converted into storage reservoirs at a very small outlay. This great scheme, which at first only had in view the irrigation of the Beatty concession in Sonora, and a few acres along the route, now includes the grandest project on the coast, the irrigation of 6,500,000 acres of Yuma's best back country.

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Having in view the preservation of the redwood forests the San Francisco Chronicle says:

Some measure should be taken before it is too late for the replanting of our redwood forests, which are fast falling before the woodman's ax. Already the area of standing redwood is small, and expert lumbermen have no difficulty in figuring the short space of years that will at least intervene before the supply of this unique wood is exhausted. It is not precisely sixteen years since the first carload of redwood left this coast for the Eastern market. It at once became a popular material for cabinet and ornamental work, and is to-day, among the Eastern and home manufacturers, greatly esteemed for this purpose; but the amount now consumed for these uses is a mere bagatelle compared with to-morrow's demand, if we have the wherewithal to meet it. Transportation facilities are on the increase, and freights are constantly cheapening, so that the greatest obstacle to its widespread use, the heavy cost of conveyance, is fast disappearing. But when redwood lumber has a market value of several hundred dollars a thousand, as it is sure to have in time, where will the lumber come from. The redwood is a tree that makes a surprising growth within a very few years, and with careful cultivation there is little doubt that at this growth could be encouraged and continued until the tree attained a size that would fit it for commercial purposes. In the old European countries and among a people whom

we regard as vastly behind us in civilization and progress the planting of forests is conducted by Government, even when it is plain that its benefits will be reaped by coming generations. There is much likelihood that men now living would share in the riches that might be secured to our State by the replanting of our redwood forests. When this argument is united with the well-known decrease in rainfall that follows upon the destruction of vast timber tracts the question becomes one of vital interest to our people.

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There is greater individual freedom, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century, in Great Britain and her colonies than in America. For instance, every Sunday small knots of men may be seen in the principal London parks, giving expression to the most varied sentiments on matters political, social and religious, and language painful to the great majority of the people is constantly being used. No restriction is ever placed on such expressions of opinion, so long as they are uttered on sites designated by the police, where there can be no obstruction to traffic or danger of intimidation being exercised. In America, however, no meetings of any kind are permitted in these open spaces. In Central Park, New York, no one may even pick up a leaf without danger of fine or imprisonment; no one may walk on the grass unless he is playing a game. I barely escaped arrest for walking on the carriage drive. The police march about with their batons out—often swinging them—and appear to regard themselves more as the masters than the servants of the people. Socialists are under a special ban, and in Chicago are forbidden to display the red flag in public. It may not be shown even from a private window and their meetings have been broken up by the police in Philadelphia, although held in a building and perfectly orderly in character

## AMBASSADORS AND MINISTERS

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The most important of President Cleveland's appointments thus far is that of ex-Secretary Bayard as Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister

earliest days of the Republic. Hitherto the highest rank in our diplomatic service has been envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. But Con-



THOMAS F. BAYARD, THE FIRST AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. It has particular significance in the fact that it is the first appointment of an ambassador under the new law, and that Mr. Bayard will be the first official of this rank sent abroad since the

gress recently authorized the president to appoint ambassadors to those countries which, in return, would send diplomats of equal rank to the United States. With this condition the greatest European states have readily com-

plied. This promotion of our ministers will give to the United States that precedence in business transactions which its interests, especially in England, France, and Germany, entitle it to. Mr. Bayard is eminently fitted to occupy the important post assigned to him. As for his public services he has been in public life, says the *Chicago Record*, since 1851, when he was appointed United States District Attorney for Delaware. In 1855 he removed to Philadelphia, where he became the partner of William Shippen and practiced for two years, but returned to Wilmington and continued practicing law until he was elected in 1868 to succeed his father in the United States Senate. He took his seat March 4, 1869, being re-elected in January 1875, and again in 1881, served continuously until he became Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of State in 1885. On the day on which he was elected to the Senate for a full term his father was also re-elected a Senator from Delaware to serve for the unexpired part of his original term. This is the only case of a father and son being voted for by the same Legislature to fill the Senatorial office. In the Senate he served on the committees of finance, judiciary, private land claims, library and revision of laws. In October, 1881, he was elected president pro tempore of the Senate. He was a member of the electoral commission of 1876-77 and a conspicuous upholder in Congress of Democratic doctrines and state rights, and was voted for in national convention as a candidate for the Presidency in 1880 and again in 1884.

Of the foreign posts which the President has filled, those next in importance are the appointment of James B. Eustis, of Louisiana, to be minister to France, and Theodore Runyon, of New Jersey, to Germany,

a record of whose careers we quote from the *Boston Herald*:

James B. Eustis was born in New Orleans in 1834, received a classical education, passed two years in the Harvard law school, and was admitted to the Bar in 1856, practicing in his native city. During the war he served as judge advocate on the staffs of General Magruder and General Joe Johnston of the Confederate service. Afterward he practiced law. Before the Reconstruction act he was a member of the State Legislature, and he was one of the committee sent to Washington to confer with President Johnson upon Louisiana affairs. In 1872 he was elected to the State House of Representatives, and in 1874 to the State Senate, whence he was promoted to the United States Senate in 1877, serving until March 3, 1879. He then became professor of civil law in the University of Louisiana, until he was re-elected to the United States Senate in 1885.

Mr. Runyon was born in Somerville, Somerset county, N. J., on October 23, 1822. He was fitted for college at Plainfield, N. J., and was graduated from Yale in 1842. He began the study of law in the office of A. Whitehead, and was admitted to the Bar of New Jersey in 1846. He began practicing in Newark, continuing until 1873, when he was appointed chancellor of the State. For many years he was city solicitor of Newark. He was appointed brigadier-general of militia of Essex county on May 8, 1857. At the commencement of the war in 1861 he was appointed brigadier-general of the 1st New Jersey Brigade. This was the first fully equipped and organized brigade of troops that went to the defence of Washington. He returned home in 1861, but before quitting the field he received the thanks of President Lincoln, personally tendered in the presence of the cabinet. On February 25, 1862, he was appointed by



Governor Alden major-general by brevet, in compliance with the recommendation of the assembly in honor of his distinguished service. He was appointed major-general commanding the National Guard of the State on April 7, 1869, serving till 1873. He was a Democratic presidential elector in 1860, and was mayor of Newark in 1864-5. In August, 1865, he was nominated for governor of New Jersey by the Democrats, but was defeated by Marcus L. Ward. In 1873 he was appointed a member of the commission to prepare amendments to the constitution of the State, and at the same time was appointed by Governor Parker chancellor of the State for a term of seven years. He was reappointed in 1880. He has received the degree of LL. D. from Wesleyan University and Rutgers College. He is a man of great legal learning and of the highest character.

#### REMINISCENCE OF BLAINE

*E. Jay Edwards.....The Chautauquan*

At one time a curious craze swept over New York for witnessing public walking matches, Mr. Blaine was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel where politicians expected to meet him. Instead of seeing them, his boyish impulse carried him to the Madison Square Garden. He went alone, and in the vast throng was not recognized. When he came forth from the building, he started to return to the hotel by the north side of Madison Square. A curiously sweet-toned hand organ was grinding out a sort of public vespers service. The writer happened to be passing at that time, and being surprised to see the organ-grinder with a solitary auditor, glanced at this man who was thus entertained and was amazed to find that it was Mr. Blaine, who seemed filled with delight with the music. He had been giving himself up to this seemingly trivial and boyish enjoyment, heedless apparently that he might thereby give offense to politicians who were waiting for him. In fact he did greatly wound the feel-

ings of one man upon that occasion. Politicians could not understand such impulses as these, and Mr. Blaine knew it, and he therefore never made any attempt to furnish explanation. Yet when his life is honestly written, some of his disappointments and some of the enmities which he created will be traced to this disposition.

#### THE LATEST IMMORTAL

*Boston Transcript*

It is doubtful if a more picturesque career ever reached the culmination of honor in election to the Academy than that of M. Challemlacour, who has just been made one of the "Immortals." He is now about sixty-six years of age, and has been in his time student, teacher, revolutionist, lecturer, politician, statesman, diplomatist, journalist and all-round man of letters. He is a republican of the old sort. At the time of the coup d'état he left his chair as a professor at Limoges and put himself at the head of a few bold men who with arms in their hands made a brief and ineffectual attempt to rally the Republicans of the provinces to resist the usurpation of Louis Napoleon. For this he was sent first to prison and afterwards into exile. He made his exile comfortable by lecturing on literature and philosophy in many European cities. He was turned out of Belgium because he drew students from the universities to his lecture rooms. Amnestied by Napoleon III., he returned to Paris and was an active leader among those Republican literary men who wrote articles that attacked the empire by the insinuation of analogies. On the fall of the empire he was welcomed to the councils of the Republic. He was identified with Gambetta in establishing the République Française, and subsequently he was appointed ambassador to Switzerland, afterwards to England. He was for a time minister of foreign affairs in the Ferry cabinet of 1883. For the last few years he has enjoyed the seclusion that the French Senate grants.

## JULES FERRY'S STORMY LIFE\*

The sudden death of Jules Ferry, the French statesman, leaves one with an impression such as might be felt at beholding the sudden leveling of a mountain. Indeed, when one remembers the storms that have raged about this commanding character in the last thirty years, he may well be compared to a mountain.

M. Ferry was one of those strong



but unfortunate characters who can make history and dominate a crisis that would crush an ordinary man, yet whose very strength is of such a quality as to make more enemies than friends. France owed as much to this sturdy and fearless Republican as to any other one man; yet he sought the Presidency in vain, and even at the moment of his death we are told that he was intensely unpopular, though his commanding ability had forced the people to raise him to the

Presidency of the Senate and to look upon him as their refuge in case of the downfall of the present ministry. His death is a severe blow to the Opportunists.

The career of this man is comparable in many respects to that of James G. Blaine. Like Blaine he was born of humble though not obscure parents in a back-country town, fought his way into public recognition by sheer force of the grey matter under his hat, served his country honestly and brilliantly, and then went to his grave without the crowning honor which he had a right to seek. But the scenes through which the Frenchman fought his way were wilder than any in which the American figured, and his services were at once more dramatically conspicuous, more unselfish and more tragically misunderstood. Jules Ferry figured in some of the most dramatic scenes that fall to the lot of any man. A fearless believer in republicanism from boyhood, he gathered about him under the decaying despotism of Louis Napoleon a group of kindred spirits that foreshadowed the downfall of the Empire long before it fell of its own rottenness. As a result he was one of the young lawyers condemned in the stormy and famous "trial of thirteen." He roused all France with his articles in the *Temps* exposing the corruptness of the Imperial Government. During the memorable siege of Paris, when the people were crying "Give us bread," he found food enough for all when no other man could, by ordering a search of the houses from which the rich had fled. But the most dramatic scene of Ferry's life was enacted on the memorable day of the downfall of the Ferry ministry in 1885, when the fickle French nation suddenly turned upon

\*Chicago Journal

him and mobbed him in the streets with the epithet, "The Tonquin man!" upon their lips.

He had entered the chamber triumphant, and as the second-highest man in the nation had shaken hands with the Deputies. Two hours later he left the palace without so much as a single friend who dared to walk by his side. Alone on foot he crossed the Pont de la Concorde surrounded by a howling mob, threatened with instant death. A sea of angry faces was about him. A flying stone broke his hat. But the proud spirit that had defied an emperor never flinched. He never hesitated nor turned his head. His sangfroid saved his life. The eight years of obscurity which have intervened have largely justified his Tonquin policy, and now, when he was at last about to reap the reward for his services and be recompensed for his unjust humiliation, death has stricken the laurels from his grasp.

#### THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR

*Black and White*

Eastern and Western ideas came into curious collision at Zanzibar when the Sultan died there recently. He was a comparatively young man, and his death does not seem to have been immediately anticipated. The late Sultan owed the stability of his throne to Great Britain, and he sat on that throne for the benefit of Eastern Africa, of his subjects, and of the neighboring negroes. So secure was he that he could dispense with the Oriental rule that allows "no brother near the throne." Brothers and sons were left in peace, and one young man, a son, could not forego the usual Oriental intrigue when the throne was vacant. He broke into the palace by a back door, and barred himself in. Our *Chargé d'Affaires* for the time happened to be Mr. Renel Rodd, a poet whose verses were favorably reviewed in *Black and White* a short time ago. While a force of English marines and blue-

jackets mounted guard over the palace, Mr. Rodd knocked at the front door and asked for the would-be usurper, who quietly delivered himself to the poet-diplomat. Mr. Rodd then comfortably proclaimed the successor to the throne, Hamed Ben Thwain, a grandson of a brother of the deceased sovereign.

#### THE RICHEST GERMAN

*New York Tribune*

When Anselm von Rothschild came to Berlin in 1829 to seek an agent for his world-renowned house, he was led almost by accident into a small bank in a side street presided over by S. Bleichroeder. The bank had been established in 1803, but had played no part in the financial history of the country. But the financier was pleased with the apparent abilities of the modest banker, and chose him as his representative in preference to others of greater pretensions and fame. That selection was the foundation of the success of the house of Bleichroeder. But although he had acquired a reputation before the advent of the dead leader, it was left to Gerson von Bleichroeder, the founder's son, to make its fame world-embracing. Prince Bismarck—at that time Herr von Bismarck—when called to the head of the Prussian Ministry, quickly recognized the importance of the Bleichroeder firm, owing to its Rothschild connections. With that recognition came benefits and honors to both, and a friendship which lasted beyond the retirement of the one and to the grave of the other. Bismarck was Bleichroeder's idol. In his private study, or office, the Chancellor was to be seen in a dozen different representations. His portraits hung on the wall, his bust in marble stood in the corner, his head in iron served as a letter-weight and pipe-bowl. No one could talk to the banker without hearing several times in the course of a short conversation the words: "Yes, it is little wonder, when one stood twenty-five years behind the chair of the man who ruled Europe."

## DIARY OF THE MONTH\*

### HOME NEWS

Strict precautionary measures have been adopted at home and abroad to prevent the coming of cholera. A large number of deaths, however, have been reported in Europe at different times during the month. The discussion of Hawaiian annexation has been less general. On March 16 it was reported that the Royalists were greatly strengthened by a hitch in the annexation proceedings. On the 20th ex-representative Blount sailed for Honolulu on a special governmental mission. On April 1st, Commissioner Blount ordered the American flag hauled down and the American Protectorate dissolved, since which time there have been rumors of trouble. St. Patrick's Day was celebrated as usual on March 17. In New York, Carlyle W. Harris was sentenced to execution during the week of May 8. The cruiser New York proved herself on March 26 the finest armored vessel afloat. Extensive preparations have been under way for the Naval Review in May.

**POLITICAL.**—The president has been busy sending lists of nominations to the Senate. On March 20 the Senate confirmed the nominations of James B. Eustis to be Minister to France; on the 22d, Theodore Runyon to be Minister to Germany; on the 30th, Thomas F. Bayard to be Ambassador to England; and on the same day, James D. Porter, Minister to Chili, James A. Mackenzie to Peru, Lewis Baker to Nicaragua, Pierce M. B. Young to Guatemala, and Edwin Dunn to Japan. On April 4, J. O. Broadhead to be Minister to Switzerland, Bartlett Tripp to Austria, and Ebenezer Alexander to Greece, Roumania and Serbia; and on April 6 the Senate confirmed the nomination of Harris Taylor to be Minister to Spain.

**CASUALTIES.**—On March 13 several Eastern States suffered heavy damages from floods. On the 17th there was a half million dollar fire in Milwaukee, and on the 19th an equally large fire in Boston. On the 23d terrible tornadoes destroyed several towns in the Mississippi valley with a great loss of life. On the 24th there was an earthquake in Colombia, and on the 9th of April an earthquake in Servia, both destroying life and property. During the first days of April destructive forest fires raged in various parts of New York and Virginia.

**DEATHS.**—On March 12 James W. Hyatt, ex-Treasurer of the United States, died at

Norwalk, Conn. On the 17th Jules Ferry, the new President of the French Senate, died suddenly of heart disease. On the 24th, Elliott F. Shepard, Editor of the Mail and Express, expired suddenly at his home in New York City from the effects of ether, and on the same day died the Duke of Bedford. On the 28th General E. K. Smith, last of the Confederate Generals, died at Sewanee, Tennessee.

### FOREIGN

On March 12 M. Develle was appointed temporary successor of M. Bourgeois in the French cabinet. On the same day M. Soinoury, the police official, accused by Mme. Cottu, resigned. The next day M. Bourgeois declared Mme. Cottu's statement false. On the 21st M. Baihaut was sentenced to five years' imprisonment with further penalties; M. Blondin, two years' imprisonment, to run concurrently with the five years' sentence already passed. On the 29th Ribot's Ministry was beaten on a question of finance, and the Ministry resigned. On April 3 M. Dupuy, the new Premier, completed his new cabinet. On March 23 M. Challemeil-Lacour was elected to succeed Ernest Renan in the French Academy. In the English House of Commons the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was continued from time to time. At Hull, during the week of April 3, the dockmen struck work and resorted to violence and lawlessness. On March 22d the Oxford crew won the University boat race on the Thames. In Germany, Chancellor Von Caprivi, on March 15, rejected the compromise offered by the national Liberals on the Army Bill. On the 17th the Reichstag rejected the second reading of the Army Bill, and adjourned until after Easter. It has since been rumored that the Reichstag will be dissolved the latter part of April. In Rome, several bombs were thrown, and great alarm prevailed for several days, reaching a crisis on March 21, when six bombs shattered the palace of the Grand Marshal. On the 25th King Humbert narrowly escaped a stone thrown at him by a crank. In Peru, on April 6, the American Consular Agency at Mollendo was attacked by rioters, for which, however, on April 10, a satisfactory explanation and apology was made by the Peruvians. In Belgium on April 11 and 12, there were rioting and strikes on account of the rejection by the Chamber of Deputies of the bill of universal suffrage.

\*This record from March 12, 1893, to April 12, 1893

## ANCIENT ROYALTY IN BOSTON

While echoes of the Mardi Gras reach us from the South, and from across the Atlantic come notes of carnivals and feasts, of weird clatterings of the hoofs of untamed steeds through the streets of Rome, of saucy throwers of confetti along the esplanade at Nice, of the mimic play at royalty of the washerwomen of Paris, of masquerades, of revelry, of saturnalia, each according to the temperament of different nationalities, behold

naissance costumes and customs which will long remain famous for the wealth of its glittering splendor. Though not a masquerade ball, the peculiarity of the event was that it was an accurate revival of antiquity down to the smallest details. None were admitted but those pronounced by a committee of artists to be faultlessly arrayed in costumes of the proper cut and date. There were furthermore to be no dominoes, no repetitions.



FRENCH TROUBADOURS

our own and only Boston—the centre of learning, the city of large-browed women and handsome men, the very pivot of the universe of literature and art, of ponderous wisdom, of all the ologies and isms, budding forth into the realms of pomp and pageantry! On the night of the 5th of April, under guidance and inspiration of the Boston Art Students' Association, the dames and matrons, and the most blue-blooded of Boston's wealthy citizens, took part in a revival of re-

Gold lace was to be gold lace, and not tinsel; and the result was a parade the like of which has never been witnessed upon American soil. We borrow from the Boston Herald the following notes upon the event, as well as some of its admirable drawings. Suffice it to say that to carry out the illusion, spectators as well as those who took part, were in costume, while the dresses of the period from 1400 to 1650 only were allowed. The result was a medley of color and beauty,



while the procession itself, with its trumpeters, its heralds, its groups of personages from various guilds, formed a pageant of unusual beauty. The event took place in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts:—

The tapestries and costumes were not only magnificent to the eye but were really beautiful and rich. Costly brocades and velvets and laces were made resplendent with brilliant jewels.

their turn in the slow procession, these scions of royalty threw open the carriage doors and fled like ghosts of the renaissance across the nineteenth century pavement up into the blaze of light that streamed from the doorway. Inside was the renaissance of the renaissance. The dignified old stile-tender wore a tunic of many colors, and grouped about the foot of the grand stairway were historic guards, who directed the visitors to the lower regions, where long suites



GERMAN 1550

QUEEN ELIZABETH

POPE 1550

Dressmakers, tailors, and costumers had evidently been given a *carte blanche* order to outdo themselves, and they did it. No enthusiasm can exceed the sumptuousness which made the pageant so brilliant a success. Before eight o'clock Copley square was filled with a turbulent mass of carriages, that gradually formed in a long line leading to the canopied entrance to the museum. For a time nobles and princesses looked impatiently from the windows of their coaches, and then, unwilling to await

of dressing rooms had been prepared. Even the humblest attendants were dressed according to the ancient order.

In the grand halls of the first floor were heralds holding banners that told the different groups where to congregate. These banners gradually became surrounded by the distinctive fragments of the great procession which was to march at nine o'clock. Meanwhile the throne rooms on the

second floor were being filled. In the hallway over the entrance was a raised semicircle of seats for the august group of patronesses who were the

the multitude, and the first group of royalty was escorted to its place. Each group was preceded and followed by a flourish of trumpets, and each group gravely saluted the receiving party of patronesses. At last the six courts were complete in their resplendent magnificence, and opposite the throne each room was filled with the people of the period. The festival procession had by this time been formed, and began to circle the rooms of the lower floor, accompanied by the horn music, the mandolin music and the singing of men and boys. The Boston of to-day was forgotten as this line of long-buried characters



ANCIENT VINTNER

first in position. A multitude of costumed spectators gathered around and admired while the marshal disposed of the richly-gowned ladies to the best artistic advantage. Beside those in the procession and beside the throne groups was a small army of people unattached, but strictly renaissance, nevertheless. These were the spectators, and a spectacle in themselves, for they included many distinguished historical names.

Just as soon as the patronesses were in court the trumpets sounded, the marshals with their staves parted



A WOODWORKER

marched up the farther stairway and passed by the rejuvenated courts of old Europe. No panorama, no cyclo-rama even, ever presented so complete a series of pictures. The grand apartments of the museum made an

appropriate setting, and nowhere in the great building was there a single reminder of the nineteenth century. Everyone was looking backward, and old Father Time was the laughing stock of eleven hundred people. With a succession of bright colors, beautiful and picturesque faces, waving banners and poetic music, the procession passed. There was a buzz of applause and conversation, and then the patronesses left the Florentine thrones and passed back from room to room to enjoy the whole carnival. This was the end of formality and order. The reign of jollity and pleasure began. Peasants took possession of the splendid thrones, and the kings and queens mingled with the common people. Striking groups, magnificent in the harmonizing contrasts, formed themselves naturally on the stairs and in the rooms and hallways. Costumed attendants took about gay baskets of latterday sandwiches and cake, and, with the utmost good fellowship, the guests of the museum munched these substantial while they drank in the kaleidoscopic effects that surrounded them on every hand. This was the conclusion of the festival.



ENGLISHMAN 1580



GROUP OF FLORENTINES

## ANECDOTES

The following anecdote from those sent in in competition for the best one told in 100 words for a prize of ten dollars has been awarded to Miss M. F. Stone of Farmville, Va., for the following:—

### *The Eggs of Chesterfield.*

"Bizarre," a place formerly owned by one of the Randolphs, is near Farmville, Virginia. John Randolph was a frequent visitor at Bizarre, and his memory still lives in the land of old memories. One of the stories still told in Farmville is the following: Once, when taking breakfast at a hotel in Richmond, Mr. Randolph complained that the eggs were not fresh. "If you want fresh eggs, waiter, always buy them in Chesterfield" (a county just across the James). "How come Chesterfield eggs better'n Henrico eggs, sah?" "Because, you rascal, the Chesterfield people are too poor to keep theirs long."

### *Tom Marshall and the Judge.—J. T. W.*

On one occasion Tom Marshall, the brilliant Kentucky lawyer, was greatly provoked by a ruling of the court, styling it a most infamous decision.

"I fine you fifty dollars," snapped the court.

"Your Honor, I haven't the money," said Marshall.

"Borrow it from some of your friends," returned the judge.

"Well, your Honor," replied Marshall, "I consider you one of my best friends. Lend me fifty dollars."

The judge turned to the clerk and in a serious tone commanded:

"Clerk, remit that fine; the State can lose it better than I can."

### *The Two Generals.—W. A. C.*

As our 'bus drew up at the station, some one called out, "How are you this morning, General?"

"Pretty well, thank you," responded the General, turning to see who had addressed him, when a reply from the driver's seat showed that the greeting was intended for the negro porter. After we boarded the Pullman, General Dunn, fumbling in his pocket for a fee, remarked quizzically, "It seems that we are both generals."

Bowing low the politic African made reply: "Well, sah, you 'arned youh title—mine was *given* to me."

It is safe to say there was no reduction in the fee.

### *Phillips Brooks and the Maiden.—Haughton*

Dr. Brooks, of Boston, at one time was very much admired, courted and annoyed by a New York maiden lady of great wealth. To her numerous communications, full of admiration and modest suggestions, she received no encouragement from the doctor. Recalling her advanced age, she grew desperate, and offered in addition to her heart and hand, all her wealth. In reply she received the following: "Madam—Your wealth give to the needy, your heart, to the Lord, and your hand, to the man who asks for it."

### *The Butler Shouldered the Blame.—W. D. F.*

The following story is told of Mark Twain by a gentleman who lives near his residence at Hartford. One day Mark answered the telephone, and after halloing for some time without an answer, he used some language not generally seen in print, but which was certainly picturesque. While thus engaged he heard an answer in astonished tones and recognized the voice of an eminent divine whom he knew very well. "Is that you, doctor?" questioned Mark, "I didn't hear what you said. My butler has been at the telephone and said he couldn't understand you."

## SIBERIAN HORRORS\*

In one place where there were several lepers I found that when starving and pushed by hunger, they would leave their yourtas (huts), the weather permitting, and drag themselves to the nearest village and there stand crying

was found, some days after, lying frozen under a tree. Here, too, smallpox had been making ravages and another trouble of these outcasts arose from bear-alarms. The crashing of these great creatures through



A SIBERIAN LEPER DRAGGING FOOD THROUGH THE SNOW

out until the people brought them food. An instance was related to me of a leper woman who repeatedly made her way as well as she could to the village to steal food. The starosta heard of the matter, and, wishing to put an end to the visits, ordered all her clothes to be taken from her, so as to prevent her leaving the yourta. But the pangs of hunger were too strong; and one day the unfortunate woman ventured out clothesless, despite the Winter, and

the forest made the lepers shudder, dreading an attack and swift destruction. They had an intelligent dog, however, who seemed to know how to manage the bears. On their approach to the yourta, he used to dance and bark, and, backing into the forest all the time, gradually lured the beasts on and on for miles, and then, suddenly leaving them, would return home by another route. This story of the dog's instinct and fidelity was told me by the lepers themselves, and

\* \*From "On Sledge and Horseback to the Outcast Siberian Lepers."—by Kate Marsden (Cassell & Co.)



I have no reason to doubt its truth. I was struck by the patient endurance of these lepers. They had no word of complaint to make against any one, but simply prayed that help might be sent quickly.

At another place I came to a small yourta, in which were two women lepers, and one child, with the cattle in the yourta. As I stepped into the darkness the stench took away my breath, although I was now accustomed to the horrible condition of yourtas, and I had to move back into the fresh air. One of the women had lived here for twenty years. Her feet had rotted up to the ankles, and all she wore was a filthy fur jacket. She told me a fearful story of what happened in cases of death. I shrink from repeating it; but my account would be far from complete and accurate if I omitted some of the most harrowing features in my experience among the lepers. At the same time, I beg the reader to understand that some of the worst details are too repulsive to write about, even for the sake of increasing sympathy on behalf of the lepers. Let it also be understood that all I have said has been verified by others; and, whenever space will permit, I intend quoting from signed documents. This woman said that, when one of her miserable companions died, the Yakuts sent a coffin on a sledge, and left it at some distance from the yourta. In her diseased and mutilated state she had to drag it into the yourta and prepare it for the reception of her companion, whose corpse remained in the yourta for three days. Then she had to get the body into the coffin without any assistance, drag the load across the floor, lift it over the threshold, and push or drag it away, getting it somehow into the sledge; and there she left it for the Yakuts to bury.

Dr. Smirnoff, in his official report to the Governor of Yakutsk, of his visit to the lepers in the beginning of

1891, states that in some settlements the lepers have to bury each other, the graves being marked with crosses. Here I may quote from the paper signed and prepared by Father John of Viluisk on the condition of the lepers: "On the whole earth you will not find men in so miserable a condition as the Sredni Viluisk lepers. The name 'leper' is used by the Russian tchinovniks who are sent for service into the Viluisk circuit as a 'swearword.' An illustration of the intense dread the natives have of leprosy is their conviction that it originates from the devil. 'Smallpox, measles, scarlet fever,' they say, 'were appointed by God; but leprosy was sent by the devil.'" Hence their belief that all lepers are possessed.

#### BISMARCK AND BLEICHROEDER

Bismarck's temper was not the best, and Bleichroeder often suffered from its outbursts. Indeed, the Chancellor once treated him so imperiously that he himself became frightened at possible consequences, and immediately threw his arm about the financier's neck, with the assertion that his friendship and regard were eternal. Bleichroeder forgave him cheerfully, and after Bismarck's fall visited him regularly once a year at Varzin or Friedrichsruhe. The banker never forgave the young Emperor, however, for dismissing Bismarck, and never entered into close relations with the new régime. Despite his enormous wealth, his influence, his countless orders, his palaces, his power, Herr von Bleichroeder was an unhappy man. Physical disabilities were only in part accountable for that. He could not sleep, it is true, and a secretary was obliged to appear at his room to take dictations at 4 o'clock every morning; and for twenty years he had been almost blind, and able only to read through the eyes of others the letters and telegrams relating to the enormous transactions in which he and his associates were engaged.

## GLIMPSES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

### *Exhibit of Transportation Facilities.—Chautauquan*

There are no more instructive or entertaining exhibits in the Exposition than those of American railways, vessels, vehicles, and accessories of transportation, by land, sea, and air. There are eight acres of railway appliances alone, this enormous space being carefully utilized with installations of track systems, rails, switches, and crossings; methods of constructing, lighting and ventilating tunnels, models of stations, and other structures, including snowsheds, bridges, and trestles. Fully one hundred locomotives, and twice as many passenger, freight, cattle, refrigerator, baggage, drawing-room, dining, and private cars, and those designed for special uses are shown, as are all the devices of operation and management, signals, tickets, systems of tracing lost articles, rate-making, and inspection. Street railways and other short lines are thoroughly illustrated by exhibits of cable, electric, and horse systems. The first electric elevated railroad traverses the grounds for a distance of three and one-half miles, its trains at a speed of twelve miles an hour, making ten stops for accommodation of passengers. There is also a good display of vehicles for use on common roads, including hand and wheelbarrows, carts, trucks, drays, wagons for moving objects of extraordinary weight, omnibuses, sprinkling carts, ambulances, and numerous varieties of pleasure vehicles. Several steam and electric carriages are in operation. Bicycles and tricycles are displayed in profusion, and as has been facetiously said, "nothing is missing, from the perambulator to the mogul engine, and from a cash conveyor to a portable derrick." The historical exhibit is replete with interesting articles, the first rails laid in this country, the

earliest engines and cars, old Rocky Mountain stage coaches, and colonial carriages. Passenger and freight elevators and balloons are well represented, one of the elevators dropping one hundred, and fifty feet without inconveniencing its passengers. Every known method of transportation by water is depicted in the marine section. Small craft of all kinds and models of large vessels abound. There is a facsimile midship-section of a great ocean liner, forty feet in height, a miniature ship-building establishment, trophies of yacht clubs, a complete lighthouse, gas, naphtha, and electric launches, and models and relics of famous warships.

### *The Art Building.—New York Tribune*

The virtue of the Fair architecture to which it has been necessary to return again and again, is the lucid, appropriate expression of ideas. It is to be said in high praise of the Administration Building that its character cannot be misunderstood; of the Horticultural Building and other structures, that their purpose is suggested by their exteriors, and it is this which is first to be said of the Art Building. In preferring for his building the style of Greece, not materially affected by the modifications of the Renaissance, Mr. Atwood recognized a style not only beautiful in itself, not only fitted by its simplicity and symmetry to typify the serene genius presiding over the collection of treasures he was commissioned to provide with a shelter, but the one style which tradition has imposed, and beneficently imposed, upon innumerable architectural enterprises of the same nature during innumerable years. It is the noblest ideal of architecture which he has essayed to embody in the Art Building, and he has met with an extraordinary degree of success. Sobriety, repose and grace, the beauty

and the dignity of pure lines and perfectly balanced masses, he has obtained all these qualities, and it would not be easy to conceive his problem as having been treated with finer reticence, with greater breadth and elevation of style.

*An Australian Exhibit.—London News*

They propose to make an old prison hulk the most prominent Antipodean feature at the Chicago Exhibition. The Success is the last survivor of a fleet of five vessels which the Victorian Government purchased in 1852 for the purpose of chaining up the convicts and bushrangers with which the colony was then overrun. Happily the Government has no further need for the vessel, but it appears still to have its uses, for while on show in Melbourne and Sydney it has drawn visitors to the tune of £800 per month. It is now seriously proposed, as the prospectus before us shows, to float a company to acquire the old hulk and moor her in Lake Michigan, so that the visitors from the ends of the earth may see this glorious "historical relic." The promoters believe "she will be a veritable gold mine."

*Effendi Helweh's Valuable Work.—Chicago Herald*

Bretros Effendi Helweh, the famous oriental decorator, has just arrived from Paris on his way to Chicago. Effendi Helweh brought over forty large boxes, containing parts of a wonderful work which is to be displayed at the World's Fair. It is to represent the luxurious splendor of a room of an Eastern sultan. It is made of 2,000,000 pieces of mosaic and took ten years of Effendi Helweh's life to make it. It is in the form of a kiosk, and the interior is made up of rich eastern designs and legends, inlaid with mother of pearl and rich woods. When reconstructed the kiosk will be placed in the Tunisean part of the French section. Effendi Helweh brings letters from Carnot, Eiffel, the late Jules Ferry, and other distinguished Frenchmen. He is about 48

years old, and is considered the greatest living oriental designer and decorator.

*White Horse Inn Reproduced.—Chicago Herald*

One of the first buildings to be dedicated after the opening of the Fair will be the White Horse Inn, work on which has just been completed. This is a reproduction of the Ipswich tavern made famous by Dickens in his "Pickwick Papers." An immense white horse of "staff" was placed over the entrance a day or two ago, and this marked the practical completion of a structure that will attract no little attention from visitors. It has been decided to formally open the inn with a banquet on May 10. At this banquet will be many members of the Columbian Pickwick Club, which is to have its headquarters at the inn while the Fair is in progress. On the club's roll of membership are many notable names—Sir Julian Pauncefote, Lord Auckland, Earl of Clarendon, Earl of Ailsa, the lord mayor of London, and other Englishmen of note. They have written letters saying they want to come to the Fair, and some of them will be here. Many prominent Chicagoans have signified their intention of attending the opening of the White Horse Inn, having been chosen honorary members of the club.

*The Viking Ship.—Boston Transcript*

The viking ship, which is fitted out in Norway to be sent to the Chicago Exposition, was launched without any accident on Feb. 4, at Sandefjord, where its hull was built. It was christened "Viking," and it carried the Norwegian flag at the stern, an American flag at the bow and a red standard with a golden lion at the masthead. Besides these flags, it will carry the flag of the old-time Norwegian vikings, a red square with a black raven, on its voyage across the Atlantic.

*Eccentric Features of the Fair.—The Chattanooga*

About three thousand native men, women, and children will come to the

Exposition to live in the various foreign villages. The East Indian colony is perhaps the largest of all. Two hundred natives are promised from Java and Sumatra, all of whom will be on the grounds two weeks in advance of the opening of the Exposition. The men come in advance to put up the houses and theatres and prepare for the arrival of their wives and children. This colony is about equally divided between workmen, salesmen, and performers for the theatres. One of the most powerful sultans of the island, after long and difficult negotiations, issued a decree allowing his bands and the court performers to come to the fair from Java. He imposed, as one of the conditions, that several native high priests should come with the colony to minister to the spiritual comfort of the visitors in a strange land. The sultan's company is a distinguished body. It includes wrestlers, athletes, actors, several bands, and others charged with amusing his royal highness in idle moments. One of the bands is composed entirely of gong players, and another includes a number of natives who perform on the simplest instrument known to musicians. This is a long bamboo rod, in which a wooden ball is left free to roll from one end to the other. The instrument is seized in the middle and being shaken violently produces different tones according to the distance of the ball from the end of the rod. The orchestra is said to make better music than might be supposed possible from such rude instruments. The Javanese colony will also include tree dwellers and a number of ferocious head-hunters of Sumatra. The latter have never left their native wilds before.

#### WORLD'S FAIR NOTES

Among the prehistoric works of art which Nicaragua will exhibit is a gold statuette recently found near Lake Nicaragua. China will make no official display, but Chinese

merchants will have private exhibits. The tea planters of Ceylon have spent half a million dollars to excite an interest in their island. New South Wales is the only Australian colony officially represented. Switzerland has confined her participation exclusively to the representation of watch making, wood-carving and music boxes. Greece has sent one hundred and fifty casts of her ancient sculptures and exhibits of all that she produces at the present day. Bulgaria has quantities of attar of rose and extracts of other flowers. Roumania exhibits wines and gaudy fabrics. Mexico brings a priceless collection of Aztec relics in gold, silver, and stone. Costa Rica has a typical house filled with mining trophies, woods, cocoa, and three thousand native birds. Hayti has a special display relating to the fact that she was the second American country to throw off European rule. A Ceylon jewelry firm will exhibit an ivory and gold casket made by them and valued at \$2,500. Pennsylvania will exhibit one of her largest mountains, and the last American lion known to have lived in that State. Germany's art exhibit will number eight hundred pictures. Tamil boatmen from India, who have boats, will give exhibitions on the lake. A company of ex-soldiers of the Queen will give an exhibition of the tactics and manoeuvres of the British army. The space allotted to the section designed to show the progress of art in the United States, is very limited, so that it may not be possible to exhibit more than a single example of each artist. Marshall's gold nugget, which is about the size of a lima bean, and which constituted the first discovery of gold in California, will be exhibited by that State. Indiana will make a display of the results of manufacturing industries growing out of the discovery of natural gas in that State.

## LIZERUNT AND HER BLOKE\*

Somewhere in the register was written the name Elizabeth Hunt; but seventeen years after the entry the spoken name was Lizerunt. She worked at a pickle-factory, and appeared abroad in an elaborate and shabby costume, usually supplemented by a white apron. Withal she was something of a beauty. That is to say, her cheeks were very red, her teeth were very large and white, her nose was small and snub, and her fringe was long and shiny; while her face, new-washed, was susceptible of a high polish. Many such girls are married at sixteen, but Lizerunt was much belated, and had never a bloke at all.

Billy Chope was a year older than Lizerunt. He wore a billycock with a thin brim and a permanent dent in the crown; he had a bob-tail coat, and his collar was turned up at one side and down at the other, as an expression of independence; between his meals he wore his hands in his breeches pockets; he lived with his mother, who mangled. His conversation with Lizerunt consisted long of perfunctory nods; but this especial Thursday evening, as Lizerunt, making for home, followed the fading red beyond the furthest end of Commercial Road, great things happened. For Billy Chope, slouching in the opposite direction, lurched across the pavement as they met, and taking the nearer hand from his pocket, caught and twisted her arm, bumping her against the wall. "Garn," said Lizerunt, greatly pleased; "le' go!" For she knew that this was love.

"Where yer auf to, Lizer?"

"'Ome, o' course, cheeky. Le' go;" and she snatched—in vain—at Billy's hat.

Billy let go, and capered in front. She feigned to dodge by him, careful

not to be too quick, because affairs were developing.

"I sy, Lizer," said Billy, stopping his dance and becoming business-like, "goin' anywhere Monday?"

"Not along o' you, cheeky; you go 'long o' Beller Dawson, like wot you did Easter."

"Blow Beller Dawson; she ain't no good. I'm goin' on the Flats. Come?"

Lizerunt, delighted but derisive, ended with a promise to "see." The bloke had come at last, and she walked home with the feeling of having taken her degree. She had half assured herself of it two days before, when Sam Cardew threw an orange peel at her, but went away after a little prancing on the pavement. Sam was a smarter fellow than Billy, and earned his own living; probably his attentions were serious; but one must prefer the bird in hand. As for Billy Chope, he went his way, resolved himself to take home what mangling he should find his mother had finished—and stick to the money; also, to get all he could from her by blandishing and bullying: that the jaunt to Wanstead Flats might be adequately celebrated.

There is no other fair like Whit Monday's on Wanstead Flats. Here is a square mile and more of open land where you may howl at large; here is no danger of losing yourself as in Epping Forest; the public-houses are always with you; shows, shies, swings, merry-go-rounds, fried fish stalls, donkeys are packed closer than on Hampstead Heath, the ladies' tormentors are larger, and their contents smell worse than at any other fair. Also, you may be drunk and disorderly without being locked up, for the stations won't hold everybody, and when all else has palled, you may set fire to the turf. Hereinto Billy

\*A sketch of London East End life.—The National Observer.



and Lizerunt projected themselves from the doors of the Holly Tree on Whit Monday morning. But through hours and hours of fried fish and half-pints both were conscious of a deficiency. For the hat of Lizerunt was brown and old; plush it was not, and its feather was a mere foot long and very rusty black. Now, it is not decent for a factory girl from Limehouse to go bank-holidaying under any but a hat of plush, very high in the crown, and of a wild blue or a wilder green, carrying also an ostrich feather, pink or scarlet, or what not: a feather that springs from the forepart, climbs the crown, and drops as far down the shoulders as may be. Lizerunt knew this, and would have stayed at home without a bloke, but a chance is a chance. As it was, only such another hapless girl could measure her bitter envy of the feathers about her, or would so joyfully have given an ear to possess the proper splendor. Billy, too, had a vague impression, muddled but not drowned in half-pints, that some degree of plush was condign to the occasion and to his own expenditure. Still, there was no quarrel; and the pair walked and ran with arms about each other's necks; and Lizerunt thumped her bloke on the back at proper intervals; so that the affair proceeded very regularly, although in view of Lizerunt's shortcomings Billy did not insist upon the customary exchange of hats.

Everything went well and well enough until Billy bought a ladies' tormentor and began to squirt it at Lizerunt. For then Lizerunt went scampering madly, with piercing shrieks, until her bloke was left some little way behind, and Sam Cardew, turning up at that moment and seeing her running alone in the crowd, threw his arms about her waist and swung her round him again and again as he floundered this way and that, among the shies and the 'hokey-pokey barrows.

"'Ullo Lizer! Where are y' a-comin' to? If I 'adn't laid 'old o' yer—!"

But here Billy Chope arrived to demand what the 'ell Sam Cardew was doing with his gal. Now Sam was ever readier for a fight than Billy was; but the sum of Billy's half-pints was large: wherefore the fight began. On the skirt of the hilarious ring Lizerunt, after some small outcry, triumphed aloud. Four days before she had no bloke; and here she stood with two, and those two fighting for her! Here in the public gaze, on the Flats! For almost five minutes she was Helen of Troy. And in much less Billy tasted repentance. The haze of half-pints was dispelled and some teeth went with it. Presently, whimpering and with a bloody mazzard, he rose and made a running kick at the other, but, being thwarted in a bolt, flung himself down; and it was like to go hard with him at the hands of the crowd. Punch you may on Wanstead Flats, but execration and worse is your portion if you kick anybody except your wife. But, as the ring closed, the helmets of two policemen were observed working inward above the surrounding heads, and Sam Cardew, quickly assuming his coat, turned away with such an air of blamelessness as is practicable with a damaged eye; while Billy went off unheeded in the opposite direction.

Lizerunt and her new bloke went the routine of half-pints and merry-go-rounds, and were soon on right thumping terms; and Lizerunt was as satisfied with the issue as she was proud of the adventure. Billy was all very well, but Sam was better. She resolved to draw him for a feathered hat before next bank holiday. So the sun went down on her and her bloke hanging on each other's necks and straggling toward the Romford Road with shouts and choruses. The rest was tram-car, Bow Music Hall, half-pints and darkness.

Billy took home his wounds, and his mother, having moved his wrath by asking their origin, sought refuge with a neighbor. His revenge he accomplished in two instalments,

Two nights later Lizerunt was going with a jug of beer, when somebody sprang from a dark corner, landed her under the ear, knocked her sprawling, and made off to the sound of her hullabulloo. She did not see who it was, but she knew; and next day Sam Cardew was swearing he'd break Billy's back. He did not, however, for that same evening a gang of seven or eight fell on him with sticks and belts. (They were Causeway chaps, while Sam was a Brady's Laner, which would have been reason enough by itself, even if Billy Chope had not been one of them.) Sam did his best for a burst through and a run, but they pulled and battered him down, and they kicked him about the head and they kicked him about the belly; and they took to their heels when he was speechless and still.

He lay at home for nearly four weeks, and when he stood up again it was in many bandages. Lizerunt came often to his bedside, and twice she brought an orange. On these occasions there was much talk of vengeance. But the weeks went on. It was a month, and Sam had left his bed; and Lizerunt was getting a little tired of bandages. Also, she had begun to doubt and to consider bank holiday—scarce a fortnight off. For Sam was stone broke, and a plush hat was further away than ever. And all through the later of these weeks Billy Chope was harder than ever on his mother, and she, well knowing that if he helped her by taking home he would pocket the money at the other end, had taken to finishing and delivering in his absence, and, threats failing to get at the money, Billy Chope was impelled to punch her head and grip at her throat.

There was a milliner's window, with a show of nothing but fashionable plush-and-feather hats, and Lizerunt was lingering hereabouts one evening, when someone took her by the waist, and someone said, "Which d'yer like, Lizer?—The yuller un?"

Lizerunt turned and saw that it was

Billy. She pulled herself away, and backed off, sullen and distrustful. "Garn," she said.

"Straight," said Billy, "I'll sport yer one. . . . No kid, I will."

"Garn," said Lizerunt once more. "Wot yer gettin' at now?"

But presently, being convinced that bashing wasn't in it, she approached less guardedly; and she went away with a paper bag and the reddest of all the plushes and the bluest of all the feathers; a hat that challenged all the Flats the next bank holiday; a hat for which no girl need have hesitated to sell her soul. As for Billy, why, he was as good as another; and you can't have everything; and Sam Cardew, with his bandages and his grunts and groans, was no great catch after all.

This was the wooing of Lizerunt: for in a few months she and Billy married under the blessing of a benignant rector, who periodically set aside a day for free weddings, and encouraged early matrimony on principle. And they lived with Billy's mother.

#### THE WAY OF THE WORLD

##### Truth

Hand in hand they wandered  
By the summer sea;  
While zephyr fanned the golden sand  
And ripples danced in glee  
Love for Love was spoken,  
Spoken full of bliss  
Ring for Ring as token,  
Kiss for Kiss.

Hand for hand was bartered  
Ere the winter came:  
For jewels grand: for gold and land  
And highly sounding name  
Heart for heart was broken  
At the altar high—  
Vow for vow was spoken,  
Lie for Lie:

Love for Love still pining  
Took the usual course.  
A little trip A friendly tip  
A scandal A divorce.  
Side by side now sinking  
In the social sea.  
He sought death in drinking—  
So did she.

## UNCLE JERRY AND THE FREE NIGGER HOSS \*

Old Uncle Jerry Field used to live in the country near Raleigh. His good old wife, Aunt Polly, was a "cake woman," by which I simply mean to state that she made cakes—ginger cakes, or "gingers," as we boys used to call them. They were mostly flour (or "English dough," as it was called when mixed with water), the darkest of dark molasses, and a good sprinkle of ginger, which not only gave them the flavor but also the name.

Aunt Polly was always on hand on court days, election days, or when there were public speaking, militia musters, or other public gatherings; and when she opened up her tempting "gingers" at the tail-end of her horse-cart, the boys stood around with wishful eyes and watering lips. Sometimes a candidate, with lavish generosity, would walk up and treat the crowd, and on such occasions it was a marvel to see how much gingerbread could be consumed by the small boys present. Aunt Polly was much liked and seldom took any of her 'lasses cookery back home with her.

Uncle Jerry, her liege lord, usually drove the cart, and when he had unhitched "Ball" and tied him to an adjacent bush, he would run his thumbs under his "galluses," shoving them up higher on his shoulders, and move around miscellaneously, accepting treats of 'simmon beer, hard cider, apple brandy, or anything else that was drinkable—always excepting water. It was, therefore, no uncommon thing for Uncle Jerry suddenly to become immensely wealthy. Be it said to his credit, however, he always drank "good-natured liquor," and each drink made him the more kindly disposed toward his fellow-men. You could readily see from his benignant grin, like President Taylor, "at peace

with all the world and the rest of mankind."

"Ball" was a four-year-old colt. He was of a sort of dingy, brindle, sorrel color, with a white spot in the middle of his forehead—hence his name, which correctly spelled would be "Bald." But Aunt Polly and Uncle Jerry called him "Ball." In his early days he had been "turned out to grass." A proper regard for the truth, however, compels me to say that there were more broom straw, cockle-burs, sassafras bushes, and other non-edible growths in the pasture than there was grass.

As a browser "Ball" was a success, and if the cockle-burs which persistently stuck in his unkempt mane and tail could have been accounted unto him for fine points, he would have triumphantly carried off the prize at the horse show, for their name was legion.

He had never made the acquaintance of a curry-comb or horse-brush, or had his hoofs pared or revelled in the luxury of an iron shoe.

Such was "Ball"—the living illustration of a free, "nigger hoss." No one acquainted with the tribe would ever mistake him for anything else.

He had none of the elements of the vicious, but when he was left for an indefinite time tied to a bush, without food or water, he would sometimes lose that docility which is usually expected of a half-starved quadruped, and would manifest his impatience by sundry switches of his remarkable tail, prick up his flea-bitten ears, champ his rude bit, and show other signs of restlessness. On one occasion Aunt Polly had disposed of her cakes, Uncle Jerry had become rather mellow, and "Ball," from long confinement, want of provender, and the too constant attention of horse-flies, had become more than usually restless.

\* From a letter in the New York Evening Post.

Late in the afternoon "Ball" was hitched up to the little cart by the aid of the hooks on the dogwood harness, which was held in place by the home-made shuck collar. This cart was free from the suspicion of paint embellishment. Its rustic wheels revolved on ungreased and wooden axles, and when it passed a stone or other impediment in the road, it came down with a bump that sent a shock up the innocent spines of its occupants.

Uncle Jerry, Aunt Polly, and their half-grown son, Addison, mounted the cart, Uncle Jerry feeling his importance more than usual, and believing himself fully competent to handle the plough-lines which were then doing duty as reins. "Ball" behaved beautifully until he reached a long lane about a mile from home, when he suddenly seemed to bethink himself of the savory fodder awaiting him and dashed off at a breakneck speed.

Aunt Polly was not an expert driver, but she kept an eye on "Ball," and as she realized his increased speed, it dawned on the good old soul that "Ball" was going entirely too fast. She further saw that Uncle Jerry was entirely oblivious to the situation and was giving "Ball" full rein.

"Ole man," cried Aunt Polly, "'Ball' is a runnin' away!"

"Oh, no, he ain' ole 'oman," replied Uncle Jerry; "'Ball,' he jes' feelin' good and wants to play wif us."

But about that time "Ball" increased his speed, and the accelerated pace served to bring the old man to a realizing sense of the situation. Slowly opening his half-closed eyes, he said:

"Polly, dog my cats ef I doan' b'l'ev 'Ball' is a runnin' away. Look-a-heah, Addison, yo' jes' jump out'n dis keart, jump ober de fence, an' run down to de 'poley bridge' and head 'Ball' off when he tries ter cross."

Addison, who was not particularly bright, could not exactly understand

how he could jump out of the cart, run half a mile to the "poley bridge," and get there before "Ball" did. Just then, however, as luck would have it, "Ball" espied a freshly husked and very tempting ear of corn just ahead of him, dropped from some grain-laden wagon. He stopped to pick up that ear of corn, and thus the family carriage was saved from wreck and Addison did not have to attempt his impossible task.

#### GOD'S COUNTRY

*New York Sun*

A few years ago when the annual encampment of the G. A. R. was held at Portland, a few delegates from the "wild and woolly," of that class who are eternally cramming the advantages of what they term "God's country" down everybody's throats, took a jaunt up that way to see the country and sneer at "primitive methods," etc. In a particularly rocky and uninviting section of the State they alighted at a station for exercise, and ran across an aged farmer sitting on a baggage truck and chewing tobacco.

"Well, ye don't look as though ye'd had a boom here lately," said the Kansas man, addressing the aged agriculturist, "you fellows are foolish to stay in this country, where ye have to do your spring ploughing with a pickaxe and yer planting with a shotgun. I she'd think ye'd starve to death. Why don't ye come out to Kansas? Not a stump or stone in sight; soil ten feet deep; crops o' one year make ye rich."

The Maine man listened with a face full of interest and finally took a fresh chew of tobacco. He rose from the baggage truck and faced the crowd of Kansans.

"So ye're all doin' well, are ye? I'm mighty glad to hear it. I'm holdin' six mortgages on Kansas farms to-day, and if you fellers will just keep it up and pay your interest I'll try and pull along here."

## CORPORAL JIM \*

At midnight the scouts came in with information that they had discovered an Indian village a few miles away, and two hours later the officers passed from tent to tent and aroused the sleeping men. Horses were brought in and saddled, ammunition overhauled, and sabres buckled on, and seventy of us rode quietly away over the plains toward the foothills. There was plenty of time and the horses were not pressed beyond a walk. Just as day began to dawn we halted. While we sat waiting we could hear the bells of the Indian ponies and the barking of dogs, and once the crying of a child was wafted to our ears across the valley.

"We shall charge right into the village. Don't fire upon any of the squaws unless they take part in the fight. Keep together and mind the bugle calls."

So the order came down the lines, and ten minutes later daylight was strong enough for us to make out the wigwams. We rode forward a few hundred yards, and then the bugle sounded the "charge," and away we dashed.

Military reports have told you how it was. The Indians had somehow been warned, and were lying in ambush in the dry ravine in front of the camp. We were staggered—checked—slaughtered—routed; two Indians killed and two wounded; thirty out of seventy troopers left lying there in front of the ravine—all dead or dying, thank God, when the fight was over, except Corporal Jim. He had been thrown from his horse and stunned. When he recovered consciousness he was a prisoner in the Indian camp.

Corporal Jim is an old veteran of the war, and this is not the first time he has encountered hostile Indians.

There are seven notches cut into the stock of his carbine. Each one stands for a warrior he has sent to the happy hunting grounds. He does not say this, but all of us know it to be so. He has never uttered a boast, but we know that he is brave to recklessness. As he lies on the grass, bound hand and foot, with the warriors dancing about him with bloody scalp locks in their hands, Corporal Jim groans aloud. As they lift him up and point to the mutilated bodies on which the squaws and children are still wreaking vengeance Corporal Jim turns pale and a faintness steals away his strength.

A prisoner in the hands of the Apaches! That means death. Ten thousand dollars in gold would not ransom him. If the chief of that village knew that every living son in it would be wiped out in revenge, he would not spare his prisoner. Not death by bullet or stroke of tomahawk, but death after hours and hours of torture—such torture as only the merciless Apaches know how to inflict and prolong. They have ever been called the devils of earth. They are born with the ferocity of the tiger; they are reared to be merciless; they are trained to torture and kill; they die happy if they can first inflict a death blow.

As the lines are formed and Corporal Jim is unbound and conducted to the head of them he knows what is coming. He is to run the gauntlet. That is always a preliminary. It is to whet the appetites of the warriors for the feast to come. On his right is Red Bird, a sub-chief. With his own hands Corporal Jim bound up that chief's wound on a field of battle, gave him to drink from his canteen, and defended him against an exasperated trooper who wanted to

\*The New York Sun.



finish him. Has the Apache forgotten the incident? His eyes flash fire, and there is murder in his look. Gratitude in an Apache! As well hope for it in a hyena! On his left is young Gray Eagle, the only son of a great chief. A year ago when we charged a village the boy was wounded and captured. It was Corporal Jim who had him in charge for six weeks, showing him every kindness and consideration. Aye, it was the corporal who pleaded so hard for his prisoner that vigilance was relaxed and Gray Eagle escaped from the fort. He is impatient for the torture to begin. He would inflict it with his own hand if permitted.

There is no hope for Corporal Jim. He will be carried on the rolls as "missing—supposed to be dead." Around the camp fires for a year to come the boys will mention his name in whispers and hope that he was dead before the red demons reached him. It is high noon. The sunshine never seemed so mellow, the sky so blue, the distant mountains so grand. There is a shout along the lines. The Indians are impatient for the torture to begin. The corporal is a brave man, and a man in his prime. He will last for hours and afford them a feast. They have let go of his arms, and he is standing alone and waiting for the signal to start. The signal is given, and as a yell rends the air Corporal Jim jumps to the left, wrenches a tomahawk from the hands of a warrior, and the next instant he is flying over the ground with the speed of a horse. Thirty warriors rush after him; thirty more mount their ponies and pursue.

Some day when these red devils are again being fed and clothed at Government expense and complaining of their "wrongs" they will tell us the rest of the story. They will not exult as they tell it. They overhauled Corporal Jim, and he turned at bay and fought so desperately that they had to finish him then and there. He

did not die alone, and those who tell us might show the scars of wounds inflicted by him in that last desperate struggle if they would. No man knows where he lies. The Apaches dig no graves for their enemies. The wolves and the vultures get everything but the scalp. But we raised a mound to him in the desolate graveyard to the west of the fort, and it is there to-day among the graves of the soldier dead:

"Corporal Jim!"

No other name, no date, no epitaph. God will know where lies the dust of his bones when the last trumpet shall sound.

#### THE SKITTISH DOCTOR

*Harper's Magazine*

Doctor S— was noted among his professional brethren for his power of concentration. When once he bent his mind to a problem he became totally oblivious of everything about him. The doctor had a horse that was almost as famous as himself. Among her peculiarities was the habit of shying. She would not shy at things which most horses consider fit subjects for that sort of digression. She would pay no attention whatever to a newspaper blowing about the streets, but was mortally afraid of a covered wagon. At the sight of one of New Haven's suburban stages she would run over the curb-stone and threaten not only the doctor's life, but that of the chance passer. Of this habit she could not be broken. It seemed as though she could smell a stage long before it came in sight, so that the doctor would go half a dozen blocks out of his way rather than meet one. Early one morning he received a telephone call to the effect that one of his patients had become alarmingly worse. Without waiting for his carriage, he started to walk, the distance being about a mile. His mind became at once absorbed in the case, but not so much so that he did not remember that the course of the Seymour stage lay right in his

path. He looked at his watch and saw that he would be sure to meet it if he went the shortest way. He was in a hurry to get to his patient, but there was no help for it. He uttered a malediction over the circumstance, and turned off at the first corner. This obliged him to nearly double the distance, and the day was warm. He walked as he never walked before, and failed to recognize a couple of intimate friends whom he nearly ran over. It was not until he had spent two hours with his patient, and came out to look for his horse, that he began to realize that he had walked a mile out of his way so that he need not shy at the Seymour stage.

#### THE BURGLARS' RICH PRIZE

*Town Topics*

Mrs. Mullins shook her husband out of a sound sleep about two o'clock in the morning and whispered in his ear:

"Harry, I'm sure there's burglars in the house. Listen."

He listened, and the two could distinctly hear somebody moving about downstairs.

"Whoever it is he's in the parlor, and is probably filling a bag with things."

"Well," replied Mullins, philosophically, "I suppose the safest plan is to let him—or them, for there may be two or three of them—take what they fancy without interruption."

"Harry, do you mean to say that you are not going to drive them off with your revolver?"

"I'm not anxious to tackle them."

"They are going into the dining-room now. Harry, they'll get all our silver. The knives and spoons and forks are all standing on the side-board, to say nothing about the butter dishes and cream pitcher and the silver chocolate pot mamma gave me last Christmas."

"Let 'em have it all," said Mullins, resignedly. "I only hope they won't take a notion to come upstairs."

"Aren't you going to try to save any of that silver, Mr. Mullins?"

"No."

"Well, I thought you were braver than that."

"My dear," rejoined Mullins, "please bear in mind that my life is not insured, and that is worth more to you than a few paltry pieces of silver. How could I recklessly expose myself to the bullets of desperate burglars, and leave you a widow and unprovided for?"

Mrs. Mullins made no reply to this, but both listened intently, and footsteps were again heard.

"Harry!"

"Well? Do you think they are coming upstairs?"

"No, they are going into the coal cellar now."

"Jewhillikens!" yelled Mullins, as he leaped out of bed. "Something must be done now. The villains would steal my coal, would they? Where's my revolver?"

He burst into the hall with such an awful clatter, banging doors and shooting off his revolver that the burglars thought an entire police precinct had been unloaded on them, and decamped so hastily that they left all their plunder in the house, including about a half-bushel of coal, which they had packed carefully in a bag for transportation.

#### THE LIES OF ANANIAS

*The Century*

My breddren, somewhah in de 'Sa'ms, King David says, "All men am liahs"; an' den, he says, "reputations am ohften got widout deservin'." I want to invite youh t'oughts dis mawnin' to de spyance ob one ob de liahs showin' de trufe of de secon' tex', "reputations am ohften got widout deservin'."

Ananias was a man—an'—he was a liah. But he wahn't a great liah. He wahn't eben a right smaht liah. Des a cawmon, onery eb'ry-day liah. An' yit, my breddren, look at Ananias to-day! See de magnillikent reputation ez a liah ob dat man! Why, he am d' patron saint ob liahs, an' wuz efo'

you an' me wuz bohn—'way back, long fo' de wah.

Now, my breddren, we ain' tole dat Ananias was a habituous liah; we ain' tole dat he evch pehfomed on'y de one lie; an' yit he made the biggest reputation dat a liah or a man—de same t'ing, my breddren—eber made. Why, my breddren, you or me tells mo' lies an' bigger lies eb'ry day ob our lives, an' yet what soht ob reputations hab we? 'De mos' ob us none at all.

Probably we ain' got de winnin ways ob ole Ananias. We sut'n'y kyan't mek a lettle lie go ez fur ez he did. But, my breddren, it wahn't his winnin' ways alone dat raised ole Ananias to de penuckle ob fame. It wuz his 'mediate death. He might have lived to be ez ole ez George Washin'ton an' nebeh tole anudder lie. His dyin' when he did wuz the makin' ob him.

An' now, my breddren, dey is some lessons to be learned fum all dis. If bruddeh Caleb obeh dah am notable fo' gin'rosity; if sisteh Dinah is notable fo' her meekness; don't you be discou'aged, my po "bruddeh No-count," 'kase you isn't notable fo' anyt'ing. Remembek dat reputations am ohfen got widout deservin'; remembek ole Ananias wid his mise'bul picayune lie, an' do de bes' you kin.

An' you white folks in de back ob de church, if bruddeh Samule says he t'anks de Lawd he's hones'; if bruddeh 'Rastus tells you he hates de sight ob chicken pie, remembek dat King David says, "All men am liahs," an' keep youh hen-house locked."

#### THE SPIRITS MOVED HIM

*Harper's Monthly*

Mrs. Mullany had gone to sleep in her chair; her ball of yarn had fallen to the floor, where the cat was knitting cobwebs with it between the chairs. Pat Mullany was smoking his old clay pipe, and trying to get last week's news into his head by means of reading aloud very slowly, and spelling the hard words. Oblivious to his wife's nap, he said: "Biddy, do

ye mind that? Moi, but he was the foine man! Listen, will yez? 'The persession moved along wid th' gallent *Siventh* actin' as guards on each side of the c-a-i-s-s-o-n.' Phat th' divil's that? C-a-i-k-i-s, kies-son—kisson?—kisson?—shure it must be th' carcass. 'The shthreets were lined wid a mul-ti-tude of people.'"

Here he was interrupted by a knock at the door, to which he paid no attention, save to glance at the door. The knock was repeated.

"Who's thare?"

"Shure it's us."

"Who the divil's us?"

"Shure it's me, Tim Ryly, Billy Muldune, Mister Maguire, and the rist."

"Phat de yez be wantin' here? It's most nine o'clock, and Biddy's ashlape be the fire."

"Pat Mullany, will ye open th'dour, and let us be after comin'? We've come to pass the time wid yez. Barney Rooney's got his fiddle, and we could have a shtip or two."

"Go 'way wid yez."

"Here's Mrs. O'Hay, wid a foine shtewed rabbit, and Mrs. Flynn, wid some foine pays."

The door opens an inch.

"Come, now, it's Larry Quinn has his pocket full of pipes and tobacco, and it's meself that has sugar and limons; that, wid the aid of a little hot wather, and a drop of the crathur, will put a heart in yez."

"Ye spalpeen! where do yez think I'd be after getting' the crathur at this time of night?"

"Shure it's just Tim Ryly as can tell ye. Haven't I got the bottle under me arm, kapin' warm and lively wid me heart's throbbin'?"

"Tim Ryly, shure it's a fool ye are! Why didn't ye tell me an hour ago? Come in an' see Biddy; shure she's wearyin' for a sight of yez. Biddy, me dear, here's Mr. Ryly and the rest come for a bit of supper they've brought along wid 'em. Shure here they've been standin' widout, and we waitin' widin, hours."

## IN AMSTERDAM\*

Meynheer Hans Von Der Bloom has got  
A majazin in Kalverstraat,  
Where one may buy for sordid gold  
Wares quaint and curious, new and old.  
Here are antiquities galore,—  
The jewels which Dutch monarchs wore,  
Swords, teacups, helmets, platters, clocks,  
Bright Dresden jars, dull Holland crocks,  
And all those joys I might rehearse  
That please the eye, but wreck the purse.

I most admire an ancient bed,  
With ornate carvings at its head,—  
A massive frame of dingy oak,  
Whose curious size and mould bespoke  
Prodigious age. "How much?" I cried.  
"Ein tousand gildens," Hans replied;  
And then the honest Dutchman said  
A king once owned that glorious bed,—  
King Fritz der Foorst, of blessed fame,  
Had owned and slept within the same!

Then long I stood and cutely gazed,  
By reminiscent splendors dazed,  
And I had bought it right away,  
Had I the wherewithal to pay.  
But, lacking of the needful pelf,  
I thus discoursed within myself:  
"O happy Holland,—where's the bliss  
That can approximate to this  
Possession of the rare antique  
Which maniacs hanker for and seek?  
My native land is full of stuff  
That's good, but is not old enough.  
Alas! it has no oaken beds  
Wherein have slumbered royal heads,  
No relic on whose face we see  
The proof of grand antiquity."

Thus reasoned I a goodly spell  
Until, perchance, my vision fell  
Upon a trademark at the head  
Of Fritz der Foorst's old oaken bed,—  
A rampant wolverine, and round  
This strange device these words I found:  
"Patent Antique. Birkey & Gay,  
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A."

At present I'm not saying much  
About the simple, guileless Dutch;  
And as it were a loathsome spot  
I keep away from Kalverstraat,  
Determined when I want a bed  
In which hath slept a royal head  
I'll patronize no middleman,  
But deal direct with Michigan.

\*From the second book of verse. Eugene Field.—Scribners.

## A NEWSPAPER OF ANCIENT ROME\*

The most ancient journal of which we have any record is undoubtedly that which bore for its title *Acta Populi Romani Diurna*. It was published in Rome. Only one copy of this interesting publication is in existence. It dates back to the year of 168 B. C., and the following are some of the items of general news it contains:

March 29.—The Consul Lavinius has to-day assumed the duties of his office.

A violent thunderstorm has burst to-day over the city. During the afternoon a thunderbolt fell upon an oak tree in the vicinity of the Velia Hill, tearing it up in several pieces.

A fatal affray took place at the "Bear" wineshop, near the Hill of Janus. The proprietor of the shop was dangerously wounded.

The Aedile Titinius has passed sentence upon those butchers who notoriously sold to the people meat which had not previously been submitted to the authorities for inspection. The fines which have been collected will be employed in the erection of a chapel to the goddess.

Ansidius, the money changer, who carries on business under the sign of "The Shield of the Cimber," has taken flight, taking along with him a considerable sum of money. He was at once pursued and captured, the money being found on his person. The Praetor Fonteius, before whom he appeared, condemned him to restore the money to those citizens who had deposited their funds with him.

Denniphon, the brigand chief, who was lately captured by the Legate Neava, was crucified to-day.

The Carthaginian fleet entered the port of Ostia this morning.

*At the Graves of Glück and Schubert.—New York Ledger*

Glück's monument is in the form of

an obelisk, and in it is set a bronze medallion of the great composer. His monument was brought, with the casket, from Matzleindorf. Its base bears the following legend:

Erected in the Year 1846, on His 132nd Anniversary.

HERE LIES  
AN HONEST GERMAN,  
A ZEALOUS CHRISTIAN,  
A FAITHFUL HUSBAND,

CHRISTOPHER RITTER GLÜCK,  
A NOTED MUSICAL COMPOSER.

He died on the 15th of November, 1787.

Franz Schubert, of whom it has been said "in time he would have set the whole German literature to music," whose remains were buried in the little cemetery of Währing, and at his own request, not far from Beethoven's grave, was not forgotten when the changes were made. His ashes lie in the Central Cemetery as they did at Währing, not far from the master for whom he had such reverence. A plaster bust marks the spot, and upon the foundation stone beneath are written the words:

Music buried here a rich treasure,  
But still more glorious hopes.

HERE LIES  
FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Born on the 31st of January, 1797.  
Died on the 19th of November, 1828.

AGED 31 YEARS.

*Selling Hearts at Auction.—The Independent*

A curious advertisement has lately been inserted in the daily papers: "A Dauphin's heart, 1792, to be sold by auction or privately disposed of." This can only refer to the unhappy

\* Chicago Inter-Ocean.



son of Louis XVI, and before I became its purchaser would require a good deal of proof as to its genuineness. The human heart was at one time a not uncommon legacy, and since, in addition to its sentimental associations, it was generally inclosed in a golden casket, it was found acceptable to legatees. But the most curious coincidence connected with the subject is, that the hearts of those great rivals, Edward I and Robert Bruce, were both designed by their possessors on their deathbeds, for the Holy Sepulcher. Edward charged his son to accompany it to Palestine with a hundred and forty knights, and left two thousands pounds of silver for the expenses of the expedition. He also pronounced eternal damnation on him who should spend the money on any other purpose; but his son took no notice of the bequest, and pocketed the coin. Bruce's heart, as we all know, started on its journey in custody of his faithful friend, Sir James Douglas, who carried it in a silver casket round his neck. Being overpowered by the Moors in Spain, he threw it before him, exclaiming, "Pass on as thou were wont; I will follow," which he did to his death. Bruce's heart was borne to Scotland, and deposited beneath the altar in Melrose Abbey.

*Negro Sold on the Block.—Hartford Courant.*

At Fayette, Mo., a negro was sold on the block. This is the second sale of the sort since the close of the war, and both took place under the vagrancy law, which provides sale for a limited period. A Fayette dispatch says: The victim was George Winn, a lazy negro, who lived at Glasgow, in this county, and who, for several years, has been an eyesore to the citizens of that town. Winn was arrested last week by a constable on the charge of vagrancy and tried before a jury of six prominent citizens at Glasgow. It was shown in the testimony that Winn had worked only six

days in the last six months, and that he was addicted to street loafing. The jury found him guilty as charged, and he was ordered to be brought to the city and sold as a vagrant at the court house door at public outcry to the higher bidder, cash in hand, for a period of six months. P. S. Campbell was the purchaser, and \$20 the price.

*Blond Chinese.—The San Francisco Examiner*

Chinatown boasts of a great rarity in a full-blooded Chinese who is probably the only red-headed one on the face of the earth. And what is more, the Chinese has a light complexion and blue eyes, and he is cross-eyed. Mish Go, as is the freak's name, was born in China of Chinese parents about thirty years ago, and came to San Francisco a year ago. He is shunned and disliked by the great majority of his countrymen who live in California. "Sheepeye" is one of the nicknames applied to him, because from the Chinese standpoint his eyes resemble those of a sheep more than those of a human being. Mish Go lives in one of the dens of Spofford alley, and is never seen in close association with other denizens of Chinatown, excepting when he goes to certain stores to dispose of cheap trinkets, by which means he acquires a living.

*Uncle Sam's Capacious Purse.—Boston Transcript*

Two hundred and fifty freight cars would be required to carry away from Washington the silver dollars which are stored in the single vault of \$93,000,000. Putting it that way gives a more vivid notion of the bulk represented by the stores of coin accumulated beneath the Treasury. No wonder that the counting, conducted by sixty experts, occupies from two to three months and costs \$6,000. The operation is performed in the presence of a committee, one member of which is appointed by the outgoing treasurer, one by his incoming successor, and the third by the secretary of

the department. The treasurer gives a bond of \$250,000, but no bond is supplied by any of his subordinates. If one of the latter should prove a defaulter, the treasurer would be obliged to make up the deficit out of his own pocket. However, Congress would doubtless pass a bill for his relief in such a case. J. N. Huston, President Harrison's first treasurer, said that no trust company would assume the responsibilities of his place for the \$6,000 per annum of salary attached to it. Nevertheless, there have been many applicants for the position under Mr. Cleveland. When the count of the money is completed, the new treasurer will sign a receipt in full. The receipt signed by Mr. Nebeker was for \$664,816,445.55.

*The Dollar of 1804.—Boston Transcript*

One of the rarest coins, if not the rarest, of the United States mintage is the silver dollar of 1804. All sorts of interesting stories, more or less fabulous, are told concerning this issue. According to the mint records 19,570 silver dollars were coined in 1804. This is the last authentic record of the mintage, and it is not known whether they were held in the treasury and subsequently struck over into a later date or whether they were sent to Africa to pay off our sailors, as one story runs. In 1804 the United States was engaged in a war up the Mediterranean with Tripoli, and it is said that the dollars coined that year were sent out to pay off our seamen. As the coins were new and bright the natives ashore took a great fancy to them when "Jack" would ring them down in payment for some jimcrack for his Nancy at home. The chiefs of the tribes, or boys, if that is a more correct term, as soon as they heard about these gleaming white dollars coveted them for ornaments and tokens, and took measures to get possession of all they could. It appears from the scarcity of the dollars in this country that they were unusually successful, and must have either robbed

or tricked away the pay of about every man in the American fleet.

*Building His Own Coffin.—Atlanta Constitution*

The late Earl of Essex was buried in a coffin of oak, designed twelve years ago by the deceased nobleman himself, who was a prominent member of the Funeral Reform Association. It had what is called "open trellis work" around it, and was filled with choice herbs and evergreens. Maybe the originator of the fashion was Lord Nelson, who used to keep standing upright in the cabin of the Victory a coffin that an admirer had presented to him one birthday anniversary, and in this coffin his lordship's remains were at last put to rest.

*Commercial Value of Mummies.—Boston Transcript*

Even dead men have a commercial value nowadays. From the mummies of ancient Egypt is manufactured a kind of paint called "mummy brown." It can be purchased at any shop where artists' materials are sold. For some time it was alleged that the mummies employed for this purpose were those of birds and beasts, such as cats and ibises; but an osteologist who interested himself in the subject found in some of the raw stuff imported from Egypt certain bones which were unquestionably human.

*Some Arithmetic About Fires.—Hartford Courant*

The fire losses reported in the United States for the year 1892 were in round numbers, \$132,000,000. This is at the rate of \$2 for each man, woman and child of the population. In a place of the size of Hartford, if the average held good, this would represent a loss of about \$120,000. This in turn represents the interest at 4 per cent. on \$3,000,000.

*Drums.—New York Times*

Drums are probably an Eastern idea introduced by the Crusaders into Europe. They are frequently men-

tioned in the accounts of the first Crusade. When Edward III. of England and his Queen made their triumphal entry into Calais in 1347, "tambours," or drums, were among the instruments which were played in their honor. Another of these was called a "nacaire," or kettledrum, taken together with its name, from the Arabs. The poet Chaucer also mentions this instrument in his description of the tournament in the "Knight's Tale":

Pipes, trompes, nakeres, and clarionnes,  
That in the bataille blown bloody sounes.

The king generally kept a troupe of these bandsmen, or minstrels, in his employ, and we read that Edward II. on one occasion gave a sum of 60s. to Roger the Trumpeter, Janino the Nakerer, and others, for their performances. Another minstrel was called the "cheveretter," or player on the bagpipe. King Henry V. had a band which discoursed sweet music during his expedition to Harfleur, each member being recompensed for his services with the sum of 12d. per diem. When the citizens of London were mustered in the thirty-first year of the reign of Henry VIII., we hear that "before every standard was appointed one dromslade at the least." Each company of 100 men at this time possessed a couple of drummers.

*Timber in Minnesota.—Harper's Weekly*

It would be interesting to know just how many feet of timber yet remain in the forests of the State of Minnesota. I had as an estimate one day from one of the best known men in the business that there had been already cut in the State about 29,000,000,000 feet, and that he believed there were from nine billion to twelve billion feet now standing. The cut of the lumber-mills in the white pine region of the Northwest, as given by the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, an authority on this subject, amounted during the season of 1892 to 4,380,314,565 feet, an increase over the previous year of

505,793,310 feet. This was from logs cut in the Mississippi Valley alone. It is estimated that the cut of the mills of Minneapolis alone during the present year will amount to nearly 600,000,000 feet.

*Some Queer Advertisements*

Ludicrous deliverances are common in advertisements, especially in those of a personal nature. Here is one that appeared not long ago in a New York paper: "Willie, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's meerschau." —

In the advertising columns of newspapers we encounter many a queer demand; but none more deeply touching, none which stirs so many chords, as the following wail from a novelist: "A gentleman of means, excellent social position, novelist of repute, great traveller, linguist, aged 42, name honorably known throughout Europe, who, although having scores of 'so-called friends' in all hemispheres, singularly feels his lonely position on the stormy ocean of life, would like to meet with a gentleman or lady of refinement and liberal views, having literary and artistic tastes, and (sic) who could take interest in his work. He would either propose to board and reside in well-appointed house, London, country, or any part of France or Italy, where he could work undisturbed, and contribute a fixed monthly or yearly sum, or arrangements could be made in sharing his superior residence, situated in the most fashionable locality of the metropolis, as well as a small but artistically furnished villa abroad, located in the loveliest part of Europe. Preference given to one who could assist him in his work and act as literary amanuensis. Only those of his own position in life need apply, in strictest confidence, to etc."

## BEFORE THE TOY SHOP WINDOW

*John Kendrick Bangs.....Ladies' Home Journal*

I knows it's mighty weak in me to cry  
'N blubber like a baby, sir, but I  
    Kaint help them tears.  
I'm old enough, I s'pose, to put away  
Sech childish things; I've known the light  
    o' day  
    Some sixty years.

It's this way, sir: 'Bout thirty years ago  
I had a little baby home named Joe—  
    Named after me—  
For Joe's mamma afore she came to die  
Ast me to name him that ar way, and I  
    Just did, you see.

Small Joe—well, he was three weeks old  
that day,  
When she—she—kind o' sighed 'n' passed  
away.  
    'N' me and Joe  
Was left to help each other on—for me  
To keep the little fellow goin'; he  
    To soothe my woe.

He did it, too, Joe did—he did a heap.  
'Twas mighty comfortin' to watch him  
sleep,  
    'N' coo, and smile.  
I seemed to see her smile when Joe looked  
glad,  
'N' then I kind o' didn't feel so sad  
    A little while.

### THE MARCHING OF THE MULES

*Atlanta Constitution*

While they're jawin' there, at Washin'ton,  
    an' waitin' for a place,  
We're happy here, in Georgia, where we've  
got amazin' grace!  
We're a-makin' of a livin', an' we're work-  
in' by the rules  
An' keepin' time like music to the marchin'  
of the mules!

You kin hear us in the mornin', at the very  
peep o' day  
A-hitchin' up fer business an' jest singin'  
on the way:  
Fer we all have graduated from the poli-  
tician's schools  
An' we're keepin' time like music to the  
marchin' of the mules!

'N' then Joe went! I had to go to town,  
'N' Joe while I was gone crept off—to  
drown—  
    Fell in a dam;  
'N' down in town I'd bought a little toy  
To bring it home, y' know, to give the  
boy—  
    A woolly lamb.

'N' when I got back home some feller said,  
As kindly as he could, that Joe was dead—  
    My little Joe.  
'N' then we put him by his mother's side,  
'N' with him was that woolly lamb that I'd  
Brought home, y' know.

'N' now to-day's the first I've cried since  
then—  
Cried like a baby in the sight o' men—  
    But 'taint no whim.  
Why, in the winder o' that shop there sat  
A little woolly lamb, sir, just like that  
    I got for him!

'N' for a minute my old heart felt glad.  
I sorter thought to see the little lad  
    Still at my side.  
'N' then remembrance came—that ne'er  
again  
I'd see him smile 'n' hear his laugh 'n'  
then,  
    Why, then, I cried!

### JEAN

*(Choice Verse).....Burns*

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
    The lassie I lo'e best:  
There wild woods grow and rivers row,  
And monie a hill between;  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair;  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air:  
There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green;  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

### ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DIALECT

*Frederick A. Bisbee.....Kate Field's Washington*

They'r werry curious, that they be,  
    These literary folk;  
They hung aroung to get from me  
    The very words I spoke;  
'N wen I spoke from my own head  
    They laff'd and called me "boor,"  
But when they'd written wot I said,  
    They called it "litertoor."



THE COSTUMES OF OUR DAY

*From drawings by A. U. in the Sunday Sun.*



## THE FASHIONS FOUR CENTURIES AGO\*

Let us look in upon the Florentine house, out of whose windows "the loving slaves shook the dust from their masters' dress every morning, looking fresher and happier than the rose," as the poem of the period has it—this house where the wife barely passed in happiness even the very first months of her married life; later on she merely numbered the years that sped by the names of the children who grew up around her, each of whom recalled to her one of her husband's long absences, when he had gone away to trade far off beyond the mountains and over the seas. The youthful freshness of these women faded quickly, and as Sacchetti writes, the most beautiful among them in a short time "drooped, degenerated, withered in old age, and at last became a skull." It was but natural that they should try to correct nature by art, and repair the ravages induced by domestic cares; and this not merely from vanity. Even great painters like Taddeo Gaddi and Alberto Arnoldi agreed that the Florentine women were the best artists of all the world.

"Was there ever before them a painter—nay, even a mere dyer—who could turn black into white? Certainly not; for it is against nature. Yet if a face is yellow and pallid, they change it by artificial means to the hue of the rose. One who by nature or age has a skinny figure, they are able to make florid and plump. I do not think Giotto or any other painter could color better than they do; but what is most wonderful is, that even a face which is out of proportion, and has goggle eyes, they will make correct, with eyes like to a falcon's. As to crooked noses, they are soon put straight. If they have jaws like a donkey, they quickly correct them. If their shoul-

ders are too large, they plane them; if one projects more than the other, they stuff them so with cotton that they seem in proportion. And so on with breasts and hips, doing all this without a scalpel, so that Polycletus himself could not have rivalled them. The Florentine women are past-mistresses of painting and modeling, for it is plain to see that they restore where nature has failed."

We cannot blame them, nor do we wish to do so. Poor women! this was the only freedom they enjoyed, to masquerade as youthful, happy creatures, to make their faces bright and fresh while their hearts were often weeping at finding themselves supplanted by other women. They also loved to change the fashion and shape of the dresses, and here they were able to give free vent to that ambitious spirit which they possessed no less than their male relatives. The admirers of the past, beginning with Dante, blame them for so much volubility, which irritated even the story-tellers and priests, not to mention the husbands, who would willingly have economized on these extravagant expenses of their wives. Sacchetti had much to say on this theme, over which he grows eloquent. He writes in his virtuous indignation how "some women had their dresses cut so low that the armpit could be seen. They then gave a jump and made the collars come up to their ears. The girls who used to go about so modestly have entirely changed the shape of their hood, so as to reduce it to a cap, and with this head-gear they wear around their necks a collar to which are attached all sorts of little beasts that hang down into their breasts. As for their sleeves, they can almost be called mattresses. Was there ever

\*Dr. Guido Biaji in Blackwood's.

invented a more harmful, useless shape? Could a woman wearing those things lift a glass or whatever else from the table without soiling both sleeve and tablecloth, not to mention the tumblers they upset? Their waists, too, are all squeezed in, their arms are covered by their trains, and their throats enclosed with hoods. One would never end if one wished to say everything about these women, beginning with their immeasurable trains. Then their heads are dressed high, and reach up to the roofs; some curl their hair, some plaster it down, and some others powder it. It is enough to make one sick."

It would seem, however, that this craving for the new attacked men as well, and was by no means confined to the weaker sex. Poor Messer Valore di Buondelmonte, an old man cut on the ancient pattern, was forced by his relations to change his hood. Everybody marvelled and stopped him in the street. "Oh, what! is this Messer Valore? I do not know you. What is the matter with you? Have you the mumps?"

At one time it was the fashion to wear such ruffs and wrist-bands that it could be said of the Florentines that they wore water-pipes around their necks and tiles on their arms; whence it happened that Salvestro Brunelleschi, while eating chick-peas with a spoon, instead of putting them into his mouth, put them inside his ruff, and scalded himself. Later on it became fashionable to have the hose divided and crossed in three or four colors. Shoes had very long points, and the legs were so swathed with strings that the wearer could hardly sit down. Most of the youths went without a mantle, and wore their hair down to their shoulders. For the wrist-band a *braccio* of cloth was allowed, and more stuff was put in a glove than in a hood. The old fashions struggled with the new, the newer, the very newest. Everybody was individually capricious. The Florentine people, inquisitive then, as

now, liked to behold the new hats, new hoods, new dresses, mantles, and gabardines in which their townsfolk were muffled, so that they hardly recognized each other, and had to scan one another keenly in the face before friend knew friend. It was a veritable masquerade. They finally assumed such proportions that the men, who have always been the law-makers, pondered how they could by legislation put a check upon the "extravagant ornament of the Florentine women." In 1306 and 1333 the Commune promulgated sumptuary laws, reinforced in 1352, 1355, 1384, 1388, 1396, when very severe regulations were added. These had again to be revived in 1439, 1456, and once more in 1562. The clergy thundered from the pulpits, the wise men admonished, and some of them went the length of furnishing regulations to careful mothers about their own dress and that of their daughters. The storytellers lashed with their wit this immoderate luxury—the result, as they maintained, of female vanity. Meanwhile the other cities of Tuscany and Italy sent to the Florentine merchants for samples "of the above-named goods," and constantly repeated their orders, showing that Florence set the fashion in those days, and that its extravagance in habiliments was eagerly copied outside its walls.

*Equality in London Clubs.—The Argonaut*

The British commoner fondly imagines that within his own club-house he is the equal of any fellow-member, though the membership include noblemen and even peers. But even here British respect for rank steps in. The etiquette of precedence is observed as men file into the house for dinner, and if there be a nobleman present, the toastmaster, in addressing the company, says, "My lord and gentlemen," a seemingly invidious distinction that his lordship does not resent. One institution of British clubdom little known in this country is the system of exchanges among clubs.

## THE FASHION CHANGES\*

Even the Man in the Street must see that the fashion of woman has changed; that her skirts, for instance, are no longer what they were, so that the ensign of her sex, albeit itself in all essentials, has yet a novel and an unfamiliar touch upon the vision and the dream. True, the erinoline is not with us yet, but its advent, Mr. Ruskin's favorite novelist and her ascetically-minded thousands notwithstanding, is probably a simple matter of time.

Naturally the interest centres mainly in the Bell skirt. A by no means displeasing reaction from the umbrella and the sheath, it puts an end, for the moment at least, to all the chances, physical and immoral alike, of the good old serpent woman, the lilith who has trailed it through life, and poetry, and fiction of a certain sort, so long. The ideal has changed; and she, even Lilith—long-limbed (as the Americans say), and clinging—must merely hide herself, and be done for in the ample circumstance, comfort, and dignity of an eight to ten-yard skirt. For the moment she may well think of it as a common coffin; for, assuredly, to be at all appreciated, she must venture a great deal more and go a great deal farther than she ever did before.

These things are mysteries. What is obvious is that everything runs to breadth, not length. Shoulders are wider than ever; trimmings are mostly horizontal; flounces are super-imposed; and the double skirt of '60 is bobbing at us all over the place. (The curtsy is rather an ugly one, to our way of thinking. But that is neither here nor there.) A thing to be noted is that woman is as ever conscious that she needs kitchening (like food),

and that for man there is nothing like a change of—not dish: that is impossible, but—sauce. In truth, the way of the skirt is exceeding strange. Those rounded folds at the back, which are its true note, its actual expression, can only be achieved by means of a careful and intelligent fulfilment (horse-hair or other). Some are gored, but the goring is not as of old; for here you shall discern a centre pleat in front from hem to waist, but there are side-slashings of divers kinds—particularly in things evening and floral. The eye, as yet unfocussed, is conscious of naught but *gaucherie*, or even stumpiness. But the initiative once accepted, the mental attitude re-adjusted, all goes merrily as of old. Underskirts, and even stays, are changing their venue in deference to the new conditions; petticoats, as by an effect of premonition, are more than ever a riot of rich things and strange. And the width of them (it is fitting to note) is determined by drawing-strings at the back, and sometimes a subtle steel heightens the present fulness, and sings loudly (so to speak) of the good time coming and the triumphs it will bring.

Meanwhile, there is choice and to spare. For the bodice, it remains a free-lance and a law unto itself. In the skirt, there are those who, rejecting the extravagantly wide, would effect a compromise by enlarging the back and suppressing the final gore. Among makers, the greatest minds are rather building for the individual than blindly following a wooden-headed, heedless law. And besides, we are living a good deal on and with the *vielleries* of the older days and better dated: which will serve till Spring bring life into the world, and we know

\*From the National Observer.

what we really want. At theatres, concerts, and other places notes of Henri-Deux, and Louis-Philippe, and Louis-Quinze, and Empire prove the passion for revivals anything but dead. Some women opine that a deep and bold yellow is an admirable thing; others are all for the graver and more temperate *or-bouillant*; while a certain Marie-Louise, pink dashed with black or purple, wins approval of many. One result of the liking for Valois styles and colors is the popularity of gold-embroidered violet. And they are still doting upon restoration green, despite its violence and the necessity of chastening it with cloud on cloud of lace. As for sleeves, the usual make is low and voluminous on the shoulder, graduating thence to close and careful at the wrist. Small vestons and figaros are popular exceedingly; a hundred changes have they endured, and lived. The type is shorter and smaller than of old: with goodly embroidery of one or other fashion, it is a source of finish—even distinction—on a dark plain gown. Short bodices wholly of velvet will be worn with skirts of several sorts; so will decorated seams for day and evening use; so on black gowns with all sorts of embroidery; with gold and turkis for a chief of trimmings. Dress materials are more bewildering than ever: there are silks with *moiré* stripes, rep-twills, ondines, algerians, estamines, figured crêpons, grenadines of all hues; black and gold, blue and gold, red and gold, sometimes as many as four differences exquisitely blended. And the crinoline, meanwhile, comes on—comes on; and if the wide skirt hold there is naught shall stay it in its course.

#### THE AMERICAN WOMAN OF TO-DAY

F. Marion Crawford.....Ladies' Home Journal

The growth and improvement in taste have been enormous, and I do not believe that good taste is to be attributed only to good education. It is the natural outcome of womanly nature which refines itself as soon as it has the opportunity. There used

to be an extraordinary stiffness, if I may call it so, in American taste, which contrasted strongly enough with the grammatical license of the speech of those days. Within the last ten years the language of what calls itself society has improved by resuming something, if not all, of the Anglo-Saxon rigidity. Taste, on the other hand, has grown more facile, pliant and graceful. It is no longer a distinctive sign of social superiority to have a semi-classic marble statue in the hall and the stone effigy of an uncle or aunt in the dining-room. Moreover, the successors of those æsthetic monstrosities are fast disappearing, too—the expensive and bad imitations of Oriental stuffs, the profuse crops of useless knick-knacks which use to make tables unserviceable for ordinary purposes, and rooms almost uninhabitable for beings endowed with motion. An astonishing number of women now know the difference between a good etching and a bad one, between a picture and a daub, between a portrait painter and an unscrupulous impressionist. I might multiply instances and examples indefinitely, but I have said enough to draw from many the usual answer—that all this is only the external life which concerns the surroundings, can be learned, marked, inwardly digested, and got for ready money, but which must not be taken as the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual good taste. But I do not agree with those who give me this answer. I believe that external æsthetics do really and truly proceed from an inward and ethical source, and that the desire for beautiful surroundings comes from a love of beauty which is a sort of beauty in itself.

Customer—"This overcoat you sold me last Fall is worn so thin I can almost see through it."

Dealer—"Yaw. Dot ees our patent sanitary overcoat. Ven you leaf it off in der Spring, you von't catch cold."—*New York Weekly*.

## PADEREWSKITIS\*

The prevailing complaint among women in New York and vicinity is musical hysteria. Perhaps it might better be called Paderewskitis, as the microbe which has created the present epidemic is due to the advent of a great pianist whose capillary attraction is so great as to lead beauty apparently by a single hair. The first symptom of obsession by this unique germ is loss of appetite except for ice-cream soda, caramels and angel food. From beef and everything that is digestible the patient flies as from the plague. The second stage of the malady induces a wild craving for photographs of the author of the germ in all possible attitudes, seated at the piano, leaning on the piano, without the piano, standing against something, standing against nothing, profile, three quarters, full face—always with those tempestuous auburn locks in fine frenzy rolling, giving the cue, as it were, to the agitation surging in the multitudinous female breast. Regardless of cost, the patient turns her boudoir into a Paderewski gallery, erects an altar in the middle, burns candles and incense before the god of her madness and kneels to him in prayer. In America the disease has not yet attained the virulence that startled London when a woman prostrated herself at Paderewski's feet in a concert-room. However, while there is life there is hope, and no one can tell how brainless the microbe may render its victim.

The third stage of Paderewskitis develops a perpetual tendency to sighing like a thousand furnaces, followed by exclamations of an endearing nature. "Darling!" "Duck!" "Elegant!" "Glorious god!" "Divine master!" are a sample of the volcanic utterances that are sandwiched between Huyler's best and a melancholy

that wrecks itself on billets-doux. Here is a note to which I have accidentally fallen heir:

DIVINE ONE:—Until you came my heart was empty and knew not the meaning of love. Until you came I was content to eat, drink and be merry. One touch of your adorable fingers has transformed me! The music of your soul has entered mine and I feel that we are born for each other. You are my affinity. Gaze on the photograph I enclose and answer that your eyes see in mine the being needed for still higher inspiration. Do not keep me in suspense. Answer by return post at what hour you will pass my house. Flowers will stand in the parlor window and I, your own, will stand beside the flowers. X— Z—.

He answered not, he came not, and what has happened to this panting one I know not. The last stage of the disease is driveling idiocy. Certain types of victims drop into poetry like unto this:

I long to hear that air once more,  
O Paderewski mine,  
That e'en above the ocean's roar  
Tells me that I am thine.  
Turn not thine orbs from mine, great soul,  
I live for thee alone,  
Thou art my heart's long-cherished goal;  
I pine, I faint, I moan!  
Bereft of thee—

But this is quite enough to show the desperate condition of our women, and the necessity of immediate action on the part of the medical profession. This fearful bacillus must be stamped out if we would maintain reason on this distracted continent. I'm seriously of the opinion that it calls for the interference of the National Government under the new quarantine law. As Dr. Jenkins has permitted this imported disease unlimited freedom in New York, it devolves upon Surgeon General Wyman to exert every effort to confine its ravages to the present infected region. If Paderewskitis attacks every State in the Union, Heaven help us all!

\*Kate Field's Washington.



## OF WHAT ADVANTAGE IS IT?

Charles Dudley Warner.....Harper's Magazine

Anxiety is exhibited in many quarters about women who are striving for the higher education, meaning the education usually given to college students. What is it for? What will they do with it? What will they become? The professions are already full; even that of teaching, the least desirable, will eventually, at the rate of supply, be overcrowded. There are more women now who write than there are who can read discriminately. Why urge so many into the higher education, the college training, for which they will have, if the world goes on marrying and baking and sweeping and keeping domestic establishments running, so little use? The question might be briefly answered, to make them women. In detail it might be added, to make them more interesting women, better company for themselves and for others, fuller of resources for a life alone or a family life, with an intelligent apprehension of what is going on in the world. To improve the tone of society is excuse enough for the higher education, even if it were not desirable that typewriters should be intelligent. And beyond the needs of society, can it be doubted that if all the mothers of this generation were educated, capable of rightly directing the intellectual development of young minds, the next generation would show a marked improvement over the present? The disappointment about this education arises from misplaced expectations. It isn't the office of education to upset society, but to make it better. The professions can absorb a limited number only. Society needs an unlimited number of highly intelligent persons.

## A SWIMMING PARTY

Chicago Inter-Ocean

One evening I had the pleasure of attending one of the unique entertainments—a swimming party—that are a feature of Honolulu, and are probably known nowhere else in the

world. It was given at Waikiki, a seaside annex of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. The apartment known as the lanai looks directly upon the sea, the waves breaking beneath the windows and against the steps of the piazzas. In the rear of the lanai is a large apartment for dancing, and opening from this an immense dining-room. The masculine guests were, with a few exceptions, officers from our own men-of-war and from the English corvette Garnett, now in the harbor—handsome young fellows, who cleared their throats a great deal, curtailed their *rr's* piteously, and danced with much muscular vigor. They did not possess the ease of manner peculiar to their American fellow officers. There was first a waltz or two, then the party separated, disappeared, and reappeared clad in bathing suits. The guests then moved in procession across the long pier, and the young girls, clasping their hands above their heads, leaped into the surf, accompanied by their escorts. They swam and dived in the clear water like mermen and mermaids. The southern cross rose above the horizon; palms were outlined in the moonlight against the clear sky; the surf dashed its white foam against the reefs beyond the lagoons; the air was filled with the fragrance of a thousand flowers; the singing boys sat upon the pier, and their wild music made a fitting accompaniment to one of the strangest scenes I ever beheld. After a time the swimmers repaired to their rooms, re-donned their evening dress, and the ball went on as if it had never been interrupted. It was difficult to realize that the young women in their white gowns, sashes, and French-heeled shoes were the same whose white arms and bare feet had been battling with the breakers half an hour before. The dancing was followed by supper, then the waltzing and singing were resumed, and the morning was well on its way before the guests made their adieus and took their departure.

## THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE

*The Independent*

We all concede the utilitarian value, at least, of unswerving and unquestioning orthodoxy in woman, and that to sit like the storied lion and guard the colors of the faith, even to the fringes of its simplest tradition, is the sort of heroism the world expects of them; but skepticism, and the vaguer forms of doubt, and the sense of spiritual unrest from which they spring, come to the woman at her post, and even the moated fortress of a country parsonage, as we have seen, has no security against them! This is one thing that men forget or ignore, and to it is directly traceable the ultimate obliquity, intellectual and moral, of some of the most gifted women the world has ever known; women, in whom "the fearful agony caused by doubt" was not the superinduced hysteria of the vain bluestocking, nor the rash experiment of the spiritual adventuress. For it is conceivable, at least, that the wear and tear of religious vicissitude, which is so commonly tendered in extenuation of the heresies of great masculine minds, might by some evil chance assail and overcome one disquisitive female in a thousand. The annals of literature teem with pathetic stories of the moral throes of the privileged doubters, but what is so painful in the victim of German mysticism, or so mournful in the victim of French realism whose prerogative it is to have been "born a boy," is only odious or ridiculous in his sister-sufferers. There is no poetic palliation for her, and whatever she may bring upon herself in the way of spiritual embarrassment is obviously retributive; for if she had been making pies and mending stockings instead of prying into the mysteries of her higher life and being, she would have been preserved in the bliss of ignorance.

## THE INTELLECTUAL FLIRT

*Chicago Times*

You lunch one day with an awfully pretty woman and she has with her a

pleasant-faced girl who is her dearest friend. You enjoy eating the luncheon and looking at the pretty woman. In a vague way you remember the other girl as a pleasant one, but of course you know such a lot of pleasant women. The next day the pretty woman tells you that after you went away her friend said: "I can't tell why that man attracts me, but I am sure he is a man who thinks." And you think you do. Poor moth! You make up your mind that's a sensible girl and you want to meet her again. You do, and you find, curiously enough, that she thoroughly understands you; that she appreciates your great cleverness; understands your ambitions and comprehends just what you ought to be. In a word, she is absolutely sympathetic. She has your history at the tips of her fingers, and she understands your weaknesses as a doctor does the diseases of his patients, and she caters to each one of them.

After you have known her for awhile you really begin to think. She says something that makes you conclude that you are making a clever woman of her, for it never dawned on you that she was that before she met you. Then you find out that she is a woman of whom you never tire, and suddenly and horribly it dawns upon you that there are other men who think the same. Then you long to be the only one. If she concludes the game is worth the candle, she gives you that position; if not, you are only one among the many. If she does she will probably make you happy; she will never bring any discredit upon your name, but you will never be the only one, for there will always be men around her, men with whom she has a certain intellectual sympathy. If she does not become your wife she will take something out of your life which is never replaced. The physical flirt can never do this, but the intellectual one can. If you have offended her she can make you feel your own littleness

until you wish you might disappear, and even if she refuses your love with kindness there is a sore spot in your heart and an everlasting longing for the woman of whom your sister says: "I wonder what men see in her; she is always well dressed, but she is really nothing but a thoroughly pleasant woman!"

And you look at your sister and wonder if she knows what a power that is.

#### THE FOOTPRINTS OF TIME

*Christian Union*

The lines on a woman's face are the tracings of her life history. Temper, emotions, principles are plainly written there. A woman who exists like an oyster can keep her face unlined. The woman who lives must expect to show the march of years. There are rare women whose natures are so perfectly balanced that the surface emotions that play upon the average woman, like the wind on telephone wires, do not disturb them; such women possess the poise that makes them a tower of strength to weaker mortals. They have faces which in old age are benedictions, and, like the innocence of a baby, bring us nearer heaven. The inner life shines through, blotting out the lines that record the life-history in the faces of less spiritually developed women. It is a pity that women do not more fully realize the reaction of the spurious emotions that wear life and health away. Too many women play with their emotions; they cater to nervous excitement. When reality fails to furnish the necessary potion, fiction, sensational reports of disasters—commercial, social, accidental—become the basis of supply. To thrill becomes as necessary as to breathe, and every emotion leaves its tell-tale mark, and becomes the enemy that deprives life of power. Constant demands upon vitality are drafts upon youth. If they are drawn to build character, they become a bank that is never exhausted; if drawn to furnish

nervous excitement, to kill time, or for the furtherance of social ambitions, the life-current runs dry, and art must supply the transient beauty to age that character makes permanent.

#### THE LATEST WASHINGTON FAD

*Boston Herald*

Spoons are not the only popular fad of the hour. Everywhere I find my eyes resting on tiny red roses, to be worn on the coat lapel. At first I thought these a new version of the French "Legion of Honor" decoration, or else that the wee roses were made of that chemically prepared paper which changes with the atmosphere and turns to violet, blue or pink, as may be. The rose evidently meant to serve as a miniature barometer. But no! Examination proved them to be made of some sort of celluloid or china preparation, and they retain their color, no matter what the weather may be. Do you remember those Swiss cottage barometers, when the lord of the house came out when it was about to rain, and his wife only appeared when the skies were blue and propitious? But the porcelain china rose "has nothing to do with the case," or the weather—as you will. The busy, polite bookseller and newspaper dealer sells these roses and spoons by the score. No one knows exactly the cause for the sudden popularity of the former; every one buys because every one else does. Liking to be in the fashion, I was "almost persuaded," when, happening to look down the dining room, I saw that the head waiter and several of his assistants were tricked out in all the braveries of these mysterious red roses; so I defer my purchase for the present. White roses might mean Jacobite enthusiasts. But this is a veritable toy "war of the roses," and no one seems to know whether of York or of Lancaster.

#### A WOMAN'S CLUB

*San Francisco Argonaut*

A man gives an amusing account of a woman's club. First of all the

women squabble about tipping the servants. This was very amusing, because at men's clubs, he said, it is a point not to tip, the subscriptions to the Christmas fund clearing off all scores of that nature. When tipping was prohibited, another source of contention arose, as the people with the best manners received better service than people with manners less good. Then there was one old lady who used to get all the papers and sit on

them until she had read them one by one. This occasioned disagreeable comment and complaint, and nobody could successfully discover a way of circumventing her; nor could she be asked to stand up and be searched. There was another woman, the most strong-minded of the lot, who was not able to read if any one spoke or rustled a paper, and kept the attendant busy in requesting the members to keep still.

## TU QUOQUE—AN IDYL IN THE CONSERVATORY

Nineteenth Century Verse..... Austin Dobson

"romprons-nous,  
Ou ne romprons-nous pas?"

—LE DEPIT AMOREUX.

NELLIE.

If I were you when ladies at the play, sir,  
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,  
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,  
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected,  
Wait for three hours to take me down  
to Kew,  
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,  
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,  
I would not dance with odious Miss  
M'Tavish,  
If I were you?

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer  
Whiff of the best,—the mildest honey-  
dew,  
I would not dance with smoke-consum-  
ing Puffer,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,  
Even to write the Cynical Review;—

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're  
quite delightful,—  
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;

Borrow my fan. I would not look so  
*frightful*  
If I were you!

FRANK.

It is the cause. I mean your chaperone is  
Bringing some well-curled juvenile,  
Adieu!  
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Go, if you will. At once! And by express  
sir!  
Where shall it be? To China, or Peru?  
Go. I should leave inquirers my address,  
sir,  
If I were you!

FRANK.

No,—I remain. To stay and fight a duel  
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to  
do—  
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be  
cruel,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be  
doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to miscon-  
strue,—

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee bit pouted?—

FRANK.

I should admit that I was piqué, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about  
it,  
If I were you.

(Waltz-Exeunt.)

## A SONG OF FAREWELL

Edith Vernon Mann..... *The Century.*

Ye happy birds, oh, whither flying?  
So swift ye wing away  
I scarce can mark your trailing pinions.  
Does there a warmer day  
Await on other shores,  
To your glad summons quick replying?

Oh, linger yet awhile! Ye carry  
The summer on your wing:  
Too long will winter seem without you,  
Too tardy coming, spring.  
But melody of song  
In warmer climes delights to tarry.

Alas! we may not more entreat you,  
When bluer skies await;  
When other birds will carol welcomes,  
And tales of joy relate.  
We can but pray, sweet friends,  
That no harsh storms will ever greet you.

And so—Away!—far out of seeing  
Into the heaven high;  
Leaving no mark save that of music  
On earth and sea and sky;  
No sweeter song than made  
By your light pinions southward fleeing.

### THE DOVE OF DACCA

Rudyard Kipling..... *The National Observer*

[A Bengal legend tells the pitiful fate of a Hindoo Rajah, the last of his race, attacked by Muhammadan invaders. He went out bravely to meet them, carrying with him a pigeon whose return to the palace was to be regarded by his family as an intimation of his defeat and a signal to put themselves to death and to burn their home. He gained the victory, but while he stooped to drink in the river the bird escaped and flew home. The Rajah hurried after, but was only in time to throw himself on the pyre.—*Beast and Man in India.*]

The freed dove flew to the Rajah's tower,  
Fled from the slaughter of Muslim kings,  
And the thorns have covered the city of Gaur—

Dove—dove. O homing dove!  
Little white traitor with woe on thy wings!

The Rajah of Dacca rode under the wall;  
He set in his bosom a dove of flight;  
“If she return be sure that I fall”—  
Dove—dove. O homing dove!  
Pressed to his heart in the press of the fight.

The Kings of the North were scattered abroad,  
The Rajah of Dacca he slew them all—  
Hot from slaughter he stooped at the ford,

But the dove—O the dove!—the homing dove!  
She thought of her cote on the palace wall.

She opened her wings and she fluttered away,  
Fluttered away beyond recall.  
She came to the palace at break of day,  
Dove—dove. O homing dove!  
Flying so fast for a kingdom's fall.

The Queens of Dacca they died in flame,  
Died in the flame of the palace old  
To save their honor from sack and shame.  
But the dove, the dove. O the homing dove,  
She cooed to her young where the smoke-wreath rolled!

The Rajah of Dacca rode fast and fleet,  
Followed as fast as a horse could fly.  
And he saw the palace lay black at his feet;  
And the dove—the dove—the homing dove  
Circled alone in the stainless sky.

So the dove came to the Rajah's tower,  
Came from the slaughter of Muslim Kings,  
So the thorns covered the city of Gaur,  
And Dacca was lost for a white dove's wings.  
Dove—dove. O homing dove,  
Dacca is lost from the roll of the kings!

### GARDEN GHOSTS

James B. Kenyon..... *Atlantic*

Two moon-white moths are fluttering  
Athwart the haunted gloom;  
I watched them waver wing to wing,  
Past many a spectral bloom.

No footfall wakes these mossy walks;  
The mist's thin streamers trail,  
From twisted shrubs and withered stalks,  
Round all the coppice pale.

Low winds amid the leaves complain;  
The firefly's wizard spark  
Makes mimic lightning where you twain  
Go wandering down the dark.

And still they flutter side by side,  
As night's chill currents flow,  
To that lone tryst-place where they died  
Long centuries ago.



A QUESTION

*Nineteenth Century Sonnets.....Alfred Austin*

Love, wilt thou love me still when wintry  
streak

Steals on the tresses of autumnal brow;  
When the pale rose hath perished in my  
cheek,

And those are wrinkles that are dimples  
now?

Wilt thou, when this fond arm that here I  
twine

Round thy dear neck to help thee in thy  
need,

Droops faint and feeble, and hath need of  
thine,

Be then my prop, and not a broken reed?  
When thou canst only glean along the Past,  
And garner in thy heart what Time doth  
leave,

O, wilt thou then to me, love, cling as fast  
As nest of April to December eave;

And, while my beauty dwindles and decays,  
Still warm thee by the embers of my gaze?

AN ANSWER.

Come, let us go into the lane, love mine,  
And mark and gather what the Autumn  
grows:

The creamy elder mellowed into wine,  
The russet hip that was the pink-white  
rose;

The amber woodbine into rubies turned,  
The blackberry that was the bramble  
born;

Nor let the seeded clematis be spurned,  
Nor pearls, that now are corals, of the  
thorn.

Look! what a lovely posy we have made  
From the wild garden of the waning year.  
So when, dear love, your summer is decayed,  
Beauty more touching than is clustered  
here

Will linger in your life, and I shall cling  
Closely as now, nor ask if it be Spring.

THE COURTING-STICK

*Mary A. P. Stansbury.....New England Magazine.*

["In the early New England days there  
was in most houses a large assembly-room,  
and there the family and all the guests and  
chance callers gathered on winter nights  
about the blazing fire-logs. For the con-  
venience of young lovers, since there was  
no 'next room,' courting-sticks were used;  
that is, long wooden tubes that could con-  
vey from lip to ear sweet and secret whis-  
pers."]

Sunshine bathes in a golden tide  
Tumbled treasures of satin and lace;  
Grandmother's chest stands open wide;  
Over it bends a blossoming face.

Here is her girdle of sylph-like span,  
Stomacher studded with jet and pearls,  
Gay little shoes that the dance began—  
Grandmother was a rose of girls!

Margery's curious eyes are bright,  
Margery's fingers are deft to suit;  
What does she bare to the wondering light?  
A silent reed?—or a stopless flute?

Grandmother reaches a faded hand,  
Never a word do her old lips say;

Close to her ear the hollow wand  
She holds, with her dim eyes far away.

Fainter, more vague to the dulling sense,  
Margery's laugh with its silvery flow!  
What is it hearkens, alert, intense,  
To tones of seventy years ago?

"Darling, I love you!" "O share, dear eyes,  
Glances the broidery cannot miss!"  
"Whisper! I hear, though a breath replies!"  
"No one is looking—sweetheart, one kiss!"

Creepeth a flush to her withered cheek,  
Murmurs her voice like a dreaming shell:  
"Love, I am here! Canst thou hear me  
speak?  
Living or dying, I love thee well!"

Grandmother's hair is white as snow,—  
Brown the curls which the grasses hide;  
Bent her form with its burden slow,—  
A shattered pine-tree,—her lover died.

Margery, read the riddle plain!  
Sleepeth the lighter, or life or death?  
Free, at love's call, to their tryst again  
Flying on wings of an echoed breath!

THE HEART OF THE TREE:—AN ARBOR-DAY SONG.

*H. C. Bunner.....The Century.*

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants the friend of sun and sky;  
He plants the flag of breezes free;  
The shaft of beauty, towering high;  
He plants a home to heaven anigh  
For song and mother-croon of bird  
In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
The treble of heaven's harmony—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
And years that fade and flush again;  
He plants the glory of the plain;

He plants the forest's heritage;  
The harvest of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty  
And far-cast thought of civic good—  
His blessing on the neighborhood  
When in the hollow of His hand  
Holds all the growth of all our land—  
A nation's growth from sea to sea  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

## ECHOES OF VANITY FAIR

*New Worldliness.—The National Observer.*

The desire to despise is not the least shabby of the unpublished wishes of man. Without it, vanity would veritably be the minor virtue it looks; but the desire to be admired has for its under-side the desire to be envied, and to condemn, ignore, or overlook the envier. Even to ignore your admirers is to be dependent upon them and their admiration, inasmuch as you consent to owe something to their existence. Real simplicity (or pure poverty) of spirit is content to be alone; or, if not alone, it will owe nothing to other men save the delight of mutual praise, or at least the courtesy of mutual recognition. What is ignoble in the man who desires to be envied is this: he depends upon the multitude that he may deny them; and in some sort needs the crowd that he needs to forget. The desire to be seen is one with the desire to withdraw, equally different from that essential and interior separateness in which a few men have the grace to live and in which every man is compelled to die. Ours is a time in which things common to the race, but not praiseworthy, get a certain praise, from the candor with which they are confessed. The publication of a lately famous Journal convinced men and women alike that there was a certain reward in making haste to show such things as are generally only betrayed. And yet even in our day the desire to despise is what no man has eagerly avowed of himself personally. Collectively, however, and as a class feeling, it is quite freely and completely admitted. It is not an unpublished wish as the wish of society. It is not an unpublished wish as the wish of nations. And never has it been professed with less consciousness of its ignominy than by a recent writer on "Society in New York."

Society, for a while after its first formation upon new soil, doubtless underwent great privation in the denial of the contemptuous passion. It was not lawful, in the young Republic, to harbor scorn of any man, or—a greater privation still—of any class. Was it not? Human ingenuity found a way. There were always the races, if there were no longer the ranks. It was always, and cheaply, possible to hold oneself superior to the Red, the Yellow, and the Black, And racial contempt might easily be juggled into caste contempt. Accordingly, a certain kind of American then acquired, and to-day maintains, a habit of alluding to the poor Indian and the even poorer African and Chinaman, not with antipathy as aliens, but with domestic scorn as plebeians. Upon them the citizen spent his social instinct of class. His own servants refused him its easiest exercise; but here were strangers, wanderers from far forests, who could be treated as the lower orders of his cities. But, after all, a distinction of color is a distinction which you share with a costermonger; and by degrees it was felt to be insufficiently flattering. The citizen looked around for something better.

Now, having no traditions for class-distinctions among white men, the American had to create them, and he did so in an explicit manner, with all the system of a new code. For instance, the people of the inland New England town wherein Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes set the scene of his first romance, were classified *tout bonnement* according to the number of the storeys in which their houses were built. There was no hesitation about it. Some were two-storey people, and some three-storey people, and they visited "in-and-in." The height of their stones and mortar was the

measure of their caste, with no apparent mitigation from the remembrance of change, from well-endured lapses of prosperity, from the salience and interest of personal character. Obviously in the United States, as everywhere, money either makes, or has at one time made, all class divisions; for the fact that a man to-day is refined means generally that his father was educated because his grandfather was rich. But between the implicit recognition of this inevitable truth, and the stupid classification of the heights of houses there is a difference. That classification is recalled here (and if presented in so crude a form, the presentation is Dr. Holmes's) as a sign of the straits and devices to which men are compelled by man's desire for the envy of man. What was begun in the days of Elsie Venner has been continued under the variants of new and local arbitrariness, if we are to believe the writer first mentioned. Not across New York only, but across Philadelphia, and up and down the town of Boston, does he hail the readers of an English review to show them the districts in which live the people whose acquaintance he and his friends would accept, and the people he would never consent to know; for it is a question of streets in those cities just as definitely as it is a question of storeys in the country town. He is master of a scorn that wreaks itself upon addresses. He finishes a sarcasm with "the south end of Boston," and points an epigram with "Shawmut Avenue." He admires people for living somewhere else. Xerxes led men in nations; the writer of "Society in New York" contemns men in parishes.

*The English Woman.*—*New York Tribune.*

The Englishwoman's conversation is in keeping with her tread, that is to say, somewhat heavy, less superficial, perhaps, than that of the Parisienne or of the New Yorker, but devoid, too, of the lightness, the sparkle and the brilliancy which so distinguish

women here and on the banks of the Seine. The art of repartee—some would call it a gift—is a closed book to her. It is too delicate a weapon for her to handle, and when she does venture to make use thereof she is apt to remind one of a person accustomed to broadsword and singlestick exercise endeavoring to thrust and parry with a delicate steel foil. The result is that she is apt to instinctively dislike brilliant people, particularly if they belong to her own sex. She prefers the commonplace, and regards those who soar above that level as "obtrusive" and "bad form." These epithets, I am sorry to say, she applies especially to American women—but under the circumstances that may be regarded as a compliment.

*Far Worse.*—*Tom Hall in Brooklyn Life*

He is in a brown study.

He is so green in matters of the heart that he feels blue.

He gazes sadly at the fire and works his think machine at the rate of six smiles an hour.

The storm beating furiously against his window pane tells him that he is rejected.

The wynd shrieking through the trees with technical names in Central Park tells him that he is rejected.

Even the sputtering fire tells him that she is none of his.

His bull-dog, with one eye at the oculist's and most of his tail on the dissecting table, growls that he is rejected.

But he knows that they one and all prevaricate.

Such is not the cause of his melancholy.

On the contrary, he is accepted—and she has just confessed that she is an adopted daughter, and that on the occasion of her matrimony she will not share in the patrimony.

*Not Misunderstood.*—*Vogue*

Guest (Chicagoensis, wearing large

diamond): "I trust you understand my bringing a detective with me to your reception?"

Hostess: "Oh, perfectly. You could easily be acquitted if we missed anything."

*The Visiting Card—New York Tribune.*

There is a great deal more character in a visiting card than most people would at first be willing to believe, and from its shape, appearance, and from the manner in which the name is inscribed thereon, one is often able to determine the social status, the breeding—and the breed as well—of its owner. Thus the slightest exaggeration or departure from the strictest simplicity, either as regards the size, texture or lettering, is distinctly bad form. Men's cards nowadays should be quite small and narrow, the name printed in script without any flourish or ornamentation, and the card perfectly plain white, without any suspicion of glaze or analogous kind of fancy work. The "Mr." should be prefixed to the name unless the bearer possesses any rank above that of lieutenant in either the navy or the regular army. There are many people who resent this restriction, and who are of the opinion that a visiting card should indicate the various honorary distinctions to which the owner is entitled. In a manual recently published, claiming to describe the etiquette of New York society with regard to visiting cards, it is stated that it is customary to affix the abbreviated intimation of strictly honorary distinctions, as LL.D., or D.D., or M.D., to the name. This is altogether wrong, and all such lettering is *de trop*, for if once this were permitted there would be no reason why all sorts of other information concerning the status and social rank of the owner of the card should not be described on the pasteboard.

*Something Wrong—Life.*

"I guess those people will take the

house I have been showing them," said Mr. Springflats's young man as he came into the office and threw the keys on the table.

"When are they going to let us know?" asked Mr. Springflats.

"The gentleman said he would call and see us to-morrow, but they seemed so pleased with the place that I think it is as good as rented."

"What do they want done in the way of fixing up and decorating?"

"Oh, nothing. In fact, the lady said the paper in the parlor was very pretty."

"Wants a new range in the kitchen, doesn't she?"

"No; she said the range seemed to be in fair condition."

"Humph! How about the furnace?"

"That's all right. The man said it needed some slight repairs, but he could have them done in the Fall."

"Was there any water in the cellar?"

"A little, sir."

"Did they kick about it?"

"They didn't seem to notice it."

"Hum. Well, how much did they want off the rent?"

"They didn't ask for any reduction. They thought it was reasonable enough for the location."

"What?"

"Yes, sir; and I guess they've got lots of money, for they spoke of laying a hardwood floor in the dining-room at their own expense."

"Oh, yes, they must have lots of money," said Mr. Springflats, sarcastically; "but all the same I want to see those people myself, if they come in again."

"All right, sir."

"And if they call while I am out, remember to tell them that the rent of that house will be payable quarterly in advance. You understand; quarterly in advance."

"Yes, sir."

"And also that we shall expect a gilt-edged reference from their former landlord!"

*Labouchère on Crinoline.—London Truth*

If women were sensible, instead of signing a postal-card saying that they pledge themselves not to wear crinolines, and sending it to Mrs. Stannard, they would save their halfpenny and content themselves with not wearing a cage. The Anti-Crinoline League is like a league amongst the London sparrows not voluntarily to walk into cages. I shall stand to my opinion that the short scarlet petticoat, with a skirt over it, which can be let down or pulled up, is a very pretty costume; and that its comfort is increased by some sort of undergarment which keeps the scarlet petticoat from flapping against the legs. Whether this undergarment be made of some stiff material like horsehair, or by means of steel hoops is a mere question of detail. Assuredly this costume is far more reasonable than those long trains that ladies have been wearing until lately, and which rendered themselves a nuisance to every one who came near to them.

*Fashion the Tyrant.—Scribner's*

It is easy to see that for the last fifteen years, women who are qualified to lead have more and more refused to submit themselves to the tyrannical influence of a reigning fashion. They all go forward; the crowd follows; but the vanguard uses its own inspiration, and borrows only of itself or of what may be called the creating dressmakers. Simplicity alone dominates everything to-day, and remains the mark of good style, of distinction, and of the real aristocracy of taste. In any case, fashion is only ridiculous when it begins or when it finishes. Who can say what our children will think of our costumes at another exhibition of the arts relating to woman toward 1910 or 1920.

*The Star of Paris.—London Truth*

The star of the *salons* is now Loie Fuller. She is asked to perform at most of the fashionable "Five

o'clocks," and prudish American ladies somehow do not see the harm of having her serpentine dance, in combination with the effects of the electric light. It is so marvellous that Mrs. Grundy forgets in her wonder to be shocked. Loie can borrow in her attitudes from the flight of the bee, the bat, the butterfly, the bird, the insect, and wind up as the incarnation of the rainbow. After going through all her transformations, she, with her back to a broad blaze of limelight, and her arms raised to suggest wings ready for flight, personates the angel. Her draperies are mere films, just enough to soften the outline of the statuesque form beneath them. Gradually the arms fall, and she becomes a modestly-dressed mortal, who might have been robed by a Greek sculptor.

*A Problem for the Scientists.—The Century.*

Oh, the thoughts, the revelations, of our age that lie enshrined

In the caldron of man's mind;

How they seethe and how they simmer, how they swim and how they swirl,

How they wriggle, how they wrestle, how they whirl and how they whirl!

Yet when now the puppy Science opens wide his ten days' eyes,

Will no trenchant man arise

Who will fathom why to-morrow, as ten thousand years ago,

When she means a Yes emphatic, will a woman answer No?

*The Society Woman.—Vogue*

When society women break down, as they constantly do, and the outside world credits the nervous prostration, the low fever or whatever the illness may be, to "that love for excitement, that love of society," nothing is said of the incessant calls upon time and strength. Think you does it not require considerable effort always to look pleasant, always to have a kindly word, or a bright speech ready, always to know about the latest book—light perhaps—the newest style, the genealogy of the one thousand friends, so that no slip may be made of crediting a grandparentless individual with forefathers?



## THE PASSING SHOW

Malcolm Douglas.....Munsey's

Every day to the park when the weather is  
fine  
Like a glittering pageant they pass in a line,  
With the down streaming sunlight so daz-  
zling and cold  
That it turns for the nonce all the trap-  
pings to gold;  
And on the soft cushions, enjoying the air,  
Are the four hundred dwellers in Vanity  
Fair;  
While up in our eyrie, so close to the sky,  
We sit at the window and watch them go by.  
And often we see him roll on with the rest  
In a coach so superb that it ranks with the  
best,  
From the family crest he has just had  
designed  
To the leather clad lackeys like statues  
behind;  
But he never looks up, and his dull, heavy  
face  
Has the air of a man who has lost in a race,  
And I smile as I think 'twas for her to  
decide  
If she was to sit up in state at his side.  
We've a cheap little place, but it's home-  
like enough

With its portières, and rugs, and gay  
Japanese stuff;  
The prints I've picked up, and the etchings  
I've found  
In disorderly order all scattered around;  
And the upright piano at which she will sit  
In the dainty pink gown that is such a snug  
fit,  
While I lie back and smoke, till my fancy  
takes wing,  
And it seems a vast empire of which I am  
king.  
Do you long for the time when I'm famous  
and great,  
And my work is snapped up by a big syndi-  
cate?  
Would it grieve you so much, little one, if  
you knew  
That your dreams of my future will never  
come true?  
But I care not a whit, as I scribble away,  
And the morrow can bring me whatever it  
may,  
If you will but love me, and smile at me  
there,  
In this other small heaven high up in the  
air!

### PROUDLY ACCEPTED

Mary Knight.....Boston Transcript

I never was partial to courts or to kings,  
And I don't care a straw for the state;  
And though the world's hollow—why, that  
never wrings  
E'en a tear from my eyes, up to date.

And yet, as you hint, it is certainly true  
That a queen I should much like to be,

But when, for a subject, you offer me—you,  
It's just there that we'll never agree.

I really don't see where the fun would  
come in  
To be ruler, with subjects but one;  
And so, if you please, 'tis as *king* you must  
win;  
And *together* we'll rule over *none*!

### "SHE THREW ME A KISS"

J. Percival Pollard.....Vogue

She threw me a kiss, and the air felt sweet,  
A rose tint glowed through the gloom of  
the street  
As Dorothy leaned from her window-seat,  
And threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss with her finger-tips;  
As a Spring-time scent from a flower  
drips,  
From the rose-leaf dawn of her willing  
lips,  
She threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss, and the world seemed  
bright,  
The cares of life were all back in the night,

For Dorothy said to my heart: "Be  
light!"  
And threw me a kiss.

She threw me a kiss, and I strode away,  
Smilingly humming a roundelay gay.  
Ah, Dorothies, smile on your swains some  
day,  
And throw them a kiss.

Yes, throw them a kiss, and the whole day  
long  
Their hearts will be steel to the dream of  
wrong,  
Their blood will pulse to one joyous song:  
"She threw me a kiss!"

## SELF SACRIFICE FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE\*

Whether phenicised or living vaccines be used, the symptoms felt by the vaccinated person (in vaccination against Asiatic cholera) are always about the same—a dull pain at the place of inoculation, a little fever (averaging up to 38 deg.) and headache. In a word, to use the comparison of Professor Gessard, of Val de Grâce, who was one of the first to be inoculated, the symptoms felt are no worse than those of a strong cold in the head or a slight touch of influenza. These symptoms generally vanish in twenty-four hours, and there only remain a local sensitiveness, and a hardening of the skin at the point of inoculation, which disappear in three to five days. It will be readily admitted, I believe, that the vaccinations performed, added to the numerous experiments I have made on animals, and in the course of which I have never lost a single one through vaccination, sufficiently establish the fact of the perfect harmlessness of this operation. As for the efficaciousness of the process, there is no difficulty in demonstrating it in the case of any kind of animal. We take ten rabbits, or guinea-pigs, or pigeons. Five of them we inoculate by the process in question, whilst the five others remain in their original condition. After this we inject a sufficient dose of virus into the peritoneal cavity of all the animals. The five inoculated animals hardly suffer at all: the others, the "witnesses," perish eight days afterwards, with symptoms characteristic of the infection.

A large number of experiments of this kind have been performed on rabbits, guinea-pigs, and pigeons; and always with equal success. But it goes without saying that we cannot allow ourselves the same kind of ex-

periments on men. We cannot kill a certain number of human "witnesses" in order to prove the efficaciousness of my process. Such incidents occurred, I believe, in the eighteenth century, in the case of those who were condemned to death. But there is something so horrible in such processes that the idea of them alone is sufficiently revolting. I well know that, in default of convicts, one might count upon voluntary self-sacrifice. I know it, because I have received proposals of this kind. Certainly the most remarkable one emanated from a French doctor, whose name I shall not mention for reasons easily divined. He came to me one day and resolutely offered himself as an animal "witness." I will add that Dr. X., far from being a sceptic, was on the contrary, a firm believer in the microbian doctrines, and offered himself to me with the conviction that he was going to certain death. When I attempted to dissuade him by representing to him that I might be judicially held responsible for his death, he answered: "You won't have to bother yourself about anything! I know how to go about the business; I am myself a doctor. You need only mislay a syringe full of virus in your laboratory."

I did not accept Dr. X.'s offer, and I refused several others of the same kind. Now, this would be the only possible means of furnishing a conclusive experimental demonstration. Consequently, all demonstration of the immunity of the man vaccinated is *a priori* impossible in the precincts of the laboratory. This being so, it may be objected—and there are numbers of people who have made this objection—that, although my vaccine confers immunity on guinea-pigs, rab-

\* Dr. W. M. Haffkine, of the Pasteur Institute, in the Fortnightly.

bits, and pigeons, it may not be impossible all the same that man is not subject to the same law. And, indeed, it is not impossible. But it is very far from being probable. The difference between a mammiferous rodent, such as a rabbit or a guinea-pig, and a bird, such as a pigeon, is from the anatomical and physiological point of view far greater than the difference between the rodents and man; and, when the law has been proved to hold good in the case of animals so diverse, there is no reason why man should not be subject to it. Furthermore, the symptoms consequent upon the injection of our vaccines are strictly analogous in all the animals experimented upon, and this time we include man among the animals. The curve of temperatures is noteworthy as exhibiting the same inflections among all the inoculated beings, whether guinea-pigs, rabbits, pigeons or men. Does not that establish a strong probability in favor of an analogous action of the viruses in the different organisms? One more point. Among animals rendered proof against cholera, immunity is manifested by the fact that every fresh subcutaneous injection of the vaccines leads to a more considerable rise of temperature than the preceding injection, but with diminished local symptoms. Well, an inoculated man is affected in precisely the same way.

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All this, I know, does not constitute direct proof. It is true that Mr. Stanhope, after being inoculated, went off to Hamburg, and purposely exposed himself to all the dangers of infection, whilst M. Badaire swallowed, in the presence of the doctors of the Bichat Hospital at Paris, a choleraic draught prepared expressly for him. No one admires their courage and devotion in the cause of science more than I. I am personally infinitely grateful to them for the faith they have shown. Mr. Stanhope and M. Badaire did all that a single man could to prove the efficacious-

ness of our method against infection. But if any one were to raise the objection that Mr. Stanhope and M. Badaire were persons naturally proof against cholera, if such persons exist, I should be compelled to admit that this objection is valid. On the other hand, I may be allowed to observe that everything that could be done at the laboratory in the way of demonstration, without risking the life of a human being, has been done. The future must resolve all doubtful points. If, in the course of some future epidemic, the inoculations increase in number, as I hope they will, and if the persons inoculated remain all, or nearly all, immune, the most sceptical will not, I think, hesitate to admit the efficaciousness of the process. In this regard cholera vaccination has reached the critical point of every new medical method. Practice alone can determine its exact value. It will, however, be admitted that all the probabilities are in favor of our thesis.

—  
Besides, I hope that this state of things will not last long, and that the demonstration will soon be complete. Not that I am carried away by the passion of experiment to such a degree that I long for a violent epidemic of cholera in Europe; but we have every reason to believe that we shall be allowed to test our method in countries where cholera is now a permanent disease, namely, in Siam, and in some parts of India. I am firmly convinced that the cholera is capable of being rapidly and completely extinguished in those countries, provided, of course, that cholera vaccination is made obligatory, at any rate in certain districts, just as in the case of Jennerian vaccination. The thing in itself presents no difficulty when it is allowed that the symptoms attendant upon cholera vaccination are much less troublesome than those of small-pox vaccination. Moreover, the manufacture of vaccines is very easy, and it is already known that they last

a long time. It obviously remains to be seen in this connection how long the immunity conferred by vaccination lasts. There are in my laboratory animals that were vaccinated more than four months ago, which I have assured myself are still perfectly immune. But will the immunity last beyond this period? I do not know, although I do not cease to hope it will. At the worst, it would only be needful to renew the vaccination from time to time. It is necessary to explain of what importance it would be for the countries in question to be relieved of this terrible pestilence? And not only they, but Europe also, would be delivered of it at one blow. In point of fact, it is almost a certainty that all cholera epidemics originate in those Eastern countries, and, when once that hotbed of contagion has been effectively extinguished, in all probability we shall no longer hear the cholera spoken of in our part of the world. It is true that in that case cholera vaccination would no longer be applied. But that is the very result we so ardently desire to bring about.

#### USES OF OIL

*Boston Transcript*

The National Museum's collection of oils is very remarkable. There is oil from the nose of the pilot whale, which will not freeze at zero Fahrenheit, and oil from the fore legs of the crocodile, which will freeze where ice melts. The latter is a particularly fine leather dressing. Oil from the fat that lies beneath the turtle's upper shell is recommended for rheumatism, while the oil tried out from the entrails of the eel is said to be good for deafness. The natives of Ecuador make an oil from the fat of a bird called the "guacharo," which they consider equal to olive oil for table use. In Central America the people obtain a golden oil that is unequalled for water-proofing purposes from an insect about the size of a rosebug, which yields two-thirds of its own weight in this peculiar grease. The

insect, called "niin," feeds on the sap of a resinous plant, to which it clings by its long beak, giving it the appearance of being driven full of queer-looking tacks. When the bugs are thickest they are scraped off and boiled.

#### KANGAROO FARMING IN AUSTRALIA

An Australian journal says: "Kangaroo farming is to become an established institution in Australia. In a few years perchance the trade will become so valuable that it may enter into the ranks of the most lucrative of pastoral pursuits. As a recognition of the utility of the real worth of the hitherto despised marsupial, it is to be welcomed. The unassuming beasts, which live and toughen on herbage which would hardly feed a rabbit, and hop happily amid the carcasses of drought-killed sheep, although treated as vermin in Australia, are becoming recognized as the champion leather producers of the world. Not all the millions of sheep which have been brought into existence in Australia, the hunting, shooting, trapping and poisoning, have served to stamp out the patient kangaroo, and, given a little encouragement, a little respite of peace and security, the animal of Australia will increase and multiply once again. What the next few generations of tamed and trained kangaroos may bring forth will be of interest to note. The progress of the first kangaroo farm in South Australia will be carefully watched."

#### USES OF THE PEARL OYSTER SHELL

*Boston Transcript*

Every part of the pearl oyster shell, which furnishes the best product, is utilized for a distinct purpose. From along the straight edge of it is cut a penholder. Four slices of suitable shape adjoining are for knife handles. From the thick middle part is obtained a pistol handle. Other portions supply one big poker chip, a couple of cloak buttons, three or four coat buttons, a pair of cuff buttons, half a dozen collar buttons, and as many shirt buttons.

## CHAMPAGNE\*

It is in accord with the eternal unfitness of things that sparkling champagne—that river on whose foaming stream, to the accompaniment of whose gallant laughter two centuries of blades and Cyprians have floated bravely down into the gay backward and abysm of Time—should have taken its rise in a Benedictine abbey. Yet, in 1670, at Haut-Villers, one Dom Pérignon scored history with a thicker line than ever was drawn by William of Orange in 1688 of blessed memory. It took an Act of settlement effectually and finally to abolish Divine Right; but in 1680 the dynasty of Still Champagne was quietly wiped out of being by a pacific friar. It perished perfect, consummate, unregretted—for the usurper proved himself omnipotent. The invincible Dom Pérignon, some ten years earlier, had lighted on a hoard beside the which the Abbé Faria's was a trifle; for it was a case of milliards. And though the founder of a line is ever its greatest hero, so that Napoleon the Little is the natural complement of Napoleon the Great, this monk contrived to maintain the splendor of his order. He imparted his secret only when, *in articulo mortis*, he placed the crown on the head of Friar Philippe, his legitimate successor; who in his turn bequeathed it in 1765 to Brother André Lemare. And this one reigned for thirty years, an enviable despot, and passed it down to his successor, Dom Grossart. And he, having the Moëts among his subjects, died with his secret big and undivulged, and the line and dynasty of Dom Pérignon was extinct. And none was greater than the founder, who, arch-celibate though he was, yet made conjunctions happier far than all the rest of the clergy put together; for so consummate was his skill, and so exquisite his palate, that, being blind with years, he would

taste you grapes from a score of vineyards, and decree that the wine of this one must be married to the wine of that; and his fame was great in the land, and the people would have his wine or none. And as the greatest mind is that which can adjust itself to the smallest details making for perfection, so this our benefactor, discarding the oil-steeped wisps of tow which till his time did vulgar service as stoppers, invented corks. So, too, he established the long, flute-shaped glass wherefrom to drink the elixir he had found, and wherein, like a true hedonist, he might watch the merry atoms frisk and dance like winter stars in running water; only these are golden, and their medium is an *aurum potabile* whereof no man—nor no woman neither—may drink without pitying the poor, besotted children of Cain.

It is also of the essence of a great discovery that it should come at the right moment, and this thing sparkled into being when the fortunes of France were on the ebb. So debilitated was the stomach of the Grand Monarque that Fason, his good physician, had to forbid him all but the oldest Burgundy, and that most villainously laced with water. But this Dom Pérignon, how bright a herald, how inspiring a companion for his dull and lonely Maintenon, a-weary with his tiresome wails, his enfeebled autocracy, and soured by the falsehood of her true position! What wonder if she and all the bloods and the grand dames and the lesser ladies drank of it and were glad, while Louis looked another way and sipped attenuated Burgundy? Here was enough, you would think, to console their France under those terrible visitations of Corporal John's; yet the influence has passed clean from the land of its nativity, the genius of the people it repre-

\* The National Observer



sented has been carried to other shores. It has pierced the fogs of Albion, and made us for the moment the compeers of those brighter spirits across the Channel whose image and superscription it bears.

"De ce vin frais l'écume pétillante,  
De nos Français est l'image brillante"

said Voltaire; yet he told but a half truth, after all, for his countrymen for the most part drink it at this present heavy and sweet to an accompaniment of *marrons glacés* and such like cloying cates. Happily our own habit is different; and herein shines forth the ancient insular superiority. Scarce has the fish, bull-headed cod or blushing mullet, swum into our ken ere the cork leaps forth with a cloop of joy, and straightway, as on the approach of Spring, the sap stirs and the buds of speech burst into life, and talk, reluctant and hidebound no more, bursts into many-colored bloom. No longer in Superior Clapham is the wine doled out like drops of blood, as in those ugly parties which Original Walker satirised.—At this, the tail-end of our century, it pours like melting snow down Soracte's sides, or spring torrents in the Acroceraunian hills. The dullard stands amazed at his own wit; and the professional talker-out moves not to envy; and the sorriest dog of us barks in rhapsodies and epigrams. No less than port it carries the vintage glory with it; for do we not speak of that '74 Perrier-Jouet (now for ever laid to rest in pious gastronomic cells) as of darling poet or statesman idolized in the Abbey by the stream of Thames? And the masterful eighties, the fickle, fleeting, delicate-souled eighty-fours, the speculative, broadly promising eighty-nines—do we not discuss them, even as the children of our loins? Wine does more than generate talk; it is talk itself; and do we not glory somewhat in their prices and value our dinners by those princes of the blood with whom we are privileged to fraternize? And our preferences;

how exclusively our own, how cherished, how esteemed! How this one will swear by the buff label of that Widow Clicquot, who takes precedence and the wall of all other widows, save Mrs. Wadman alone! Think, too, of the liquid splendor of the Irroy name, the mouthful of majesty in Deutz and Geldermann's Gold Lack, the aristocratic flavor of Duc de Montebello, the disappointment bred of too great an intimacy with that titled imposter! Then, too, the utter exclusiveness of Heidsieck's Dry Monopole, the merry lilt of Pommery and Gremio, the boom of Bollinger! Are we not familiar with them all? They are intimates at the eventful moments of our lives.—We have trysted with them at the Continental, and in marbled halls, when

"Love me" sounded like a jest  
Fit for yes or fit for no.

At the wedding breakfast (an extinct ceremony), they have prompted mouthings in honor of the ladies and composed whole speeches to the health of the bride. They have even soothed the savage breast at those great and heavy dinners in Cromwell road where Uncle Boanerges plays the gouty Elagabalus once a year. Only at funerals shall be missed the captive bubbles struggling, and rightly, to be free; though here the need of them is sorest, and you must perforce put up with Marsala. Truly it is a beverage of romance and laughter, this champagne. In the lush green by Upper Thames, when Summer shines on the glancing hair, the corks have broken forth and shot skywardly, singing the song of prodigality and abandonment. To look at life through this clear and golden medium was to cast seriousness to the winds. Clouds would fleet past the midday sun and darken for a brief spell the moon of night; but in these clear depths was nothing of cloud, nothing of shadow; only, as should be, a heyday of laughter and romance. For of all the transparencies this world

can offer none is so beautiful; none is so precious as that through which you behold the shining soul of a jest. And where else shall you look for, and more inevitably find it, than in this Dom Pérignon? God rest the good monk's soul! And thou, "anima, blandula, vagula," sweet spirit of the present, born to pass here and now, in this narrow space of sun between the grisly past and the yet grislier future, up and still up from the source of things even to this pleasant patch of surface! Actors love thee, and women; but for all that rise, rise, rise ever; for once the beaded bubbles have winked their last; there is no deep so plummetless as that encircled by yon vacuous and reproachful glass: even as no liver is so deeply pledged to melancholia as the type developed in the pursuit of them.

#### THE GOLD CURE

Leslie Keeley.....The Arena

I do not know anything about mind cure, or hypnotism, but I do know that inebriety is a disease, and that I have a remedy that will cure it. Ziemssen's Cyclopedia and other medical text-books, many doctors, and the world generally believe that inebriety is a vice, and drunkenness a habit only. People who have no pathology will not be likely to look for remedies. I recognize inebriety as a disease which can be caused by nothing else than alcohol. It is a specific disease, with a specific cause—just as much so as pneumonia. The periodicity of drinking, the craving for liquor, the disgust and reform, and the remorse are all symptoms and laws of the disease. The rhythmical return of the paroxysm is part of it, and the result of the tissue change caused by alcohol. If any mental impression could cure drunkenness, the remorse of a drunken man would entirely cure him. That people, sometimes, by force of will, cease to drink, is true; but people, by force of will, can also suffer amputation of a limb without a groan. The suppres-

sion of the groan, however, does not prevent the pain, nor can any mental impression or unconscious cerebration, or mind cure, make the least impression on the disease caused by alcohol, though its manifestations may be suppressed. A perverted or emotional function of mind may be caused by mental impressions affecting the belief, which may be entirely removed by a mental impression of another character. But suppose now a person has pneumonia, a disease caused by a special toxine, manufactured by a special microbe: let the mind curer, or fetic operator, or hypnotist, attempt a cure of this disease. What can be done by these means? The patient, so far as all subjective symptoms go, can be cured. The mental impression will relieve the pain, subdue the cough, possibly lower the temperature; but the disease will go on. To the psychologist it might appear that a cure could actually be brought about by such means, but the question does not look that way to the pathologist.

The cure is an anti-toxine, a contrary poison, which operates independently of the mental condition—and conscious or unconscious mental action. The only difference between pneumonia and inebriety is a difference in the kind of poison, and in the results of the poison. All poison used in poisonous doses necessarily causes poisoning, which cannot occur without a resultant change in the tissues—which is disease. It is impossible to drink alcohol without causing disease, and it is impossible to have the disease of inebriety without drinking alcohol. No two poisons cause the same effects or resultants; and it follows, therefore, that poisons may cause contrary effects, or antagonize each other's resultants. There is no law of toxines, or anti-toxines, or variation of tissues, or resultant immunity, or antagonism of immunity to poisons, as these relate to any disease, which are not likewise the

governing laws of alcoholic poisoning and its disease. There is no reason why, from the *a priori* standpoint, if a poison can be found which actually cures tetanus and pneumonia, that one cannot be found which will actually cure drunkenness.

#### LEATHERS FROM REPTILES

*Boston Transcript*

Leathers made from the skins of boa constrictors, pythons and other serpents will form a part of the National Museum's exhibit of animal products at the World's Fair. Even the poison-breathing gila monster will contribute its hide to the most remarkable collection of tanned skins ever got together. The fashion of the century's end requires what are termed "fancy" pelts for making all sorts of articles, from belts to traveling bags, and, in response to this demand, animals until now unheard of as leather producers find their skins required of them. Such humble creatures as the frog, the codfish and the domestic chicken are included in the list. The lion and the golden eagle are flayed for similar commercial use, as well as the shark, the pelican and the rattlesnake. In the collection described will appear the hides of alligators and crocodiles tanned whole and in many colors—green, blue, yellow, bronze and black. Likewise leathers from the iguana, lizard, the porpoise, the eel, the trout, the wild swan and all sorts of domestic fowls. Skins similarly prepared are contributed by the skunk, the woodchuck, the armadillo, the tame cat and the elephant.

#### LONG DISTANCE SIGNALING APPARATUS

*Boston Transcript*

A signaling apparatus of American origin, for use on the ground, was exhibited before the last meeting of the Buffalo Electrical Society. In this device incandescent lamps of thirty-two candle-power are used. They are arranged in horizontal or perpendicular lines, as may be desired, 106 lamps being employed in

one signaling set. They are placed in little pockets or recesses, with reflectors. In sending a message by the Morse system two lamps are glowed to produce a dot, twenty to produce a short dash and sixty for a long dash. Two red lights denote a period. Spaces between dots and dashes may be defined by twenty lamps unilluminated. The keyboard for this apparatus contains thirty-seven letters, numerals, etc. They are arranged on rollers, running across the board, and may be revolved simultaneously by means of a thumb-screw and ratchet. The arrangement for signaling by secret codes is very simple and effective. Each side of the rollers has a sequence of letters starting from a different letter of the alphabet. Consequently, when a substitute for the first letter is agreed upon, the message can be sent as readily in the cipher as in the ordinary way, and those not in the secret could have no clue to its significance. The speed of transmission in the present condition of the machine is about fifteen words a minute. The signals are said to be readable in daylight at a distance of three miles and at night at a distance of ten miles.

#### A NATURAL LAW

*Boston Transcript*

Scientists tell us that some day in the distant future, not near enough to cause our earthly inhabitants any alarm, some astronomer will detect a minute change in the elements of the earth's orbit, not to be accounted for in the ordinary way. It will prove that the first step has been taken by the earth on its way to the final end—a step as inevitable as the unchanging laws of nature. But the whole matter would be classed, at the time, with idle fables, were it not for those truthful figures. So we base our knowledge upon the forces of Spring. Somewhere in the great laboratory of the earth the work has already begun and we rejoice in the certainty of law.

## LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE

Herbert Laus Webb.....*Engineering Magazine*

A few weeks ago a business man in New York city telegraphed to the owner of a big poultry farm in a small town in Illinois to go to Chicago and "meet" him at a certain hour on the long-distance telephone line that now places New York on speaking terms with Chicago. The Illinois farmer kept the appointment, and the two conversed together over the wires for half-an-hour. At the end of the conversation the Illinois man emerged from the telephone-booth, paid his \$54 with entire satisfaction, and exclaimed with great glee: "Great Scott, I've just sold a hundred thousand chickens!" This little episode "points a moral and adorns a tale." Such a text needs little expounding to a circle of business men such as comprise the majority of the readers of this magazine. Take the first point. Correspondent No. 1 telegraphs from New York to Correspondent No. 2 at some provincial town in Illinois to go to Chicago in order that he may talk to him. Point the second. They talk for half-an-hour at a cost of \$54. If a personal meeting had had to be arranged, they would probably have talked for several hours before coming to a settlement, the time spent in traveling by one of them would have been from three to four days, at a minimum, and the actual expense about \$100. Point the third. A sale amounting to—I am completely ignorant of the wholesale price of chickens in Illinois or anywhere else—but say at least \$20,000, was effected with great promptness and without the intervention of any middleman. Surely no better illustration of the business possibilities of the long-distance telephone could possibly be desired.

## WRITING OVER A WIRE

*Chicago Herald*

The telautograph, as its name implies, enables a person to transmit

instantaneously a fac-simile of his handwriting or sketching to a distance. It consists of a transmitter and a receiver. The structure of these instruments is remarkably simple, is devoid of complication, and the mode of operation is in all respects direct and positive. The methods for transmitting the electric impulses to the line and then converting them in the receiver into the corresponding movements of the automatic pen are all alike distinguished by simplicity and directness. Being of a positive character, they are, therefore, not dependent upon or influenced by accidental changes in conditions. In the transmitter an ordinary lead pencil is used, near the point of which two silk cords are fastened at right angles to each other. These cords connect with the instrument, and following the motions of the pencil, regulate the current impulses which control the receiving pen at the distant station. The writing is done on ordinary paper, five inches wide, conveniently arranged on a roll attached to the machine. A lever at the left is so moved by the hand as to shift the paper forward mechanically at the transmitter and electrically at the receiver. In the receiver, the receiving pen is a capillary glass to be placed at the junction of the two aluminium arms. This glass pen is supplied with ink which flows from a reservoir through a small rubber tube placed in one of the arms. The electrical impulses coming over the wire move the pen of the receiver simultaneously with the movements of the pencil in the hand of the sender. As the pen passes over the paper an ink tracing is left, which is always a fac-simile of the sender's motions, whether in the formation of letters, words, figures, signs or sketches.

## THE NEW AIR SHIP

*Boston Transcript*

It is stated that Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, has developed a flying

machine, which he believes is practicable. The machine is a working model. It is not intended to carry passengers. In configuration the body portion closely simulates a mackerel. The backbone is a light, but very rigid, tube of what is technically known as "titanium metal," one of the many alloys of aluminum and steel. It is fifteen feet in length, and five centimetres, or practically two inches, in diameter. To give rigidity to the skeleton, longitudinal ribs of stiff steel are provided, intersected at intervals by cross ribs of pure aluminum, the result being a lattice framework of great strength. The engines, which are located in the portion of the framework corresponding to the head of the fish, are of the double oscillating type. They weigh sixty ounces and develop one horse-power, the lightest of that power ever made. There are four boilers of thinly hammered copper weighing a little more than seven pounds each, and they occupy the middle portion of the fish. Instead of water, a very volatile hydro-carbon is employed, the exact nature of which is a matter of secrecy, but which vaporizes at a comparatively low temperature. The fuel used is refined gasoline and the extreme end of the tail of the fish is utilized for a storage tank, with a capacity of one quart. Before passing on to the boilers the gasoline is volatilized by going through a heated cell.

There are twin-screw propellers, which would be made adjustable to different angles in practice, to provide for the steering. The wings or aeroplanes are sector-shaped and consist of light frames of tubular aluminum steel, covered with China silk. Both aeroplanes are designed to be adjustable with reference to the angle they present to the air. A tubular mass extends upwardly and downwardly through about the middle of the craft and from its extremities run stays of aluminum wires to the tips of the aeroplanes and the ends of the tubu-

lar backbone, and by this trussing arrangement the whole structure is rendered exceedingly stiff. The machine was constructed and perfected to its present degree in a secret room in the Smithsonian Institution.

In the large lecture room of the National Museum Professor Langley has succeeded repeatedly in producing successful flight by small models. They would fly as long as the power lasted, the power being applied by means of lightly wrapped rubber bands, on the principal of the string top. The lightest of these little models weighs sixteen grams, and will soar from one end of the room to the other as freely as a bird. It may be supposed that the gross weight has been so far reduced as to give hope of actual success now, inasmuch as an outdoor trial has been planned. The intention is to employ a tug to tow the experimental party to a creek about forty-five miles down the Potomac where the experiments may be conducted without fear of interruption.

#### BY RAIL TO JERUSALEM

*Harper's Magazine*

It is positively startling to think that one can now go up from Joppa to Jerusalem by rail at a cost of one dollar, but such is the fact. This first railroad in Palestine was recently opened with much Moslem ceremony, which included the sacrifice of three sheep on the platform of the station as a kind of propitiatory offering. This shows the difference between Mohammedan and American railroad methods, for in this country, though we occasionally sacrifice sheep and cows and horses and even human beings, we do not do it on the platform of the station, but on a "grade crossing," and then, when it is done, we—that is to say, the railroad company—declare that we did not mean to do it, and we ask the farmer how much he will take to settle for the loss of his sheep or his cow, or what



compensation the poor widow will accept for the loss of the husband, father, bread-winner, whom we have sacrificed on the grade crossing. The Jerusalem and Jaffa Railroad is only fifty-three miles long, and the time made on it between the two cities is three hours and a quarter, which is less than seventeen miles an hour. The fares are \$2.50 for the first class, and \$1 for the second class. Between Jaffa (the modern spelling of Joppa) and Jerusalem there are five stations. The terminus at the latter place is really one mile outside the city, and the cost of the land on which the station stands is a striking evidence of the influence of a railroad in raising values. Thirty years ago this land was sold at \$1 an acre; the railroad company had to pay about \$3,000 an acre for it.

#### DIAMONDS MADE BY MAN

*London Speaker*

To produce diamonds artificially has been the object of many researches, but until now the results have not been entirely, though nearly, successful. Some quite recent investigations in this direction have been made by M. Henri Moissan, who has been experimenting on the properties and modes of formation of carbon in its various forms, and the results are of great scientific value. In his process the carbon he uses is obtained from sugar, and, after being dissolved in a mass of iron, is allowed to crystallize out under very high pressure. The carbon is first compressed in an iron cylinder, and the whole is plunged into a crucible containing a mass of this molten metal. The crucible is immediately taken out of the furnace, and water is applied until a certain temperature is reached, after which the whole is allowed to slowly cool. In this way these different forms of carbon were obtained, and chemical treatments were employed for their separation. The residue was found to contain fragments, some black and others transparent, the former being

identical with the form of diamond known as carbonado or black diamond, and the latter being very highly refractive and of a fatty lustre.

#### CANALS IN ENGLAND

*Cassell's Magazine*

There are still so many navigable canals in England, that you could voyage from this Regent's Canal end to Liverpool by barge. So completely was this country covered by these artificial waterways during the canal fever, that there was said to be in 1836, including navigable rivers, no place south of Durham that was over fifteen miles from water-travelling. Railways, of course, soon rushed past the slow-moving canals in public favor; but there are still more than 3,800 miles of canals open in the United Kingdom, while 120 miles have been turned into railways. The longest canal tunnel is on the Thames and Severn, and is called the Sapperton Tunnel. Its length is 3,808 yards. No horses tug the boats through, but men—like birds for once—rest on wings; that is, projecting bits of wood, and "leg" the barges along, or push them with poles. The Lapal tunnel, on the Birmingham Canal, is almost as long, extending for 3,795 yards; and it has also the reputation of being the narrowest—only seven feet nine inches in width. The Blisworth, on the Grand Junction, is 3,056 yards long, and here steam-tugs are used to haul the barges through.

#### CONSERVATION OF THE MACKEREL SUPPLY

*Popular Science Monthly*

The mackerel fishery off the New England coast extends from the northern end of the Gulf of Maine to Cape Cod, and it has been ascertained that their spawning ground lies between the Shoals of Nantucket and the Bay of Fundy. A general fishing, however, is carried on from the shoals southward as far as the Chesapeake Bay. Mackerel were first fished for in these waters off the New England coast;

and when, in 1870, the older appliances were discarded by the majority of the fishermen and the purse-seine adopted, enormous numbers were captured by the men who fished outside Gloucester. Discovering, however, that the fish could be captured earlier in the season farther south, the more enterprising among the fishermen tried the waters as far south as the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and succeeded admirably for several seasons. Then, in 1878, the men who remained on the New England ground, and who continued to use the old appliances—drag and gill nets—discovered that the supply of mackerel was becoming irregular and smaller, and, believing that this scarcity and irregularity of the fish were caused by the use of the purse-seine, they protested against the use of that style of net.

#### ELECTRICAL HUMBUGS

*N. Y. Evening Post*

The rapid introduction of electrical power, as in street railway propulsion, the increasing use of electricity in street and house-lighting and in the mechanic arts, as well as the mystery in which the whole subject is enveloped to the average layman, have led to a widespread belief that electricity can do anything. The most preposterous invention will be credited if only the word "electric" is introduced. The same conjuring word will lead investors to put their money into a fog-annihilating device, or a flying machine, or into an electric road between Chicago and St. Louis. In the latter scheme trains are to be run at the rate of 100 miles an hour, according to the company's prospectus, which takes small note of such details as terminals, or the possible number of passengers, or of the fact that the proposed application of electric power has never been successfully demonstrated. The mechanical feats of supposed strength exhibited by Lulu Hurst and her imitators were said to be electric. So, too, we have electric soap and electric stove-polish, whose preposterous claims (so far as

electricity is concerned) have rather added to their popularity. The greater the absurdity, the more can be said about the new discovery or the new application of that mysterious force.

#### FACTS, FIGURES AND STATISTICS

The amount of sediment carried to the sea by the Thames in a year is 1,865,903 cubic feet. . . The Mississippi deposits in the sea in a year solid matter weighing 812,500,000,000 pounds. . . Chemically treated, one pound of coal will make enough magenta to color 500 yards of flannel, vermillion for 2,560 yards, aurine for 120 yards, and alizarine sufficient for 156 yards of cloth. . . There are only thirty vessels in the world's merchant marine whose speed exceeds nineteen knots an hour. . . Twenty years ago the Americans exported 40 per cent. of their wheat, now we export only 22 per cent. . . In February the United States coined 134,500 double eagles. . . More than a million dollars a day changes hands on horse races in and about New York city. . . The United States produces annually about 10,000,000 pounds of flax-end. . . There are 65,000 hats made every day in the United States. . . Paris has 50,000 rag-pickers. . . Great Britain owns half the ocean ships. . . Canton exports 12,000,000 fans annually. . . In Redditch, England, there are 20,000 men employed making pins. . . There were 28 railroads foreclosed in 1892. . . New Zealand's yearly output of gold is worth about \$250,000,000. . . The wheat crop of the world is about 2,125,000,000 bushels. . . There are about 1,850 towns in the United States lighted by electricity. . . Our product of hardware is valued (for 1892) at about \$1,000,000,000. . . Between three and four thousand litres of wine are made every year from grapes grown in the garden of the Vatican. . . Russia contemplates building what will be the largest electric railway in the world; it will run from St. Petersburg to Archangel, a distance of 450 miles. . . The largest turret ship is the Hood, of the British navy.

## THE ROBIN AND THE POET\*

There is a tradition that while our Lord was on his way to Calvary, a robin picked a thorn out of His crown, and the blood which flowed from the wound falling on His breast dyed it with red; and this has furnished a theme for many poets. It is told in this "Breton Legend" by Hoskyns Alvahall.

Bearing His cross, while Christ passed forth  
forlorn,  
His god-like forehead by the mock crown  
torn,  
A little bird took from that crown one  
thorn.

To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing  
head  
That bird did what she could; His blood,  
'tis said,  
Down dropping, dyed His tender bosom  
red.

Since then no wanton boy disturbs her  
nest;  
Weasel nor wildcat will her young molest;  
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.

No bird is more safe by reason of superstitious regard. In England the nest-robbing boys are deterred by the superstition, "if you take a robin's nest your legs will be broken," and it is considered unlucky to kill a robin. But there is another legend which assigns a different origin to his red breast, and this Whittier puts simply in the story told by his "O'd Welsh neighbor over the way," when she rebukes her grandson for tossing a stone at a robin as he hopped

"From bough to bough in the apple tree."

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not heard,

My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit;  
And how, drop by drop, this wonderful  
bird

Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;  
You can see the mark on his red breast  
still

Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! My breast-burned  
bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
Very dear to the heart of our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

There is an Indian legend of the origin of the robin, which runs thus: "I-adilla, son of a great chief, is commanded by his father to undergo the twelve days' fast, so that he may become a famous warrior. His strength fails him on the ninth day, and he begs to return home, but the old chief sternly refuses to let him; again on the eleventh day his prayers for relief are unheard. On the twelfth day his father goes to the lodge by the river bearing food, and calls again and again, but receives no answer; he enters and finds only a strange bright bird, sitting upon the summit of the ridge pole—the robin red-breast, which ever after haunted the homes of men." Whittier, in one of his later poems, versified a variant of this legend, and from it draws this lesson:

Unto gentleness belong  
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;  
Happier far than hate is praise—  
He who sings than he who slays.

Edna Proctor joins in the general chorus of praise with these enthusiastic verses:

Hark! a robin in the elm  
Warbling notes so glad and free,  
Straight he brought a summer realm  
Over thousand leagues of sea!  
High he sang: "A truce to fear!  
Frost and storm are but the portal  
We must pass ere June befall,  
And the Lord is love through all!"  
Lark and thrush, your lays are dear,  
But the robin's is immortal!

His English namesake is not so large as our American robin, resembling more our blue-bird, and his breast has a brighter hue, though Ruskin, who has touched him off in

\*M. K. S., in the New York Evening Post

this picture, thinks his color is exaggerated. He says: "He has a curious fancy in his manner of traveling. Of all birds, you would think he was likely to do it in the cheer-fullest way, and he does it in the saddest. Do you chance to have read in the 'Life of Charles Dickens,' how fond he was of long walks in the night, and alone? The robin, *en voyage*, is the Charles Dickens of birds. He always travels in the night and alone; rests in the day wherever day chances to find him; sings a little, and pretends he hasn't been anywhere. . . . Whatever prettiness there may be in his red breast, at his brightest he can always be outshone by a brickbat. But if he is rationally proud of anything about him, I should think a robin must be proud of his legs. Hundreds of birds have longer and more imposing ones—but for real neatness, finish, and precision of action, commend me to his fine little ankles and fine little feet, this long-stilted process, as you know, corresponding to our ankle bone. Commend me, I say, to the robin for use of his ankles—he is of all birds the preëminent and characteristic hopper—none other so bright, so pert, or so swift."

*Indian Pets.—Longman's Magazine*

The flying squirrel does not really fly, but it climbs up a high tree, and jumps off and supports itself for a long distance by spreading out the loose skin along its stomach, like a sort of parachute, between its extended fore and hind legs. It makes a very good ghost in the house. In March, 1857, I had gone to Darjeeling with my family, and we took a house that had been unoccupied during the winter. The house was said to be haunted, but this is a common invention among the Indian servants if a house is too far from water or from the bazaar. Our house was built round a central stack of chimneys, the ceilings of the rooms being covered with boards. We took possession of the

house, and the first evening that we were there, about 8 P. M., there came a curious sort of noise on the ceiling, as if a goat, or some animal with hoofs, was running about. Lantern in hand, I led the way up the ladder that reached to the roof of the house, armed with a poker, and followed by native servants. On emerging on the ceiling, something rushed round the central chimney stack and fled through a garret window which was open and broken. Then all was still and we retired. The next night the noises came again. We climbed the ladder again, and I made straight for the broken window, just in time to give a fatal blow with the poker to a flying squirrel who came running across the floor; his claws that were turned up, making a noise upon the boards like the hoofs attributed to the evil one! The fact was that a pair of flying squirrels had made their nest in the loft of the house. There were high trees on the mountain side, almost overhanging the house, from which they could make a big jump on to the roof of the house; then they climbed through the broken window into the loft or garret, and brought up a young family there. We had two or three specimens of flying squirrels in the Calcutta Zoo, but these animals are becoming scarce, owing to the exposure of life that their peculiar system of flying involves. In the land of monkeys it would have been strange if we had not speedily formed a large collection of monkeys. In fact they were presented to us in such numbers that we turned several of the common sorts loose on to the trees in the gardens, and as soon as they found that they were fed daily they never wandered far away. Our most interesting collection was a family party of about twenty langoors, or Hanuman monkeys (the *Semnopithecus entellus* of science), which are seldom to be seen alive in any other Zoological Gardens, for they are gregarious, and unless a large number of them are kept to-

gether, they soon pine and die. At first we used to keep them in pairs, and were surprised at the mortality that occurred. Then we put more than a dozen into a large house, and they kept one another alive with their games and gambols. There was one deformed but rather large monkey among them who had a humped back and a sort of foolish look. Perhaps his mother had let him fall when he was a baby, and his spine had been injured. It was curious to see how the other monkeys made a sort of butt of this deformed brother. They would jump on his back or pull his tail, or take away his food, or tease him in fifty ways, and he never resented it except by a ghastly grin. These hanumans in most parts of India are held sacred by the Hindoo community. On the other hand, I have been at places where the villagers would come and beg us to shoot these big monkeys that were ravaging their crops and fruit-trees.

*Long Sleep of Some Creatures.—Our Dumb Animals*

There are some kind of animals that hide away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild, they wake up enough to eat. Now isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand. Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food; for it would not be used if they did. The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake of a warm day. The bat does not need to do this; for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake, yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he awakes in the

Spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole. I have told you that his sleep lasts all winter. But with some animals it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years! When they were brought into the warm air they came to life, and hopped about as lively as ever. I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree, fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were sixty rings in the trunk. As a tree adds a ring every year, the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other toad!

*Warrior Ants.—Louisville Courier-Journal*

It was in Honduras, near the Caribbean coast, that I first saw the warrior ant—those strong insects which march through the tropical forests in armies, attacking every living creature in their path. One intensely hot day, a native came running in and in excited gestures bade me follow him. I did so wonderingly. There on the rolling savannah stretched a wide, black belt, extending far back into the deep shadows of the adjacent forest. It rose and fell with every formation of the ground, and, like a huge snake, slowly crept toward the village. In countless multitudes they swarmed over the plain, marching in compact order like a well-drilled army. Before them scurried a heterogeneous mass of lizards, grasshoppers, frogs, beetles and all other manner of insects and reptiles in a wild scamper to escape to a place of safety. Presently the advance guard reached my hut, and disappeared within; then the main column appeared, and soon the roof, floor, walls and rafters were black with them. Like the soft rustle of dried grass stirred by a gentle breeze came the sound of their presence in the leaves of my thatched roof. The sound increased in loudness as the



rats, mice, lizards, cockroaches, centipedes and others of their ilk, who had long made the roof their home, tried vainly to escape. Some succeeded in getting away from the house, but only to fall victims to the surrounding hordes without. One large cockroach, I noticed, made a plucky fight, but, overpowered by numbers, he gradually relaxed his efforts and was soon dismembered, each ant carrying off a portion of his body as a trophy. The most exciting battle was with a snake about three feet long, that tried to slip away unseen. The ants quickly surrounded him, however, and fought with terrific ferocity. With every switch of his tail the snake killed a score of his tormentors, but their places were soon filled by the black swarm which swept unceasingly on. Finally the writhings of the snake became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased entirely, and then, and not until then, did the ants relinquish their attack. All day long they marched through the house until at sundown the end of the column had passed and was lost to view in the thickness of the forest. I afterward learned that the warrior ants refuse to touch any food that they themselves have not caught and slain, which accounted for my provisions remaining unmolested.

*In the Depths of the Sea.—Cosmopolitan*

In the profoundest abysses of the sea are strange forms of life, that never, save when brought up by the trawl, see the upper light. The work carried on by means of the United States fish commission vessel, the Albatross, has established the fact that forms of sea life inhabiting the upper waters may descend to about 1,200 feet from the surface, but that below this, to a depth of 300 or 360 fathoms, a barren zone intervenes where marine life seems absent. But still deeper, strange to say, has been discovered an abundant and varied fauna, new to science, living under conditions of tremendous pressure, and

paucity of the life sustaining element of oxygen, that induced an eminent zoölogist to say quite recently, "What we know of the greatest ocean depths forbids us to expect to find them inhabited by living organisms."

Here, indeed, survive forms of life, the like of which no inhabitant of the upper world, not even the sun himself, has looked upon before the dredgers of the Challenger, the Albatross, the Blake and similarly equipped vessels dragged up marine creatures from congenial cold and dark. Nature is often apparently careless of beauty and symmetry in these hidden depths, peopling them with strange and monstrous things akin to the formless obscurity in which they live. But with inexplicable caprice she also intersperses among them many a dainty production upon which is lavished not only a novel and exquisite grace and beauty, but in most cases a splendor of apparently useless color, to which science can imagine no purpose or meaning. Another gift, that of phosphorescence, is much easier to understand. To creatures fortunate in the possession of eyes—for many deep-sea animals, fish and crustacea included, are without them—the lamp-bearers are prey to be pursued, mates to be sought or foes to be avoided. Many, if not most of these deep-sea forms glow with points of light. The corals diffuse a soft glimmer, the crustacea, vertebrates and mollusks are the glow-worms and fireflies of the ocean depths, and show the brighter in contrast with the intense darkness about them.

*A Very Eccentric Dog.—Land and Water*

At Southampton there is a well-bred Manchester terrier, whose pet hobby is to meet and see off the Isle of Wight and Southampton boats from the landing-stage at the pier-head. As the time for arrival or departure draws near, he trots up the pier in a thoroughly business-like manner, taking no notice of other dogs or strangers. As soon as a boat is at the

stage he is all activity, pops across the gangway on to the boat, and bustles about everywhere, evidently considering himself an important official. Just before the boat starts he leaps upon the landing-stage again, and stands in position close to one of the posts upon which the hawser is looped. At the last moment, when the hawser is cast adrift, he seizes the end of the twenty yards or so of light casting-line attached to the loop, and holds on like grim death, refusing to give way until dragged to the very edge of the stage. Then he quietly relinquishes his hold, placidly watches the quickly receding boat, and trots back to the town with a self-satisfied air. I have not been able to find out further particulars about the dog yet, but he appears to be well known to all the employees of the pier, and is evidently a general favorite. I am told that he hardly ever misses a boat. I have seen him perform as described on several occasions.

*Friendship Between a Horse and a Dog.—New York Tribune*

A plumber at Narragansett had a horse twenty-seven years old, which was used for carrying around his master's material when that was necessary, but spent most of its time in a small pasture. A fox terrier, also belonging to the plumber, was an inseparable companion of the old horse. When the old horse was harnessed to the cart the dog was on guard to see that nothing was stolen from the cart. In the pasture the dog was always sniffing around the horse and was never so delighted as when the horse would begin to roll in the grass, which it often did, apparently to please the dog, which would jump about in every direction and bark for pure joy. At night when the horse was put in the barn the dog always entered with its friend and slept on the animal's body. One day the neighbors heard the most dismal howls coming from the pasture, and found that the old horse had died. There was the terrier on the dead

body, howling out its sorrow and misery. The dog remained with the body until it was removed for burial.

*Seafaring Pigeons.—Harper's Young People*

On the old Constellation we had a number of pigeons, four or five pairs of different colored plumage. The birds were great favorites, and grew very tame during our long passages at sea. They had a comfortable house made for them by the ship's carpenter, but they preferred one of our boats, a large roomy cutter, hanging at davits abreast the quarter-deck, where the officers used to take their after-dinner smoke. In the stern-sheets of the cutter the pigeons had made nests, securing for that purpose odds and ends lying about the decks, such as rope yarns, bits of cloth and broom straws that we would throw down for them to gather up. As the straws fell on deck, the birds would fly down from the gunwale of the boat, seize the pieces in their beaks and fly back. Each pair was building a nest, and it was interesting to watch them work together. The most energetic seemed to be a purple hen, whose flights to the deck from the boat were most frequent. Nevertheless, she kept good watch over her mate, and saw that he did his share of the work.

*The Spider's Mechanical Wisdom.—Our Animal Friends.*

One morning I discovered a large spider's nest. I brushed it down carefully, and thought no more of it until the next morning, when I found a web in the same place. I brushed it down again. This was repeated every morning for nearly a week. We examined the construction of the web, and we found that scientific principles of mechanism were applied in every part. The end of each minute thread was securely fastened; and under the microscope were revealed hundreds of smaller lines, leading in every direction, so as to form braces and protect the heavier lines. Guy-lines were also placed so as to give the frame work greater strength.

## THE DEVILS ON THE NEEDLE\*

"these things are life :  
And life, some say, is worthy of the Muse."



HERE is a famous query of the old schoolman at which we have all flung a jest in our time: How many angels can dance on the point of a needle? In a world with so many real troubles it seems, perhaps, a little idle to worry too long over the question. Yet in the mere question, putting any answer outside possibility, there is a wonderful suggestiveness if it has just happened to come to you illuminated by experience. It becomes a little clearer, perhaps, if we substitute devils for angels. A friend of mine used always to look at it thus inversely when he quarreled with his wife. Forgive so many enigmas to start with, but it was this way. They never quarrelled more than three times a year, and it was always on the very smallest trifle, one particular trifle, too. On the great things of life they were at one. It was but a tiny point, a needle's end of difference, on which they disagreed, and it was on that needle's end that the devils danced. All the devils of hell you would have said. At any rate, you would have no longer wondered why the old philosopher put so odd a question, for you had only to see little Dora's face alight with fury over that ridiculous trifle to have exclaimed: "Is it possible that so many devils can dance on a point where there seems hardly footing for a frown?"

However, so it was, and when I tell you what the needle's end was, you

will probably not think me worth a serious person's attention. That I shall, of course, regret, but it was simply this: Dora would write with a J pen—for which it was William's idiosyncrasy to have an unconquerable aversion. She might, you will think, have given way to her husband on so absurd a point, a mere, pen-point, of disagreement. He was the tenderest of husbands in every other point (save this pen-point). There was nothing that love can dream that he was not capable of doing for his wife's sake. But, on the other hand, it was equally true that there can be no other wife in the world more devoted than Dora; with her, also, there was nothing too hard for love's sake. Could he not waive so ridiculous a blemish? It was little enough for love to accomplish, surely. Yes, strange as it seems, their love was equal to impossible heroisms; to have died for each other had been easy, but to surrender this pen-point was impossible. And, alas! as they always do, the devils found out this needle's end—and danced. For their purpose it was as good as a platform. It gave them joy indeed to think what stupendous powers of devilry they could concentrate on so tiny a stage.



It was a sad thing, too, that they were able to avoid the subject three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, but on that odd day it was sure to crop up. Perhaps they had been out late the night before, and their nerves were against them. The merest accident would bring it on. Dora would ask William to post a letter for her in



\*The Speaker. Illustrated for Current Literature by Ch. Lederer.

town. Being out of sorts and susceptible to the silliest irritation, he would not be able to resist criticising the addressing. If he didn't mention it, Dora would notice his "expression."

That would be "quite enough," you may be sure. Half the tragedies of life depend on "expression."

"Well!" she would say.

"Well what?" he would answer, already beginning to tremble.

"You have one of your critical moods on again."

"Not at all. What's the matter?"

"You have, I say . . . Well, why do you look at the envelope in that way? I know what it is well enough."

"If you know, dear, why do you ask?"

"Don't try to be sarcastic, dear. It is so vulgar."

"I hadn't the least intention of being so."

"Yes, you had . . . Give me that letter."

"All right."

"Yes, you admire every woman's writing but your wife's."

"Don't be silly, dear. See, I don't feel very well this morning. I don't want to be angry."

"Angry! Be angry; what does it matter to me? Be as angry as you like. I wish I had never seen you."

"Somewhat of a *non sequitur*, is it not, my love?"

"Don't 'my love' me. With your nasty cool sarcasm!"

"Isn't it better to try and keep cool rather than to fly into a temper about nothing? See, I know you are a little nervous this morning. Let us be friends before I go."

"I have no wish to be friends."

"Dora!"

William would then lace his boots, and don his coat in silence, before

making a final effort at reconciliation.

"Well, dear, good-bye. Perhaps you will love me again by the time I get home."

"Perhaps I shan't be here when you come home."

"For pity's sake, don't begin that silly nonsense, Dora."

"It isn't silly nonsense. I say again—I mayn't be here when you come home, and I mean it."

"Oh, all right then. Suppose I were to say that I won't come home?"

"I should be quite indifferent."

"Oh, Dora!"

"I would. I am weary of our continual quarrels. I can bear this life no longer." (It was actually sunny as a summer sky)

"Why, it was only last night you said how happy we were."

"Yes, but I didn't mean it."

"Didn't mean it! Don't talk like that, or I shall lose myself completely."

"You will lose your train if you don't mind. Don't you think you had better go?"

"Can you really talk to me like that?—me?—Oh, Dora, it is not you that is talking: it is some devil in you."

Then suddenly irritated beyond all control by her silly little set face, he would blurt out a sudden, "Oh, very well, then!" and before she was aware of it, the door would have banged. By the time William had reached the gate he would be half-way through with a deed of assignment in favor of his wife, who, now that he had really gone, would watch him covertly from the window with slowly-thawing heart.

So the devils would begin their dance; for it was by no means ended. Of course, William would come home as usual; and yet though the sound of his foot-step was the one sound she had listened for all day, Dora would immediately begin



to petrify again, and when he would approach her with open arms, asking her to forgive and forget the morning, she would demur just long enough to set him alight again. Heaven! how the devils would dance then. And the night would usually end with them lying sleepless in distant beds.



\* \* \*

To attempt tragedy out of such absurd material is, you will say, merely stupid. Well, I'm sorry. I know no other way to make them, save life's own, and I know that the tragedy of William's life hung upon a silly little ink-stained J pen. I would pretend that it was made of a much more grandiose material if I could. But the facts are as I shall tell you. And surely if you fulfil that definition of man which describes him as a reflective being, if you ever think on life at all, you must have noticed how even the great tragedies that go in purple in the great poets all turn on things no less trifling in themselves, all come of people pretending to care for some bauble more than they really do.



And you must have wondered, too, as you stood awestruck before the regal magnificence, the radiant power, the unearthly beauty of those glorious and terrible angels of passion—that splendid creature of wrath, that sorrow wonderful as a starlit sky—you must have wondered that life has not given those noble elementals material worthier of their fiery operation than the paltry concerns of humanity; just as you may have wondered, too, that so god-like a thing as fire should find nothing worthier of its divine fury than the ugly accumulations of man.



At any rate, I know that all the sorrow that saddens, sanctifies, and sometimes terrifies my friend, centres round that silly little

J pen. The difference is that the angels dance on its point now, instead of the devils; but it is too late.

A night of unhappiness had ended once more as I described. The long night had slowly passed, and morning, sunny with forgiveness, had come at length. William's heart yearned for his wife in the singing of the birds. He would first slip down into the garden and gather her some fresh flowers, then steal with them into the room, and kiss her little sulky mouth till she awoke; and, before she remembered their sorrow, her eyes would see the flowers.



It was a lover's simple thought sweeter even than the flowers he had soon gathered.



But, then, reader, why tease you with transparent secrets? You know that Dora could not smell the flowers.

You know that Death had come to dance with the devils that night, and that Dora and William would quarrel about little "J" pens no more for ever.



REASSURING.—Host (a trifle nervous about the effect of his guest's wooden leg upon the polished floor)—Hadn't you better come on the rug, Major? You might slip out there, you know.

The Major—Oh, don't be afraid, my boy. There is no danger. I have a nail in the end of it.—*Exchange.*



## RAIN CLOUDS. A HONEYMOON EPISODE\*

What though the heaven be lowering now,  
And look with a contracted brow?  
We shall discover, by-and-by,  
A repurgation of the sky;  
And when those clouds away are driven,  
Then will appear a cheerful heaven.

—Herrick.

### CHARACTERS.

DICK (*Who has recently married Gwendolen*).

GWENDOLEN (*Recently married to Dick*).

SCENE: *Sitting-room in the village-inn at Cairngrossan, in the Highlands. The room is furnished with the frugal simplicity characteristic of such houses of entertainment. On the walls are a few dingy prints, a decayed stuffed salmon in a glass case, and a small bookcase composed of three boards held together by cords, and containing a few dilapidated volumes.*

(GWENDOLEN is discovered seated at a table; she takes up a book, glances at it hurriedly, throws it down, looks at her watch, then rises and paces up and down). Oh dear! Oh dear! What can have become of him? Ten o'clock! and he went out at half-past nine! I'm certain something has happened. The path up the glen will be awfully slippery from the rain, and the darling is so bold and reckless—and if his foot should have slipped! Oh!—(*covering her face with her hands*) I can't bear to think of it!—he'd roll right down that nasty sloping wood, and bruise his beautiful head—or something against a horrid tree—or something. Suppose he should now be lying on his back, stunned and speechless, calling in vain upon his Gwenny! I can't bear it any longer! No matter what the weather, I must fly to him at once. (*Rushes towards door, then stops suddenly.*) Stop! What's that? I do believe—yes—here he is at last!

DICK (*Enters*).

GWEN. (*Flies to him*). My darling!

DICK (*Embraces her*). My pet!

GWEN. You are quite, quite safe?

DICK. Quite!

GWEN. (*With a sigh of relief*). Thank heaven!

DICK (*Dryly*). Yes. I managed to walk to the top of the glen and back without danger to life or limb.

GWEN. What a brave, clever darling! But I was getting so frightened.

DICK. Frightened, my precious?

GWEN. Yes. Do you know how long you have been away? A whole half-hour.

DICK. Not more than that? It seemed an eternity.

GWEN. (*Embraces him fondly*). My dearest!

DICK. My sweetest!

GWEN. Hubby will never leave little wifey so long again, will he?

DICK. Never!

GWEN. Not while life shall last? Promise!

DICK. I swea—but stop—

GWEN. (*Draws away*). You hesitate?

DICK. I was only thinking, my love, that when our honeymoon is over and we return home—to our home—I shall have to go to Chambers occasionally.

GWEN. Chambers! Oh!

DICK. But look here!—I'll tell you what I'll do—telegraph every morning that I've arrived safely, and always come home to lunch.

GWEN. No, no! (*sadly*). You are growing tired of my society. I am no longer all in all to you.

DICK. But, my dear Gwenny, you forget. When a barrister forsakes his briefs, the briefs very soon forsake the barrister.

GWEN. Briefs, indeed! You never had one!

\*W. R. WALKES.—In Temple Bar.

DICK. But I may some day, so I must go to the Temple now and then.

GWEN. Then let me go with you—do! I will sit quite quietly and hold your hand while you work. And if you ever had to make a speech to a judge in Court, I'm sure you'd do it much better if I were by your side, squeezing your hand, and looking lovingly into your eyes.

DICK. But, my darling, the Court might object.

GWEN. (*Indignantly*). Object? Do you mean to tell me that any judge in the land would dare to separate two loving hearts!

DICK. Rather! There's one that dares to do it all day long.

GWEN. Who is he?

DICK. The President of the Divorce Court.

GWEN. Oh, Dick! How can you joke on such a serious subject?

DICK. (*Gloomily*). Joke! I! In weather like this? I feel about as full of jokes as a comic paper. (*Walks to window.*) Jove! how it is coming down!

GWEN. But you haven't told me. What does it look like outside—from the top of the glen?

DICK. Worse than ever.

GWEN. (*Dismayed*). Worse?

DICK. Yes, the same old watering-pot downpour.

GWEN. And it's been like this for three whole days.

DICK. Three whole days! (*moodily*).

GWEN. And there is no sign of change!

DICK. Not one. Every time I tap that beastly old barometer it laughs in my face—and drops an inch.

GWEN. (*Cheerfully*). Well, never mind, darling. Let's treat the weather with the contempt it deserves. For my part, so long as I have got my Dick, I can laugh at the rain.

DICK. And so can I. For all the sunlight I require is the brightness that sparkles in my Gwenny's eyes.

GWEN. Oh Dick!

DICK. Oh Gwenny! (*They embrace.*)

GWEN. And now, what shall we do to pass the morning?

DICK. Well, I suppose we can't have breakfast all over again?

GWEN. Of course not, you greedy boy.

DICK. (*Looks at watch*). And it's four mortal hours till lunch.

GWEN. But we are forgetting. There's the post to look forward to—three days' letters. Come now, let's guess who they'll be from!

DICK. (*Gloomily*). We may guess, but we shall never know.

GWEN. Why not?

DICK. Because, as the Highland Railway is flooded for miles, our correspondence is probably reposing at the bottom of the Tay, dissolving into pulp, and disagreeing with the salmon.

GWEN. Oh Dick! not really? Our letters all lost! It's positively awful! Dick, I can't bear it any longer. Let us pack up at once and go home.

DICK. Go home! How can we, when the railway's impassable?

GWEN. But is there no other way?

DICK. None, except through the air, and the village shop is out of balloons.

GWEN. (*Pacing up and down*). Oh, why did we ever come to this horrid place? If we had only gone to Paris—dear, delightful Paris.

DICK. That, my darling, was my suggestion. 'Twas you who insisted upon Scotland.

GWEN. But you had no business to give in to me.

DICK. Not when you declared that if I didn't consent to a honeymoon in the Highlands you'd throw me over?

GWEN. Nonsense! It was your duty, as my future husband, to have compelled me to defer to your superior judgment.

DICK. And risk losing you altogether?

GWEN. Not a bit of it! As if any girl would have put off her marriage when her wedding-frock was ready—fitting like a glove and looking a dream. (*Severely*). Really Dick! such

weakness on your part makes me tremble for our future.

DICK (*Nettled*). You needn't tremble, that'll be all right; for I'll take the hint and act differently in the future.

GWEN. What do you mean?

DICK. That, as you seem to wish it, I'll always put my foot down—hard.

GWEN. What! You tell me deliberately that you intend to bully me! Only three weeks married and it has come to this! (*Whimpers*.) Oh, mamma! mamma!

DICK (*With a show of alarm*). Oh, I say, Gwenny, leave mamma alone for the present. She's happy enough at Harrogate, washing away the gout and wearing out the bath chairs.

GWEN. Not so far away, sir, but that my cry of sorrow could reach her. One word from me, and no matter what the weather, she'd fly to me at once.

DICK (*To himself*). Fly? Yes, she might manage it that way, and when she was tired of flying, she could swim. (*To Gwendolen*.) But there, my love, don't get upset! I didn't mean to be unkind.

GWEN. (*Weeping*). And you won't really bul-bully poor little Gwenny?

DICK. Bully my little peach-blossom! If I ever caught myself doing such a thing, I'd knock myself down. So let's kiss and make it up. (*Kisses her lightly and walks to window*.)

GWEN. (*Pouting*). What a cold, distant kiss!

DICK (*Impatiently*). Cold! Nonsense! All your fancy! Perhaps it was the damp—it gets into everything.

GWEN. That's the second time today you've joked on a serious subject. (*Sadly*.) But there, I expected it. I knew you were getting tired of me. I noticed it last night at dinner.

DICK. At dinner! What do you mean?

GWEN. (*Half-whimpering*). You never kissed me between the courses as you used to do, and for the first time we drank out of separate glasses;

and although you held my hand through soup and fish, you dropped it at the joint.

DICK. Because I wanted to use my knife.

GWEN. A poor excuse! If you cared for me as once you did, love would have found out a way.

DICK. I doubt it; love may be all-powerful—rule the world and so forth—but it can't cut up tough mutton. But come, come, Gwenny, I'm awfully sorry, I am really; and look here! I tell you what I'll do to make up for it (*places his arm round her waist*); we'll sit like this all through lunch, and we'll have only one plate and one fork and one piece of bread between us.

GWEN. (*Claps her hands with joy*). Oh, how nice! And I'll feed you and you shall feed me. Won't it be delightful!

DICK. Yes; but lunch is a long way off yet. (*Looks at watch*.) If we'd only get something to read; but, hang it all, there isn't a book in the place except these miserable specimens (*takes up each book in turn*); a back number of the *Bicycle News* and *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*.

GWEN. Horrid things! I've looked at them—and such pictures! Nothing but pneumatic tyres and burning Christians.

DICK. Oh, Gwen, what can we do to pass the time?

GWEN. Dick? I've an idea!

DICK. You have? What a treasure it is! Well?

GWEN. We'll sit—ah—close together, and you shall tell me how much you love me.

DICK (*aghast*). For three hours and three-quarters?

GWEN. Yes, and such a nice long time! we'll begin again directly after lunch.

DICK. But I did nothing else all day yesterday and the day before.

GWEN. Oh, but Dick, you used to tell me that your heart was so full it would take years to unload it.

DICK. So it would, of course, I was only afraid I might bore you.

GWEN. Bore me? I could listen for ever. (*Smothers a yawn.*)

DICK. And you won't go to gleep, as you did yesterday, just as I am coming to the tender passages?

GWEN. Oh, Dick, of course not.

DICK (*Despondently*). Very well, then, come along—we'll make a start.

GWEN. I'll sit here (*sits on a foot-stool, L.*), and you get a chair and sit close by me.

DICK (*Goes up to get a chair, and glances out of the window*). Look at the rain! I'll be hanged if I know where all the water comes from—and what irritates me so is that the natives seem to revel in it. Look at that Highland chieftain chap walking away! he must be wet through to the skin—and yet he's whistling—positively whistling "Ye Banks and Braes," or some such ridiculous air—happy beggar! (*Glances again.*) Why, its old McFarlane—the apology for a postman. Then, by Jove, Gwenny, our letters must have come!

GWEN (*Jumps up*). Letters! And they're not lost after all! Thank goodness! Oh, Dick, run and get them—quick!

DICK. Rather! (*Runs out of the room quickly.*)

GWEN. Oh, I'm so glad they've come, for we were certainly getting a little tiffy; but now with plenty of letters we shall be as happy as possible, and will snap our fingers at the weather.

DICK (*Appears at the door with a pile of letters in his hands, and speaks to some one outside*). Thank you, Mrs. Fraser! Only Monday's letters, eh? Well, they're better than nothing, aren't they, Gwenny?

GWEN. I should think so indeed.

DICK (*Sorting letters*).

GWEN. (*Impatiently*). Come—quick, dear! Give me mine!

DICK (*Hands letters to Gwen and moves away with his own; without noticing it, he drops a letter on the floor*). Now, look here, Gwenny, we must be very economical—read slowly, and make them last as long as possible.

GWEN. Yes, dear (*she has moved away with letters, and stands deep in thought for a moment; then returns to Dick*). Oh, Dick dear, I'm afraid I've been nasty and cross this morning; it was all the horrid weather—and—and having nothing to do.

DICK. Of course, my love.

GWEN. But we're all right now, aren't we? (*showing letters*) and we'll never quarrel again, will we? Never!

DICK. Never, never again! (*They embrace, and then sit down to examine letters.*)

GWEN. Oh, such a lovely lot! Let me see! From Mary, dear old Mary! Such a good girl, Mary. It will be full of advice—duties of a married woman—responsibilities of life—I know. Mary shall wait. Kitty's writing! Ah, this will be fun; lots of gossip and scandal—and such a fat one, too. I'll keep it till last. From Mamma! Dear Mamma! It will be all about symptoms and doctors. I don't think I ought to read it yet; I must wait until I feel more sympathetic.

DICK. Mine are a poor lot—scarcely anything but circulars. What can a man in a Highland inn want with Oriental screens and best Wallsend coal? (*Tears up circulars.*)

GWEN. Oh, here's one from George (*opens it*). What can he be writing about? You remember Cousin George, don't you, Dick?

DICK. What, that bounder—I mean George Bailey? Oh, yes. I remember him. And do you mean to say that he has had the impertinence to write to you?

GWEN. Impertinence? What do you mean? Isn't he my cousin? But, of course, I forgot; you were always jealous of George, weren't you?

DICK. I jealous? My dear Gwendolen, what a preposterous idea!

GWEN. Now don't tell fibs. Don't you remember how angry you were at the Joplings' dance when I gave him a waltz I had promised to you?

DICK. That was solely on your account,

GWEN. Mine?

DICK. Yes, he's such a shocking bad dancer—romps round the room like an animated idol.

GWEN. Possibly; (*pointedly*) clever men seldom waltz well.

DICK. Clever! Why he was ploughed three times for "Mods," and left Oxford without taking his degree.

GWEN. That was because his health was bad.

DICK. Yes, too many brandies and sodas.

GWEN. He was led astray, poor fellow! Open-hearted, genial men often drink more than is good for them.

DICK. But not at other people's expense.

GWEN. How can you say such a thing! He is the most generous of men. See what charming presents he used to give me!

DICK (*Savagely*). Oh, did he? Well, I hope he paid for them.

GWEN. Of course he did. George is the very soul of honor, you can see it in his face.

DICK. I beg your pardon; I never saw anything there but red hair and pimples.

GWEN. Well, I don't care what you say, I'm very fond of him.

DICK (*Rather savagely*). Oh, are you?

GWEN. And as he's my cousin it's your duty to like him too.

DICK (*Ironically*). Oh, very well then, I'll recant at once. I think George Bailey a charming, delightful fellow; dances divinely, and is as sober as a judge; has the complexion of a venus, and the learning of a Bacon. Only this I will say, that if I had to choose between his friendship and that of a cannibal, I'd take my chance of being fricassed.

GWEN. (*Who has been reading her letter with interest and has only heard the last sentence*). Fricassed? No, darling, Mrs. Fraser couldn't manage it, so I said we'd have it cold for lunch.

DICK (*Annoyed*). Oh!

GWEN. (*Reading letter with great*

*interest*). No; how very strange—just fancy that—what a curious coincidence! Oh, Dick whatever do you think?

DICK (*Who has been fidgeting*). Think! That if you have any information to impart, I should prefer *not* to receive it in interjections.

GWEN. (*Still reading, and not noticing his remark*). It's really most extraordinary!

DICK. Oh, is it? Well that's all right!

GWEN. And in such dreadful weather, too.

DICK. Yes, that must be a drawback.

GWEN. And he loathes wet weather.

DICK. Sensible man, who ever he is!

GWEN. But I shall be very glad to see him.

DICK. Will you? And who may "he" be?

GWEN. Why, Cousin George.

DICK. George Bailey!

GWEN. Yes. (*Looks up*). Oh, of course, I haven't told you. He is on his way to Scotland—here—and he's going to look us up in passing.

DICK. What!

GWEN. Won't it be pleasant?

DICK. Pleasant! Look here, Gwendolen, I have no desire to appear unfriendly to any of your highly respectable family, but if George Bailey enters this house, I leave it.

GWEN. Really, Dick, such jealousy is quite unreasonable. I never cared for him a bit in that way.

DICK. I am not so sure of it. At any rate, he was awfully gone on you—in his stupid, asinine way.

GWEN. Nonsense, he cared for me only as a cousin. Why, if it comes to that, I might just as well be annoyed about that horrid Mrs. Desborough, whom everybody thought once you were going to marry. You know you were fond of her.

DICK. Nothing of the kind. Fanny Desborough is a dear, sweet creature, and I have the honor to regard myself as her intimate friend.



GWEN. An honor shared by many of your sex, and very few of mine.

DICK. Of course, the women are jealous of her wit and beauty.

GWEN. (*Contemptuously*). Wit! Beauty! The one she borrows from the *Sporting Times*, and the other she buys in Bond Street.

DICK (*Gravely*). And you can say such a thing as that of my friend? Gwendolen—you—you shock me.

GWEN. No worse than what you said about mine.

DICK. I only spoke the plain unvarnished truth.

GWEN. So do I.

DICK. I *know* that George Bailey is over head and ears in debt.

GWEN. And I *know* that Fanny Desborough dyes her hair.

DICK. Not a bit of it.

GWEN. Of course you know. Is the lock you carry about brown or golden—or a little bit of both, like the hair-wash advertisements?

DICK. My dear Gwendolen, you are talking nonsense.

GWEN. Not at all. You were madly in love with her.

DICK. Then why didn't I marry her?

GWEN. She wouldn't have you, I suppose. But no, that couldn't have been the reason. She'd marry anybody—and jump at the chance; she's a cruel, heartless flirt. See how she treated poor George Bailey!

DICK. Pooh! He only proposed to her out of pique, because you wouldn't have him.

GWEN. Nonsense!

DICK. Well, she didn't jump at him.

GWEN. No, because she hoped to catch you.

DICK. Nothing of the sort. Besides, I have always regarded her as a sister.

GWEN. Sister indeed! More like a mother, I should say; she's old enough. But there, you can't deceive me (*catches sight of letter on the ground*). What's this! (*picks it up*). Why, it's Fanny Desborough's handwriting! So, sir, you actually correspond with that woman under my very nose. You love her still; I

knew it!—and—(*bursts into tears*); oh, mamma! mamma! Take me home, take me home!

DICK (*Softening*). Oh, I say, Gwendony, don't take on like this! How can I convince you that—?

GWEN. (*Suddenly*). Will you tell me at once the contents of that letter?

DICK. Of course I will. (*Opens the letter and glances through it*). By Jove! What a surprise! Now this is remarkable!

GWEN. (*Impatiently*). Oh, don't go on in that irritating way, but tell me at once.

DICK (*Not noticing her*). I call it quite a coincidence.

GWEN. (*Angrily*). What is? What is?

DICK. She's going for a driving tour in the Highlands with some one—can't make out the name—and will pass near Cairngrossan. She's got our address from the Mater, and is going to look us up.

GWEN. (*Astounded*). Mrs. Desborough here?

DICK. Yes, won't it be jolly? She's so bright and amusing, you know. How she will wake us up!

GWEN. (*Solemnly*). She will never wake me up.

DICK. What do you mean?

GWEN. That if you insist upon receiving that woman here, I am determined (*moves to window*), directly the weather clears, to go away for ever, and—and (*bursts into tears*) drown myself.

DICK (*Alarmed*). Drown yourself? Oh, my darling! (*Then as if suddenly struck with an idea*). Ah! now I understand, now I see through your subterfuge. Drown yourself? Not a bit of it! You are going to Bailey, of course he's near at hand—you know where. Great heavens! only three weeks married and it's come to this! But don't go out—don't get your feet wet! await his coming here, for by that time I shall have gone—for ever.

GWEN. Gone? Where?

DICK (*Wildly*). Anywhere! Central Africa, South America—any place where I can kill something—legally.

GWEN. (*Alarmed*). Oh, but Dick, you're such a bad shot. You'll get killed yourself.

DICK. And a good thing, too, for then I shall at least make one living creature happy.

GWEN. Mrs. Desborough, I suppose?

DICK. No; some healthy, hungry lion with a large appetite. So farewell for ever (*glances out of the window*)—that is, as soon as this beastly rain stops.

GWEN. (*Weeping*). Oh Dick! (*Re-covers herself*) I mean, please yourself, sir—you can't deceive me. I know your object, and all I say is that if you wish to go to your Mrs. Desborough, go! (*Short pause.*)

DICK. And so it has come to this already! And the bond between us that not an hour ago seemed strong as steel is to be shattered asunder by a simple change in the weather; and the first bit of blue sky that appears parts us for ever; (*glances out of window*) and, by Jove! there it is, as big as a lady's lace handkerchief.

GWEN. Really! (*looks out*). Yes, the rain has stopped at last.

DICK. So now, I suppose, we must say—good-bye?

GWEN. Oh, Dick, how can you?

DICK (*With a burst*). I can't, there—and what's more, I won't!

GWEN. (*Lovingly*). Nor I.

DICK. Oh, Gwenny!

GWEN. Oh, Dick! (*They embrace*).

DICK. That blue sky has saved us.

GWEN. Yes; for it was all the horrid rain.

DICK. Of course, for we love each other as much as ever.

GWEN. More.

DICK. But how about George?

GWEN. Oh, bother George, I hate him. If he comes I won't see him—even if he's wet through. I'll lend him an umbrella, and send him about his business.

DICK. My darling! And as for Fanny Desborough—whom I am now learning to loathe—if she calls we'll be not at home—say we've gone to a picnic, and won't be back for a week;

so put on your wraps and we'll clear out at once.

GWEN. Very well, dear. (*Goes up to stage door*).

DICK. (*Glances out of window*). Hullo! Here's old Macfarlane again! Must have brought to-day's letters!

GWEN. Get them at once, dear; (*Dick goes out*) and we'll take them with us.

DICK (*Re-enters with letters*). Here you are! (*Gives letters.*) Why, here's another from Fanny!

GWEN. And another from George! (*Both read.*)

DICK. By Jove!

GWEN. Good gracious!

DICK. Fanny is actually married to George after all.

GWEN. And George has positively married Fanny.

DICK (*Reads*). "Quiet wedding—kept it dark—no fuss—gave you a hint."

Oh, Gwenny! how I have wronged you! GWEN. Oh Dick! forgive my shameful suspicion! (*Embrace*). Then they're coming here on their honeymoon.

DICK. Of course.

GWEN. Oh, I'm so glad, aren't you?

DICK. Awfully.

GWEN. Won't it be fun?

DICK. Rather! What a rare good time we shall have!

GWEN. (*Reads*). "Expect to be with you at half-past ten."

DICK. Then they'll be here immediately.

GWEN. (*Dances up to window*). How exciting! And look, Dick, the sun is actually shining at last.

DICK (*Who has come to window*). And see, there's a mail phaeton turning the corner!

GWEN. And they're in it.

DICK. By Jove! so they are!

BOTH. How are you? How are you? (*Waving handkerchiefs.*)

DICK. Come along, Gwen! Let's run down and welcome them. (*They move to door.*) Good old George!

GWEN. Dear Fanny! Oh, Dick! the rain clouds have cleared away just in time.

CURTAIN.

## JOHNNY

### A STORY OF THE POOR WHITES\*

"Whut us a-gwine ter habe? Why dest punkin en taters en 'possum, wid cohn bread en okra corfee. Dats a-gwine ter be our dinnah."

The speaker, a small jet black pickaninny, in a very brief shirt, sat astride the broom-handle horse he had made, in the door of his mother's cabin, and addressed a sad looking little "pore white" boy about his own age who was standing outside the ricketty fence peering wistfully through the chinks and sniffing hungrily at the delightful odor coming from within the cabin.

This being Sunday, Dinah was preparing the usual extras for dinner. The pickaninny's black eyes twinkled as he asked, "Whut yo' a-gwine ter habe, Johnny Huggins? Tuckey en tarts, I reckon," the last tantalizingly.

"No I isn't," said Johnny, sorrowfully. "I isn't a-gwine ter hab noffin. Nary thing. Not eben 'lasses fer de bread, and may'be I won't habe eben bread lessen some uns gibs hit ter me. Now Granny's gone I dunno whar is I ter go. No more does I know whar ter get de bread." And he drew his ragged sleeve across his tearful eyes. Then looking up, he said, timidly, "Say, January, ax yo' mudder ter please mam, gimme er piece er dat er 'possum en er piece er bread. I ain't had noffin to eat sence yistidday. I'll tote a heap ub wood fer her, fer pay, ef she will. Ax her, Jannary, dats a good boy," and his eyes met those of the black boy pleadingly, imploringly. "'Tain't nary bit ob use ta ax her," said January, 'Caze Aunt Isabeller, en Uncle Josephus De La Brue an' Aunt Nancy's Goliath am comin' dis afternoon ter dinnah, an I knows Maw ain't a-gwine ter gibe yo' eny ting. I'll ax her dough."

And he took a somersault, which landed him into the middle of the

cabin, and almost upon his mother's back, who turned sharply as the tips of his bare toes struck her, and delivered a smart rap on his ear.

"Whut yo' want in heah? yo' good fo' noffin niggah, yo'! G'lang outen dis, er I'll strop yo' 'twell yo' cay'rnt stan'! Whut fo' yo' kum dat er way?" and she glared savagely at her howling offspring. "P-please mam," sobbed he, "Johnny Huggins am at de do', an he say, please mam, gibe him a piece ob cohn bread and a piece ob 'possum, an' he'll tote wood fo' pay." "Now yo' George William Francis Train! How dar yo' kum inter dis yeah house wid sech a squestion? Go rite out an tell him us ain't got noffin fo' pore white trash. G'lang!" emphasizing the words with another rap. George William Francis Nye Train retired sobbing to the doorway and his broom-stick steed, and delivered himself thus: "Naw, Johnny Huggins, my maw say she cay'rnt gibe us wittles to pore white trash boys. An' I tells yo' whut, Johnny, yo'd bettah be a mekein tracks outen dis heah place, caze ef maw cotch yo' heah, she'll mighty nigh kill yo' fo' shuah." Poor little Johnny turned sadly away. "Say, John!" called Jannary, Johnny turned hopefully. "Nottin'," snickered the little imp, "only dars a-plenty mo' 'possum in de woods."

Without a word or look of reproach Johnny turned and went slowly down the sandy road, digging his toes deep in the soft sand to keep from crying. He didn't know where to go for a mouthful of food, or a place to sleep. The day before he had eaten the remnant of corn bread left in the cupboard of the cabin. But to-day he was homeless, for yesterday evening a family of negroes had moved into the cabin where he and his so-called

\*Written for Current Literature by M. Ollison.

grandmother had lived ever since he could remember. They let him sleep there the night before, but early this lovely Sunday morning they informed him he "mus fin' a place some odder wheres," and so he had left the humble home, sorrowfully, regretfully. With his hands thrust deep in his funny old yellow jean breeches pockets, and his shabby and torn straw hat on the back of his head, he slowly left, going he knew not whither. Wandering blindly on until the odor of Dinah's dinner reached him and drew him to the cabin with the above result.

Although it was mid winter, and in many sections a very severe one, in this particular section of South Carolina it was balmy as June. But the sky wore a gray haze that those who knew said indicated snow. This morning was very sweet. Early wild violets peeped here and there from among the dead leaves, and the mocking-birds sang cheerfully overhead in the tall pine trees. But Johnny cared nothing for the beauty or sweetness of the day. He was only eight years old, small and stunted for his age—and he was very hungry, so the beautiful day was lost to him.

In the South Carolina backwoods, where Johnny lived, people had very little of this world's goods, most of them being what is known as "pore whites." And those who had enough for themselves were always unwilling to give even a crust to people who were worse off than they. Negroes get help from wealthy negroes in cities. And they get help from wealthy whites in cities. Thousands of dollars are yearly spent here for the education and improvement of negroes, but not one cent for the forsaken, miserable "pore whites" who exist only God and themselves know how. So little Johnny's chance for life was very slim. He had been found by the old woman who had just died, in the hopper of a deserted mill, seven years before. She being one of the despised "pore whites," had

raised him as one, though Johnny's great blue eyes and soft, golden, curly hair and delicate color showed refinement unmistakable. Still he was under the cloud, and living among them, was classed with them. He, small as he was, already knew the trials a scorned "pore white" had to suffer, and now that his old friend, who had always been kind to him, was dead, his heart sank within his breast, for he knew to get shelter or food would be almost impossible. He had never in all his life been without his piece of corn bread night and morning. And he felt sad and sorrowful as he wandered aimlessly along the road. At last, finding himself in sight of the squire's house, he went timidly and slowly in the great open gate, resolved to ask for something to eat, and almost sure he would receive it.

For who that lived in this grand house could refuse a little boy a piece of corn bread? So he thought. As he went in the drive he saw a handsome lad of twelve years or thereabouts sitting reading upon the piazza, and at his feet lay a splendid mastiff. When Johnny reached the steps he raised his blue eyes imploringly. "Please, sir, gibe me a piece of bread, I aint had noffin to eat since yisteddy." "What?" said the boy on the piazza, raising a pair of hard, handsome, dark eyes from his book.

Johnny repeated his request falteringly.

"No! Get out of this," said the squire's son; "we've got nothing for poor white trash. Get out at once, or I'll set Nero on you. Go!" And Johnny, feeling further appeal useless, turned, and went slowly out of the lovely yard into the road again. Weak and hungry, Johnny went on, not knowing or heeding where his feet were taking him. The sun was going down, it was getting late in the afternoon, and getting very much colder. Just as he reached the shadow of the woods a snow-flake fell upon his face. He had never seen snow before, and as he brushed it away a vague murmur

of "picking cotton in de sky" left his lips. He shivered, and drew his thin "home-spun" shirt collar closer about his tender throat, and buried his hands deeper in his ragged pockets. Every moment it was getting colder, and the snow falling faster. On and on, the little outcast stumbled through the biting cold and darkness, every little while stopping to blow his freezing hands. Oh, it was so cold, so cold! And the snow was getting so deep it hurt him to walk; besides, he couldn't see well any more. After a while he wasn't cold any more. He wasn't hungry any more. He thought he would just sit down a moment on the lovely white snow, and lay his head down and sleep, and then he'd get up and see could he find—and then he didn't remember any more, it was so nice to sleep!

And the next day, when the sun shone brightly, the hunters found Johnny "asleep," with his tangled curls over his white pinched face, and a sweet smile curving his still red lips, looking as if, indeed, he had seen the angels.

#### MARBLES

*Boston Transcript*

Seeing the Listener has asked for a few points on the science of marble-playing I will try to oblige him, although he could doubtless obtain much better information if he paused for a moment on the corner of any street in the suburbs. Here he would find enough to amuse and instruct him. There are lots of kinds of marbles. Among these are the twosers, the cheapest kind which come from ten to fifteen for a cent; Chinees, a plain white marble with a gaudy band around the middle; croakers, which are brown or blue mottled and are generally used for snappers because they are the heaviest. Then there are lots of glass marbles, called glassies, from the diminutive peeweezer, which are sold four for a cent, to the enormous agate, sold for ten cents. Then there is a pure glass

marble with a gilt mass in the centre, meant to represent some object. I guess that object is to sell. Fortunately, indeed, is the boy who possesses one, for they are sold at a very high price. Most boys prefer to spend their money for more bulk, for the price of one of these would buy two or three hundred twosers. Those who do buy one are thought foolish by the other boys, for they are too large for snappers and are only good for show. Now I will describe one of the games. The Listener must bear in mind that different games are played in different communities, and I only give those of my neighborhood. The most popular game is in a big ring. A ring is scratched and the boys put in, or stick up, as they call it, a certain number of marbles in the middle of the ring. Then they get at opposite sides and snap alternately. If the snapper should by any ill luck remain in the ring, the one who snapped it loses the whole game, and the other player gets the marbles. To lose the game this way is considered a most unfortunate occurrence. To find who will get the first snap the players toss up a cent or a stone. To do this they get a smooth stone and spit on one side, leaving the other side perfectly dry. Then they decide who shall have the different sides of the stone. One boy has wet and the other has dry. Then it is tossed up and when it falls the side that is uppermost has the choice. If a player knocks out two or more the other player calls out "No fat," but the snapper himself calls out "Fat." If he happens to call out "fat" before the other calls out "no fat," he has all he knocked out. But if the other calls "no fat" before he calls "fat" he has to put back all but one. In case there is a dispute they settle it by tossing up a cent. Sometimes the same marbles have different names, for instance, the twoser is called "doggie," "bulldog," "comma," "eggs" and "clay." Bad shaped marbles are called "bunties."



## SIEGE OF MALTA

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Maturin M. Ballou, that indefatigable traveller, has added to his descriptive writings "The Story of Malta." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The topography history and natural history of this fascinating island that has given a cross and a cat to christendom is described by an appreciative observer and student. No part of his work surpasses in interest the pages recounting the gallant struggles of the Order of St. John to maintain their independence and their possessions against the rapacity of the Turks. A spirited account of the siege follows:—

It was in 1565 that the Porte made its greatest and final effort to capture Malta from the Knights of St. John. The Sultan determined to crush out the life of a fraternity which for centuries had been so persistently arrayed against his race. The immediate circumstances which at least awakened the fury of Solymán, and brought matters to a climax, was the capture by the Knights of a Turkish galloon, on the Ottoman coast, richly laden, and belonging to the chief black eunuch of his royal establishment. Enraged at this, the Sultan vowed to bring about the destruction of his old enemies, if it cost the lives of half his subjects. In pursuance of this resolve, after a full year occupied in elaborate preparations, one hundred and thirty vessels, carrying about forty thousand men, sailed from Constantinople, under command of Mustafa Pasha, who had grown old in the wars of his country, and having been joined by an Algerian flotilla manned by piratical crews, and led by the notorious corsair Dragut, appeared in due form, May 18, 1565, upon the Maltese coast. The force thus organized on the part of the Turks was

one of the most complete, in its warlike character, which had ever floated in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean Sea. Its success seemed to be a foregone conclusion with all except the gallant Knights themselves.

In the mean time, while this grand expedition was being organized, La Vallette, then Grand Master of the Knights, was kept well informed of every movement at Constantinople, and he was by no means idle. Every exertion was made to place the island in a good condition of defense. A general summons was issued recalling all Knights who were absent in Europe. A large body of infantry was raised in Sicily, two thousand men and more, who were gradually transferred to the island. Ample quantities of provisions, arms, and ammunition were accumulated. The native militia enthusiastically joined the service of the Knights, and were carefully trained to the handling of weapons preparatory to the arrival of the enemy. Thus, when the Turks made their appearance, the Grand Master had at his command a force of about nine thousand men, well prepared to meet them. Nearly six hundred of this number were Knights proper, full members of the Order of St. John. These latter had been trained from boyhood to the use of warlike weapons, and each man was equal to a score of ordinary soldiers, as organized in those days. Still, it must have been an anxious occasion among the Christians and their allies, the Maltese, especially so to those who remembered the siege of Rhodes. The Ottomans were much more formidable now than they were then. They conquered in 1522. Who could say what would be the result in 1565? The Mohammedans, as usual, vastly outnumbered their opponents; indeed, it is reported that Solymán declared:

"I will send soldiers enough to walk over the bodies of these proud Knights without unsheathing their swords to fight." The Sultan was so confident of victory that all his arrangements were made for the future occupancy and governorship of the Maltese group.

The Grand Master assembled the Knights to an extraordinary meeting. He bade them reconcile themselves with God and with each other, and then prepare to lay down their lives, if necessary, in defence of the faith which they had sworn to shield. All schisms were forgotten, as might naturally be expected. The order, in face of an enemy, was as one individual. After renewing their vows in the most solemn manner, they joined hands and hearts in the great purpose of defense, resolving to inflict dire destruction upon the common enemy. There was no more jealousy or rivalry between individuals of the order, except as to which should exhibit the greatest and most effective bravery upon the ramparts, or on the occasion of a sortie. This spirit of chivalrous emulation among the Knights cost the enemy daily many scores of lives. Thus began one of the most sanguinary sieges ever recorded in history. It lasted for nearly four months, and was characterized by unrelenting desperation on both sides, reviving again the bloody scenes which were enacted at Jerusalem, Acre and Rhodes. The thirty-five years which had transpired since the Knights took possession of Malta had been largely devoted to strengthening their means of defense, and in supplying their armory with the most effective death-dealing weapons. The present site of Valletta, it should be remembered, was then simply the bare promontory of Mount Sceberris.

The Grand Master knew every movement of the enemy, through the capable spies whom he maintained at

Constantinople, and was promptly informed by them of the sailing of the expedition. The Christian forces, therefore, were in no wise taken by surprise, while the Turks were amazed at the ample preparation evinced in the manner their first onslaught was received, and the terrible slaughter of their forces, while the cheering battle-cry of the Knights of St. John rang ominously in their ears. They could not have hoped to take the Christians wholly unawares, but they had no idea that the Knights were so thoroughly prepared to receive them with stout arms, keen-edged weapons, and an abundance of death-dealing missiles. The invaders had brought siege artillery with them, and after the first assault, from which they had hoped to achieve so much, but in which they were tellingly repulsed, leaving hundreds of their best soldiers dead in the trenches and upon the open field, they resorted to their reserve means of offense. Some of their cannon were of such enormous calibre as to throw stones weighing three hundred pounds. Yet so clumsy was this primitive artillery, and so awkwardly was it served, that it often inflicted more destruction on the Turkish gunners themselves than on the Christians.

When the Ottoman soldiers came in a body, bearing scaling-ladders wherewith to reach the top of the rampart of St. Elmo, and while they were in the most exposed situation, sharp-cornered stones as heavy as two men could lift, were launched suddenly upon those ascending the ladders, forcing them to the ground, and killing them in large numbers. Boiling pitch was poured upon the upturned faces of the assailants, blinding and agonizing them. Iron hoops bound with cotton, thoroughly saturated with gum and gunpowder, were set on fire, and so thrown as to encircle the heads of three or four of the enemy, binding them together in a fiery circle which they could not extinguish, and which

burned them fatally before they reached the ground below. Many other horribly destructive and fatal devices were adopted by the defenders, which spread death in all directions among the Turks. When one of the enemy succeeded in reaching the top of the ramparts, he was instantly met by a Knight, whose keen battle-axe severed his head from the body, both head and body tumbling back into the ditch among the assailants. Still, the indomitable Ottomans renewed their attacks from day to day, hoping to carry the fort at last by exhausting the physical endurance of the defenders, though it should cost ten Mussulmans' lives for one Christian. Each time they marched to the assault, the death-dealing rocks, the boiling pitch, and the fiery hoops did their terrible work, in connection with the ordinary weapons of war, in the use of which the Knights were so expert. It is said that in the hands of a powerful man familiar with it, no weapon is so destructive at close quarters as the broad-bladed, keen-edged battle-axe of those days. The Orientals depended almost solely upon their crude firearms—the blunderbuss,—together with their light swords and spears.

Early in the siege of which we are speaking, the commander of the Mohammedans' army resorted energetically to mining, in furtherance of their attack upon Fort St. Elmo, but the Knights were no novices at countermining. On one occasion the Turkish engineers had sprung a device of this sort so near to the defensive bastions as to make a wide breach in the stout walls. This was not unexpected by the Knights, who had, in fact, been on the watch for just such an opportunity. Hardly had the shower of the débris ceased to fall before the enemy rushed forward to enter the fort by the newly made breach. The turbaned throng, a thousand men and more, with waving banners and upraised swords, crowded

together upon the spot, little heeding what was to follow. And yet there was a moment's pause, a moment of utter silence, as though those soldiers of the Crescent instinctively waited for something to happen, they knew not what. It was like the awful stillness which precedes the hurricane at sea. The moment this pause occurred, the Knights sprung a well-prepared mine beneath the very feet of the densely crowded body of the enemy, blowing nearly two-thirds of their immediate assailants to instant death! Seven hundred Turks are said to have lost their lives at that terribly fatal explosion, as though struck by lightning. The whole Ottoman force rapidly withdrew in utter confusion and amazement.

**"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK"**

*Gazette Anecdotique*

Voltaire and Rousseau, though on friendly terms, were in the habit of firing off jokes at one another. One day Rousseau was dining with Voltaire, and oysters were brought on the table, for, as somebody has remarked, no dinner would be complete without them. The author of "Emile," after helping himself pretty freely, made the somewhat injudicious remark:—

"I am sure I could eat as many oysters as Samson slew Philistines."

"With the same weapon?" (the jaw-bone of an ass!) slyly inquired Voltaire.

Rousseau did not soon forget the little joke at his expense, and sought an opportunity for revenge. Not long afterwards Voltaire called at his house during his absence. The door being open, he walked into the library, and, finding all the books thrown about in confusion and covered with dust, he traced on one of them the word "cochon" (pig) with his finger. Next day he met Rousseau and said to him:—

"I called at your house yesterday, but did not find you in."

"I know," replied the latter; "I found your card."

## THE MOTHERS OF THE REPUBLIC

From a charming little volume of historical reminiscence, entitled "Through Colonial Doorways," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton (Lippincott)—a book whose pleasing contents are fittingly preserved in an exquisite specimen of the printer's and binder's arts—we extract a picture of our colonial foremothers in their hours of ease:

At her formal receptions, which Mr. Daniel Huntington has represented in his famous picture, Mrs. Washington stood with the Cabinet ladies around her, stately Mrs. Robert Morris by her side, herself the stateliest figure in the group. The President passed from guest to guest, exchanging a word with one and another, and pleasing all by the fine courtesy of his manner. The lovely ladies and the dignified gentlemen, many of the latter with powdered heads and bag-wigs, like his Excellency, trooped up by twos and threes to pay their respects to the first lady in the land. If around the Chief Magistrate were gathered the great men of the nation, those who, like John Adams, Robert Morris, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay, had already impressed themselves deeply upon the past, and in connection with such younger minds as those of James Madison, Rufus King, Elbridge Gerry, and Oliver Ellsworth, the Cerberus of the Treasury, were destined to outline the serene history of the future, Mrs. Washington numbered in her Republican Court the noblest and most beautiful women in the land. Among these were many who, like her, had shared with their husbands the anxieties of the Revolutionary period—notably, Mrs. General Knox, Mrs. Robert Morris, and Mrs. Adams—while in a younger group were Mrs. Rufus King, who is de-

scribed as singularly handsome, Mrs. Gerry, Mrs. George Clinton, Mrs. William Smith, John Adams' daughter, Mrs. Walter Livingston, whom General Washington had once entertained, in rustic style, when encamped near New York, and, not the least attractive among these lovely dames, Mrs. John Jay, a daughter of Governor Livingston, who shared with Mrs. William Bingham, of Philadelphia, the distinction of being called the most beautiful and charming woman in America.

Honors seem to have been easy between these two high-born dames, as both were beloved, admired and feted at home and abroad. The Marquise de Lafayette, who entertained a warm friendship for Mrs. Jay, said, with charming simplicity, that "Mrs. Jay and she thought alike, that pleasure might be found abroad, but happiness only at home." All of Mrs. Jay's portraits represent a face of such exquisite beauty that it is not difficult to imagine the furore she created at foreign and republican courts. Does there not seem to have been an indefinable charm of exquisiteness and dignity about these old-time dames, like the fragrance that surrounds some fine and stately exotic? They had abundant leisure to make their daily sacrifices to the graces, and they always appear before us in full toilette—hair rolled or curled, slippers high of heel, and gown of stiff brocade or satin. We never catch these ladies *en deshabille*, nor do we desire to do so; their charm would as surely vanish before the inglorious ease of a loose morning gown and roomy slippers, as does that of an American Indian when he divests himself of his war paint and feathers. We read with equanimity of some of the belles of the period sitting all night with their pyramidal heads

propped up against pillows, because the hair-dresser could not make his round without attending to some heads the night before the ball.

This was "suffrire pour être belle" with a vengeance; yet, deeming it all in keeping with their stately elegance, for which they had to pay a price, we never stop to think of how their poor necks must have ached, choosing rather to dwell upon their triumphs when they entered the ball-room. We can hear Mr. Swanwick, or some other poet of the day, pay them the most extravagant compliments, while lamenting the void left by the absence of another fair one:

"Say why, amid the splendid rows  
Of graceful belles and polish'd beaux,  
Does not Markoe appear?  
Has some intrusive pain dismay'd  
From festive scenes the lov'ly maid,  
Or does she illness fear?"

Is it possible that Markoe could not get her head dressed in time, and thus missed the ball? We wonder, and, wondering, lavish so much sympathy upon her for the pleasure she has lost that we forget to moralize upon the impropriety of Mr. Swanwick's paying such exaggerated compliments, which would turn the head of any girl of today. We of this generation reverse the order of nature; like doting grandparents we enjoy the picturesque beauty of these stately ancestors and, with never a thought of their higher good, retail their triumphs with enthusiasm, wishing that for one brief moment we could turn back and feel what they felt when their world was at their feet. It was a very small world, according to our ideas, but it was the largest that they knew, and it was all their own.

What a gay pageant that old social life seems as it passes before us! We almost forget that the picture is limned against the stern background of war, for it is one in which the shadows have all faded out, leaving only the bright colors upon the canvas. Let

it remain so. Why should we weep over sorrows so long past? The sting has all gone from them, and surely there can no harm come to this generation from dwelling upon the beauty and grace of those fair ladies, who ruled society in New York a hundred years ago, or upon the bravery and strength of the noble men who gathered around them. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* cries the moralist; but the glory has not all passed away, as is proved by our lingering over it now, nor need it be quite effaced from the gay life of today, if hearts still beat as true under silk and broadcloth as did those of the fathers and mothers of the Republic beneath brocaded bodices and satin waistcoats.

#### NOTHING IS SECRET IN CHINA

*Chicago Herald*

"In China a 'private house' is unknown. Any one can go anywhere, and if there is the least provocation he will do so. To shut the door is a bad sign. 'What is going on within that he dare not admit his fellow-townsmen?' people are likely to say. There are no newspapers, no objects of general and human interest to attract attention, and, as men and women must be interested in something, it is natural that they should be fond of neighborly gossip. Every Chinese has relatives beyond all count or remembrance. His wife has as many more. His married children add to the ever widening circle. By the time he is sixty years of age a man is related to hundreds upon hundreds of individuals, each of whom is entirely conscious of the relationship and does not forget or ignore it. Not only do all the members of this army of relatives feel themselves entitled to know all the details of one's affairs, but the relatives of the relatives—a swarm branching into infinity—will perhaps do the same. If a man is rich or a magistrate they certainly will do it. One cannot make a business trip to sell watermelons, to buy mules, to collect a debt, of which everyone will not speedily know all that is to be known.



## HOW THE DUTCH LIVE IN JAVA\*

The general style of living which obtains among the Europeans in Java is very similar to that of the English in India. The natives make excellent servants, and the cheapness of labor causes even small establishments to wear an air of luxury. Before leaving Java I stayed for some days with friends at Weltrevreden, and I will describe this house as being characteristic of those of the European residents generally. It stood in a large "compound," which was excellently turfed (there were capital lawn tennis courts in one corner of it), and planted with handsome trees and shrubs. The house itself consisted of an oblong one-storeyed building, covered with a high-pitched roof of red tiles, and having a large portico in front and a deep verandah behind. The roof of the portico was supported by tall pillars and its floor was formed of squares of marble; it was fully furnished, and was used for all the purposes of a reception-room. The folding doors of the portico led to an atrium or inner reception-room; behind this was the dining-room, which in turn opened on to the verandah at the back. These two central chambers occupied one-half of the whole area of the house, and as they were both alike provided with large double doors, were kept delightfully cool by the current of air which passed through them from the open chambers at back and front. The space on either side was occupied by the bed-rooms and private apartments of my hosts; they also opened into the larger rooms and into each other. In addition to the house itself there were two ranges of buildings on either side of the back compound. At the extremity of both of these ranges were suits of guest-chambers facing the house, with which they were con-

nected by covered passages. In addition to these rooms they provided space for the kitchens, bath-rooms, stables and servants' quarters.

Dinner is regarded as a function of scarcely less importance in Java than it is in Europe. It is served at a somewhat late hour in a large and well ventilated room, in which the windows are only partially closed by bamboo blinds or tatties. Into this chamber scents from the tropical plants in the compound, and sounds from the world beyond, are freely borne. But of the aspect which Batavia assumes at this hour I may, perhaps, be allowed to repeat what I have elsewhere written. "After nightfall this place becomes a veritable fairyland. The open porticos of the Dutch houses are seen to be thronged with gaily dressed people, the ladies often still wearing the *sarong*, and looking like Æneas' mother—

'Proved to be a goddess by her stately tread,'

and in harmony with the pillars and pediments about them. Everywhere lights gleam through foliage, and ever and again, through an air instinct with electric movement and heavy with perfumes, strains of music reach the ear from the open doorways, or are wafted in the distance from one of the numerous bands, which are ever 'discoursing sweet music' to the society of the capital."

In their offices, and generally when engaged in business, the Dutch officials and merchants wear canvas suits similar to those worn in British India, with or without black coats; and when they appear in public, either in the streets or at entertainments, they are characterized by a certain

\*W. Basil Worsford in the Fortnightly

precision in their dress. But once at home and they lose no opportunity of returning to the domestic pajamas. These garments only differ from the sleeping suits so-called in being very loose and covered with large and brilliantly colored patterns. The modification of the native dress adopted by the Dutch ladies is entirely novel. It consists solely of two garments—the *sarong* and the *kabaia*—and slippers. Of these, the first, the *sarong*, is the characteristic Malay dress. It is a piece of silken material about two yards long by four feet deep, which is wrapped round the lower part of the body and fastened with a twist at the waist. The weaving of *sarongs* is one of the native industries, and the Javanese women display considerable taste both in designing patterns and in blending colors. Above the *sarong* is worn the *kabaia*, a straight, loose jacket, made of fine lawn muslin or linen, and daintily trimmed with lace. Decorated Javanese slippers form the sole covering which is considered necessary for feet. This costume is worn till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when both men and women dress in European clothes. Strict etiquette limits the appearance of young ladies in it to their private apartments; and it is usual to put on European dress when receiving strangers, even in the daytime. At the same time the advantages of the costume, its coolness, convenience, and the fact that there is practically no limit to the number of times it can be changed, cause it to be very generally worn all day long, with the exception of a few hours in the early evening. It is especially in the late afternoon that the Dutch take exercise. At this time the broad, tree-lined streets of *Weltrevreden* present a pleasing spectacle. Everywhere ladies and gentlemen—often whole families—are seen walking or driving in the cool air. The appearance of the Dutch at this time presents no peculiarity except such as is involved in the sensible habit of dispensing with

hats and bonnets. To an English eye a man out of doors in a frock coat does look somewhat odd without a hat.

#### THE HAWAIIAN DEATH PRAYER

*The Californian*

Upon the minds of such a priest-ridden people as the Hawaiians were, while under their ancient form of religion, it was but natural that superstition should gain a rooted hold. The most curious and effective belief to which they were made subject was that a man can be prayed to death—a belief that survives among the natives to the present day. For the success of the tragical death-prayer it was necessary to obtain some hair or a piece of finger nail of the intended victim. A priest was then employed to use incantation and prayer for his destruction. The efficacy of prayer was terribly illustrated in these cases, and the results prove how deeply superstitious fear was implanted in the Hawaiian's heart. Always informed of the doom that the priest was invoking upon him, the victim generally pined away and died. There is a story current that an Englishman in the service of Kamehameha I. having incurred the displeasure of a priest, the latter proceeded to "remove" him by the death-prayer process. The Anglo-Saxon, however, set up an opposition altar in derision and jokingly proclaimed that he intended to pray the priest to death. Alarmed at the threat and overwhelmed at the failure of his own incantations, the socerer died, proving by his death his faith in his religion.

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The persistence with which the Japanese adhere to their family vocations is seen in an announcement in a Japanese newspaper that a certain celebrated dancing master was to hold a service in honor of the 1,000th anniversary of the death of his ancestor, who was the first of the family to take up the profession.—*Chicago Herald*.

## LADY JANE\*

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An ower true tale I fain would tell  
Of Scottish border strife,  
And how an English Earl did win  
A Scottish maid for wife.

He was the Lord of Widdington,  
Her kinsmen were his foes,  
And she was Fraser's lovely lass,  
A bonny heather rose.

On Cheviot's flank his Lordship's troop  
Had met the Fraser clan,  
Were scattered in the headlong charge,  
And routed horse and man.

And lost and lorn, and wounded sore,—  
A hunted stag at bay,  
But for a maid who succored him,  
The Earl had died that day.

She hid him in the rustling corn,  
And gave him food and rest,  
The while her baffled kinsmen sped  
Upon their bootless quest.

And in the gloaming, o'er the hills  
She led him safe and sound,  
Until he reached the border side,  
And trod on English ground.

Long raged the fierce and bloody feud  
Which rent the land in twain,  
And many a lady mourned her lord,  
And many a lass her swain.

Until one morn from Teviotdale  
The word came down the glen  
That all was lost, and Widdington  
Held Fraser and his men.

Woe fell on matron and on maid,  
But Janet sped away,  
High o'er the Scottish hills she hied  
To where the English lay.

She bade them lead her where their Chief  
Stood with his kinsmen near,  
And though her heart beat fast the while,  
Her voice was calm and clear.

"I am a Fraser's lass, my Lord,  
Your grace I crave," she said,  
Earl Widdington made answer thus,  
And bared his stately head:

"Your Chieftain's life is safe, my lass,  
His fetters I will break,  
And let the men of Fraser's clan  
Go hence for your dear sake.

"You proved a steadfast friend to me  
When I was sore beset,  
I loved you then with all my heart,  
I love you, lassie, yet.

"And here in presence of my kin,  
That all may understand,  
I sue you for your plighted troth,  
I sue you for your hand."

"I crave your pardon if," said she,  
"I seem distraught in mind,  
The eagles with the eagles mate,  
The thrushes seek their kind;

"You have your hawks, you have your  
hounds,  
You have your bill and bow,  
Such words will work me harm, my Lord,  
I prithee let me go."

His brother Hugh laughed loud and said,  
"Now, by my troth, I swear  
My haughty kin would doff the rose,  
And place the thistle there."

And while his kinsmen by his side  
Laughed loud with bitter scorn,  
Lord Widdington, with flashing eyes,  
Leaned on his saddle horn.

"I give thee escort, gentle maid,  
And home I go with thee,  
For, by Saint Ann, I will not brook  
These gibes and jeers," quoth he.

One blessed morn the wedding bells  
Pealed from the castle fane,  
And he was Lord of Widdington,  
And she was Lady Jane.

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\*For Current Literature by Lucius Harwood Foote.

## CRUEL PUNISHMENT IN BURMESE JAILS\*

The biggest jail in the world is located at Rangûn, in Lower Burmah, and this contains more than 4,000 prisoners. In all of these jails the prisoners are treated with the greatest severity, and in the visit which I paid to this big jail at Rangûn, about two years ago, I saw things which, if tolerated in an English jail, in England would bring forth another novel like Charles Reade's. One of the greatest horrors of the old English jail system as described in Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," was the turning of a crank attached to a machine which registered the number of revolutions. By the adding of weights to the machine the difficulty of turning the crank can be increased, and the punishment consists in making the prisoner perform a certain number of revolutions. This machine has long since been taken from the English jails in civilized lands, but it still exists in this jail at Burmah. The prisoner is confined in a close cell and in one wall of this is set this crank. The machinery of the crank is on the outside of the cell, and the man who turns it round and round cannot see how much or how little he has done. He knows that he is accomplishing nothing of value as he works, and the cruel jailer may add such a weight as to make it almost impossible for him to turn it. Still an ordinary punishment is 10,000 revolutions a day; and I saw men with nothing but a breechcloth upon them straining and pushing as they turned these machines while great beads of sweat stood out upon their brow and skin. "It is," said the jailer, who took me about, "the most terrible punishment we have, and it serves to keep the prisoners in order."

"But suppose they won't turn the crank," said I; "what do you do, then?"

\*Frank G. Carpenter in *The Independent*

"Oh," replied the guide, with a smile, "I will show you." He then took me into a room adjoining the shops and, as I looked about me, he said: "This is our cure for the prisoners who won't undergo the punishment of the crank. If they refuse to work we chain them to the treadmill, and an hour's labor will subjugate the most obstinate convict." Imagine a low, narrow room, 150 feet long and perhaps 30 feet wide, and in this put six great cog wheels, each about twelve feet in diameter, so that they make one continuous wheel from one end of the room to the other. Let the cogs on this great wheel be boards half an inch thick and about six inches wide, and put these boards along the wheel, running horizontally from one end to the other, about one foot apart. They now form a set of steps, by which a man standing upon them can by his weight make the wheel move. There is a bar up above the wheel, and to this the men hold with their hands if they are peaceable, and to which they are chained, if they are not. In this position they must move, or the wheel goes on and leaves them hanging by their hands. When I entered this room 150 men, bare to the waist, and clad only in a waistcloth, hung on to this bar, and kept walking up and up this massive wheel, and these men formed the power which ran these two immense machine shops. Every one of the prisoners had heavy chains upon his feet. Some had iron bracelets on their wrists, and all had iron collars about their necks.

The bare legs of some bore chains so heavy that they had tied them up and fastened them to their waistcloths in order that they might not be impeded in their work by them, and that the weight might be taken from their ankles. Several of the men

were handcuffed, and their hands thus fastened were chained over the bar above the wheel. These were the men who had refused the crank that morning, and others had committed minor faults for which they were undergoing this punishment. At the foot of this great wheel, and under the shadow of these three hundred legs which stepped upward to the musical jingle of the chains upon them, 150 other prisoners squatted on their knees and held up their hands together toward myself and the guide in the attitude of prayer. They remained in this attitude as long as we stayed in the room, and in going throughout the big jail, wherever we met a convict he bobbed down upon his knees, folded his hands, and remained thus until we passed. I asked the reason for this, and was told that it was done in order to prevent the prisoners taking the guards by surprise.

## CHINESE COURTESY

Allan Forman.....The Arena

The Chinese are, as a race, the most courteous people I have ever come in contact with. When it is taken into consideration that the majority of the Chinamen who come to this country belong to the lower or lowest class, their gentle manners are truly surprising. I have seen parties of well-dressed Americans go into one of their stores, poke about among the goods, or wander into their club-room, watch the games, handle the instruments of the orchestra, and ask all sorts of questions concerning them. The intruders were treated as welcome guests, their questions answered, and tea, confections, and cigarettes offered them on departure. Fancy the reception which would be accorded to a party of unidentified Chinamen who attempted to take a look through one of our own fashionable clubs! In the restaurants their conduct is the same. I imagine that if three or four Chinamen were to take it into their heads to dine at one of our up-town restaurants, they would be subjected to many unpleas-

ant remarks, probably some insolence from the waiters, and, if they should prove as awkward in handling the knife and fork as the average American is with the chopsticks, would cause considerable merriment among the other guests. But in Mott street the practice of good breeding is different. Time and again I have seen some good-natured Chinaman let his own dinner grow cold, that he might show some clumsy American stranger who was struggling with the chopsticks, how to use those elusive but useful implements. It is a very simple trick after it is learned, and one which I have often found useful at other places than at a table in a Chinese restaurant. Once mastered, with a couple of pencils one can improvise a very serviceable pair of tongs to pick up a bee or struggling worm, a bit of hot metal, or any such small object which one does not care to touch with one's fingers. The first stick should be held rigidly, about three inches from the lower end, between the ball of the second finger, the first joint of the thumb and the hand, just below the knuckle joint of the first finger, very much, in fact, as a clumsy schoolboy holds his pen. The second stick should be held almost exactly as a good penman holds his pen, lightly, between the ball of the thumb and of the first finger, slightly resting along and steadied by that finger, to just between the second and knuckle joints. Chinese meats are all served cut into small pieces, so as to be readily eaten with chopsticks, thus materially reducing the labor of dining.

Havana might probably be called a city of clubs. These organizations are by far the most important social institutions of the town. There is scarcely an able-bodied citizen to be found who does not enjoy a membership in some sort of a Cuban club. The social life of the city is restricted so largely by old Spanish customs that the club is the only real resort left for the men.



## TRAVELER'S NOTE-BOOK

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Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is sixty years of age, a small pension. . . . A printed notice hung up in the cars of the Salisbury and Havey Railroad in New Brunswick cautions passengers that it is as well to get out and walk on reaching a certain bridge, and it was long the custom to push the cars over this crazy structure before the mighty engine was trusted upon its rotten timbers. . . . Japanese children are taught to write with both hands. . . . Dr. Nansen, who starts on his polar expedition in June, is sleeping under his silk tent to test it and to acclimatize himself. . . . The Japanese take their baths at 110 degrees Fahrenheit. . . . There are 800 public baths in the city of Tokio, where 300,000 persons bathe daily at a cost of about one cent. . . . Every sixty-ninth person in Scotland is a Smith, and every seventy-eighth a MacDonald. . . . In Damara a goat will purchase a wife. . . . In Uganda a father will give his daughter in marriage for a pair of boots. . . . An Amsterdam scientist says that the sea-serpent is one of the order of *pinni pedia* with four flappers, and is not a true serpent at all. . . . In Algeria, where the best corks are made, there are 2,500,000 acres of cork forests. . . . The Turkish Sultan declines to have his portrait taken. . . . The Ameer of Bokhara is seriously considering a proposition to surrender his dominions to Russia for \$2,500,000 in cash and an annual pension of \$50,000. . . . A large lake in the Olympic Mountains at an altitude of 5,000 feet was recently discovered by two hunters. . . . The Manitoba Government will import 2,000 Icelanders during the coming Summer. . . . The record of the rings in the trunk of a tree recently cut down in Pennsylvania shows its age to be 462

years. . . . For lack of proper facilities for marketing beef, there are days when the city of Rio Janeiro is brought to the verge of famine. . . . Since 1867 there have been exported from Cape Colony 50,000,000 carats of diamonds, approaching a total value of \$350,000,000. . . . The Florida coast has a floating hotel which moves from place to place wherever the best fishing happens to be. . . . There are 5,000,000 acres of unclaimed lands in the United States.

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The new name, Ibea will shortly appear upon the map of Africa. . . . The Red Sea is for the most part blue. It gets its name from those portions of it covered by minute animalculæ which dye the surface of the water red. . . . The loss of property occasioned by the Zante earthquake is estimated at \$1,250,000. . . . A mining stock exchange is to be established in the City of Mexico, the first in the republic. . . . The length of navigable waters in France is 8,000 miles. . . . Fossil remains of whales, sirens, and dolphins are still found in the regions about the Black and Caspian seas. . . . The skeleton bone monster marine crocodile, an ichthyosaurus, was recently unearthed in the French Jura. . . . The fastest passenger trains in the world are on the Manchester and Great Grimsby line in England, their average speed being sixty-two miles an hour. . . . With the strength of the tower of Pisa as an illustration, a French scientist calculates that it would add to the stability of an isolated tower to make it lean slightly towards the compass-point of the prevailing wind. . . . Hamlet's grave, to which all travellers make a pious pilgrimage, is near Hoellbock, a little fishing village in Denmark.

## THE GENUINE AMERICAN FOX HUNTER\*

"Up to the breaking out of the civil war, and, in fact, from the earliest colonial days," said a reminiscent Virginian, "any farmer and planter in Virginia would have thought that he was not entitled to the respect of his neighbors unless he kept his pack of fox hounds and his stable of fine-bred hunters. True to the blood of his English ancestors, he regarded riding to the hounds as the one recreation to engage the time, excite the blood, and try the skill and courage of the gentleman sportsman. The same hearty spirit possesses every well-born native Virginian to-day, but the cruel arbitrament of war took away the opportunities and removed the conditions that made his indulgence of it as an independent citizen possible. Before the war the Virginia gentleman lived a life of ease. He toiled not, neither did he spin. His colony of slaves not only toiled for him without money and without price, but they represented a goodly share of his wealth. Slaves cared for his hunters and his hounds, and the expense or trouble of their keeping was as nothing. But the war left him minus his slaves, and with his plantation impoverished, if not a scene of complete ruin, he had to go to work. He no longer had the means to keep up his pack or his stable, and with the war passed away the glory of Virginia as a universal fox-hunting community. But the grand sport is by no means dead in the Old Dominion. While none of the great ante-bellum packs of hounds are kept by individual farmers, there are few plantations that do not boast of one or more hounds of the same famous strain that made music among the hills in the slavery days. Every farmer manages to keep at least one good horse that is ever eager to bear

him across country. So within a few miles a respectable pack of hounds may be collected at the sound of the horn, and a sufficient number of hunters to follow them and awaken memories of the old fox-hunting days. Then clubs have been formed in various parts of the State, whose kennels and stables are not surpassed anywhere. Lynchburg, especially, has a famous kennel club.

"Unless it is in North Carolina, and perhaps in one or two counties in southeastern Pennsylvania, I know of no other part of the Union where fox hunting is an hereditary sport, enjoyed in the same spirit to-day as it was by those who introduced it on American soil two centuries ago. A Virginian would as soon think of shooting his hound as to send him chasing after an anise seed-bag. He rides to hounds because the love of it came to him with his mother's milk, and not because it is a fad born of Anglomaniac. And, being a genuine fox hunter, he would scorn a pack of hounds that could not catch a fox, and a man who would shoot a fox he would consider only fit to be hanged. This irregular manner of putting an end to a fox is in such intense disfavor among Virginians, in fact, that it is not even resorted to when sly Reynard is discovered raiding a poultry yard or a sheep-fold. When the discovery is made that a fox is benefiting himself at the expense of a farmer, word is sent to the neighboring farmers, the hounds of the vicinity are collected, and the first damp morning huntsmen and dogs will be at the place before daybreak to take the fox's trail. Foxes run only at night, and seek their covers by 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning to lie low. The hounds take the trail

\*The New York Sun.

eagerly, but it may lead them and the hunters ten miles before the fox is started from his lair. If it is a gray fox the chase may not be a long one before the hounds run him down, for the gray fox runs like a hair, doubling on regular runways that circle round and bring him back to his starting place. But if it is a red fox that is started away he goes in a bee-line, up hill and down dale, choosing the roughest country, resorting to all sorts of stratagems to throw the hounds off the scent, and often giving the hunters a hard ride of twenty-five miles or more before they are in at the death.

—  
 "A favorite trick of the red fox is to run at a fence, and as the old-fashioned rail worm fence is still in vogue in Virginia, this is an easy thing for him to do. Another clever dodge of his is to run in among sheep in a field. This not only loses the scent to the hounds, but the sheep, startled by the appearance of the fox among them, run wildly about and distract the attention of the hounds from the chase. The staunchest and best trained of packs will be thrown out for a time by this ruse, and before it finds the scent again the wily fox has succeeded in putting a good long distance between him and his pursuers. Sometimes, when the fox is close pressed, he will run up a leaning tree. That is a sign that he has exhausted all his skill as a strategist and has given up all hope. He merely goes up the tree because it will be a reprieve of a few minutes. His fate is sealed, and his death is only a question of routing him out of the tree to the jaws of the frantic hounds beneath. Then, again, the fox as a last resort runs to earth in some convenient hole in the ground or crevice in a rock, and he has to be dug out with picks and shovels, always obtainable at the nearest farm house. Frequently the hunters capture the fox alive and keep him to turn loose another day for another gallop across

country. On chases of this kind the benefit of a long start is given the fox before the hounds are let on the trail, and it sometimes happens that, although this is a hot trail, as it is called by the hunters, Reynard makes such good use of his opportunity that he lays out an all day's hard run for his pursuers. A genuine Virginia fox hunter never tires. I have known a hunt to use up several successive days without starting the fox, but every man or woman would start in on the last day just as fresh and eager as they started on the first. I say every man or woman, but, unfortunately, the character of the country in Virginia is such that not many of the fair sex have the endurance to ride a hunt out. It is hilly and thickly covered with forest, placing one encumbered by a riding habit, at a disadvantage.

#### JUMPS, HUMAN AND EQUINE *Anglo-American Times*

References to the sensational leap made by the celebrated steeplechaser, The Chandler, at Warwick, in February, 1847, have attracted so much notice from leading article writers and correspondents that a few words may not be deemed inappropriate on this deeply interesting subject. When it is remembered that last year Mr. C. S. Reber, an American amateur, cleared 23 feet 6½ inches, and that Mr. C. B. Fry, an Oxford undergraduate, covered 23 feet 5 inches at the University Sports in 1892, it hardly seems surprising that an animal weighing six times as much as either of these two athletic bipeds, and gifted with four legs instead of two, should be able to beat their performance by rather more than 15 feet. In addition it must be remembered that the horse possesses a frame in which the leverage is so powerful as to give the appearance of being specially constructed for jumping.

It will be seen that in the above remarks I have given The Chandler credit for clearing thirty-nine feet in a single bound.

## DEER HUNTING IN JAPAN\*

There is only one species of deer in Japan, the *Cervus Sika*, and it abounds all over the islands. Owing to a great difference in the herbage, their size varies in different parts of the country, the weight of a full-grown deer varying from one hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds. Their antlers are finely formed, large and well grown, and remarkably regular in their points. The antlers are shed in March and the velvet entirely disappears by the end of August. The rutting season takes place during the months of September and October. Later the hinds are eagerly slaughtered by the natives for the unborn fawn which is considered a dainty dish in Japan. The skin of these beautiful creatures is used for making garments and long walking-sandals, the horns for the export trade, and the flesh for food; consequently they are killed by the thousand, everybody being allowed to shoot them. The deer have naturally become very timid, but nevertheless do their enemies all sorts of mischief in trampling the standing corn and eating the rice which stands ready for harvest.

The best method for deer hunting during the rutting season is to start early in the morning, when the first light steals over the hills, and follow a wood-cutter's path through the forest until some deep cleft in the hills is found satisfactory to the guide. Upon the higher ranges the hinds may be heard calling, and presently a rapping sound, as if caused by some hard substance striking against the bole of a tree, betrays the whereabouts of a stag busy polishing his head-gear. He may perchance be still-hunted successfully, but if the nature of the cover does not warrant an attempt, a beater, or the guide, will in all probability lure the game closer by imitating the call of the hind. This is done by means of a

little instrument made for the purpose from a bit of stag-horn. In general principles this sort of sport is something similar to calling moose, only the stag is more easily led to his destruction, generally approaching to within a few yards of the gun and falling an easy victim. In favorable country, herds of deer can be intercepted while going to or returning from some favorite feeding-ground. The sportsman, guided by a well-informed native, secretes himself beside the well-used runway, and may presently find himself within point-blank range of fifty or more fat animals.

Shooting deer from horseback, so popular in certain parts of the States, would hardly answer in Japan. The hills are often closely matted with fallen trees, tough creepers and heavy undergrowth, and Japanese horses are, as a rule, rough, cranky, and uncertain tempered brutes, far more liable to throw their riders, or to cut up rusty at a critical moment, than to behave themselves decently. The most convenient mode of procedure for a foreigner eager to bag a stag is to hire half a dozen Japanese, or Ainos beaters, who know exactly where the deer haunt, and let them drive the game to posted guns. As a rule they supply a number of half-wild, wolfish-looking dogs of keen scent, and game and true as the best hounds on a trail. A wounded deer is a joy to these brutes, and once upon its track, they are sure to either chase it into an open, where it can be shot, or drive it to water, where it may or may not eventually escape. When the rabble of curs break away, the sportsman can follow as best he can, or, under the direction of his guide, make for a point that will enable him to cut off the deer's retreat. Following Japanese dogs is not altogether a joke, as one may have to run for several miles before heading the game or

\*C. Sadakichi Hartman in 'Outing.

reaching the water it is making for. Guided by the curs' noise, you plunge through swamps, toil up hills, creep under moss-covered fallen stuff, force your way through snares of creepers, slide down steep slopes on yielding, damp moss, and, if fortunate, possibly get a snap-shot at the game as it crosses some open. Otherwise it will eventually reach some river or lake, and small-footed and thin-limbed though it be, swim for long distances at astonishing speed.

#### SHARK HUNTING IN SAMOA

*Youth's Companion*

When I was at Samoa a shark-hunting party was organized in our honor, and a storm having just blown itself out, we found the fish inshore lying under the ledges of rocks bordering the lagoon. The offal was thrown overboard piece by piece. This served the double purpose of attracting the sharks and gorging them so as to render them easy of capture. The water around us was soon alive with sharks. As soon as the offal had been eaten the creatures retired to spots where rocks overhung a stretch of smooth sand, and there, lazily extending themselves at their full length, lay half-asleep. The native at the stern of the canoe in which I was seated paddled slowly along. Presently we saw a large gray fellow asleep. A raised hand signalled the paddler to stay the course of the canoe. The other native, a lithe, active young fellow, let himself quietly into the sea, and with the noose of the rope in his hand dived to the bottom, quickly but gently slipped the noose over the tail of the sleeping fish, and returned to the surface. When he had climbed into the canoe we all three seized the rope, and despite the struggles of the fish, pulled him out, hauling his tail clear of the water and rendering the fish nearly helpless. The two natives then took command of the rope alone, sending me to the stern. Waiting until the fish resumed

its struggles, by a peculiar movement they easily jerked the fish into the canoe. There a blow with a club finished it. The next shark we encountered had backed into a crevice or hole in the rocks, leaving only its head accessible. This I supposed quite out of reach, but our diver coolly dropped down and tapped the shark gently upon the head. Sleepy and gorged with food, annoyed at the interruption, and not knowing exactly what it was, the shark turned round with a swish in a compass scarcely large enough for him to lie in. As it did, so it exposed its tail, over which the noose was dropped with the same results as before.

#### TROUT FISHING

*Black and White*

It is no easy matter to cast with a line twice the length of your rod, but it is essential to success that the cast fall lightly and accurately. When the stream is very narrow, one fly will be found best. It is not a pleasant, and yet a not unfrequent experience, to catch a fish on the tail-fly and the bank on the dropper. As the stream widens, we add our second fly. Carefully, and with caution, we proceed. Just in front the beck runs in a straight—and comparatively wide course. But there to one side lies a big stone, and the water behind looks a foot or two in depth. Standing ten or twelve yards off, we drop our flies over the stone. As they touch the water—a flash! The line tightens to a "sweet resistance," and we are in a trout of three-quarters of a pound—or, as hope tells us, a good pound weight. He rests an instant in meditation: then follows the struggle. Keeping the rod bent all the time we let him run. In four or five minutes he will be getting tired. And now, gently steering him out of the current to the calm shallows at the side, we slip the net, if we have one, under his tail, as he turns. He is our best fish, and adds a pleasing weight to our fast filling basket.



## SWEETHEART, FORBEAR !

Lewis Morris .....Black and White.

"Sweetheart, forbear!" Thus said I to my dear.  
She, with rebellious grace,  
And light of wayward fancy on her face.  
And some half-smile, half-tear—  
"Nay, silence is not peace;  
'Twere better far than this, wholly to cease,  
If I should know no more  
The rapture of revolt, the joyous strife,  
The free unfettered air I breathed before."  
So we long time assailed with hot debate,  
And kindling voice and word,  
Deep problems, which a myriad souls have  
striven  
Foreknowledge, Freedom, Fate.  
Till, wearied out at last,  
Hand clasped in hand, without a word we  
twain,  
Gazing at moonrise on the silvered main,  
Knew a strange calm enfold our doubt with  
sleep,  
And all the stress and conflict, stilled and  
past.

### LONGING

James Clarence Harvey.....The Theatre

'Twas not the hush of eventide,  
Nor the flash of the fire lit keys;  
'Twas not the wail of the winter wind  
As it wooed the leafless trees.  
  
'Twas not that she was fair, who called,  
From the music laden strings,  
A burst of trembling melody,  
Like the song which an angel sings.  
  
'Twas not that my heart was full of care,  
And seeking to overflow,  
That filled my soul with a wild desire,  
Like the ocean's ebb and flow.  
  
'Twas a restless yearning for something  
more,  
Which lay beyond my sight,  
Like a flickering, trembling will-o-the-wisp  
In its vague, uncertain flight.  
  
It seemed like a glimpse of the great beyond  
Which mortals can never know,  
And my heart for the soul of that stirring  
strain  
Went searching to and fro.  
  
But a sadness comes, like a shadow of pain;  
And I long, with impatient tears,  
For the nameless something I cannot grasp  
And hold through the flight of years.

### KAMA

Charles A. Foster.....Boston Transcript

[“Kama means peace of soul from  
working out salvation, from successfully  
combating the world and attaining virtue  
—eternal triumph through the struggles,  
the crucifixion of self, hence the sign  
of the Cross, or crucifixion of ideas—Self.  
“Kama is Virtue and her sign a Cross.”  
— From my Occult Teacher.]  
  
The Spirit, the Fire was upon me,  
Uplifted I gazed from afar;  
Back through the twilight of ages,  
To the first dawn of man on our star;  
To the pylons and sphinxes of temples,  
To the pyramids solemn and grand,  
And beyond where the sand shone so  
golden,  
Where the tribes halted first in that land.  
  
I gazed on the waters of Nilus,  
Like a jewel of silver and green;  
Caressed by the rays of the sun god,  
It seemed but a beautiful dream;  
There she stood in her fair girlish beauty,  
So modest, so lovely and kind,  
Her soul through her thoughtful eyes glanc-  
ing,  
Reflecting her greatness of mind.  
  
Her soul—it was clearer than crystal,  
And as pure as the Infinite Fire:  
A glory of virtue and sweetness,  
A goddess in mortal attire;  
As she stood at the temple's great portal,  
Reflecting the Essence Divine,  
She seemed like the Goddess Immortal  
She became in the fulness of time.  
  
Peace and joy fill the depths of her being,  
“Peace of Soul” means her name, and a  
cross  
Is her sign through her triumph eternal,  
Over self and the world and its dross.  
Kama is virtue—eternal,  
The triumph of spirit and soul;  
Then crucify self in the struggle,  
Till through virtue thou gainest the goal.  
  
How long, oh, long is the waiting—  
How many long lives full of pain,  
Ere I rise from the penance of Karma,  
And join thee, oh Kama, again?  
O Kama, thou pure one, above me,  
Thou dwellest in regions of light;  
'T is only in dreams I behold thee,  
As I drift through the darkness of night.

## A GROUP OF AMERICAN ARTISTS\*

As to demarcations between groups of artists, it is not always possible to draw fixed lines. There have been other painters besides Inness who have failed to grow old, and have unfailingly kept themselves open to new light, new ways of looking at things. Such a one is Winslow Homer, in some sense the most racy, most American, of our painters. One marvels at the self-reliance with which he long ago set out to jot down unreservedly, with cheerful disregard of tradition, exactly what he perceived in American scenes or persons, on the farm, the lake, the river, along the sea-shore. Half a generation before the watchword of "impressionism" was uttered, he had struck its note over and over again—crudely, perhaps, and with sometimes harsh color, but always with truth and power, and a singular fascination. John La Farge, quite dissimilar in quality, has always moved with the vanguard, and has steadily upheld the standard of poetic figure composition and rich coloring of the inborn sensitive kind. Examples of his religious mural paintings may be seen in St. Thomas's and the Ascension (Episcopal) churches on Fifth avenue. His "Ascension," in particular, would have gained for any foreign painter a reputation little less than world-wide; but when an American does this sort of thing it is passed over in comparative silence, as though his nationality were in itself enough to relegate him to a lower plane, no matter how fine his work.

George De Forest Brush, first equipped by Gérôme, has not grown into any new style, but, on the other hand, has carefully studied North American Indians, and found in them the themes for some remarkable works, such as his "Mourning a

Brave"—a squaw wailing over a red chief's body on a snow-covered crag. Walter Shirlaw, bringing home from Europe high honors and a Munich manner has not changed perceptibly, and has gone on doing excellent things, including imaginative etchings and some elaborately good illustrations to Goldsmith's "Hermit." William M. Chase, on the other hand, who began in the manner of Munich, emerged from it before long, and has developed on several sides in almost equal degrees. He is one of the most versatile and prolific painters of the day. Always masterly, he has, we may say, unfolded with his later growth a more brilliant coloring. He shines as an original and decorative portraitist, a clever manipulator of still life, and in landscape has given us many canvases which convey local New York scenes and color with fine precision. F. D. Millet, a medalist of Antwerp, widely known as a war correspondent and story-writer, and in his earlier pictures a strong realist, has refined his style to a polished representation of Greek figures, of English landscape or interior, and of Knickerbocker life. George W. Maynard also indulges in the classic theme, and has distinguished himself by honest and graceful quality in decoration.

Blashfield, for the most part, remains romantic and ideal, with a fondness for the classic and the mediæval; and Wyatt Eaton, with a poetic genius that seems but half acclimated here, produces interesting compositions and portraits of a semi-mystical quality. Will H. Low, despite his French training, has shown a vivid realization of New England subjects, as in his "Skipper Ireson's Ride," yet leans rather to the poetic and the

\*George Parsons Lathrop.—Harper's Magazine

decorative, as in his illustrations for Keats's "Lamia," and in his many charming and effective wall-paintings of figure subjects. Kenyon Cox, beginning with landscape, original and fresh in treatment, tends more and more to study of the figure and to imaginative composition. The firm grasp and substantial texture of Inness accompany that heritage of talent which George Inness, Jr., discloses in serious work that deals with the human form as well as with landscape and the horse. Sincere, also, are the out-door representations of William A. Coffin, notably his subtle yet broadly handled "The Rain," which lately won the \$2,000 Prize Fund award. In the direction of what might be called historic *genre* relating to Puritan New England, Douglas Volk some time since distinguished himself by episodes interestingly conceived.

#### BEAUTIES OF THE FAIR

*Art Amateur*

"What do you think of the World's Fair buildings?" you are asked if you have just returned from Chicago, and the possibility of your making an independent reply is anticipated by the supplementary and self-answered query, made in the same breath: "Wonderful architecture! Beats anything in the world—doesn't it?" In Chicago it would be dangerous to hesitate for a moment in your acquiescence, and even in New York, among the artist set identified with the great enterprise, it would hardly do to qualify the confirmatory answer so confidently awaited. When it is put to me, I like to know whether it is really as architecture that I am to declare the buildings "the finest in the world," or whether it is regarding them merely as temporary structures put up only for the purposes of the "Fair," that I am to be committed to this unequivocal verdict. The point of view makes a great difference. Architecture, as I understand the term, implies the existence of certain

relations between the exterior and the interior of a structure. Are these conditions met at Jackson Park? The noble quadrangle comprising the principal buildings presents a spectacle that is most impressive. One walks by them as in a trance, so transcendently grand are their proportions, so magnificent are the richly decorated facades, the towering columns and the gilded domes. It is difficult indeed to believe that the scene is real. It reminded me of those endless vistas of Titanic architecture one sees in Martin's paintings, "Belshazzar's Feast" and "The Day of His Wrath," the mezzotint engravings of which may be known to the reader. Then I thought of some of the wondrous visions of Claude and Turner, and found them surpassed by my actual surroundings. The crowning beauty of the quadrangle is the imposing "Peristyle," with the blue waters of Lake Michigan seen through a score of openings in the long row of stately columns. The last time I visited the "Fair" grounds, it was a glorious day, and under the clear sky the great buildings were fairly dazzling in their marble-like purity, while the sun made thousands of little lights dance upon the wavelets and touched with gold a score of white sails. I found myself exclaiming: "I am glad Chicago got the Fair. All this would have been impossible in New York!"

As I turned to retrace my steps, I saw a laborer lifting into position a section of a huge column, which seemed to weigh almost a ton. It was made, of course, of the composition known as "staff." Then I remembered that buildings, peristyle, sculpture and all were of the same flimsy material. Like Jonah's gourd, all could come up in a night and perish in a night. My day-dream was over. What I had seen was only a grand *mise-en-scene*. These noble structures so well simulating marble or granite were the mere husks of architecture. They suggested the splen-

did edifice erected by the pastry-cook for a wedding-breakfast, which you may lift bodily without injury to the cake inside it. You might raise the shell of almost any of these buildings and find beneath it only a net work of iron girders—a triumph of engineering skill, but having little or nothing to do with the serious problems of architecture. You might cover the station at the Grand Central Depot with just such a shell without materially changing the condition of construction. Hence, when I am asked: "What do you think of the World's Fair buildings?" I am inclined to reply: "Wonderful indeed! Admirably suited to their temporary purpose! In general effect, more impressive by far than those of the similar exhibitions at London in 1862, at Philadelphia in 1876, and at Paris in 1889." But let not the uninformed be led to confound these lath and plaster structures with architecture. Real architecture is quite a different thing.

#### OSCAR WILDE'S NEW PLAY

##### *Black and White*

I have read *Salomé* twice in two hours; in other words, I have added two hours to the tale of that life within our life, which alone, in the long run, is really worth living—the life of the imagination. Hypnotised by the poet—for what is the magic of poetry but a form of hypnotism?—I have lived through what Hilde Wangel would call "the loveliest thing in the world—a drama in the air." A sultry, languorous, Syrian night; a sinister moon gliding through the heavens, "like a woman risen from a tomb"; Herod, "with mole-like eyes under quivering lids," gazing at the daughter of his brother's wife, now his own; Herodias, keeping watch on his every glance; Salomé, "pale as the image of a white rose in a mirror of silver;" Jews disputing of their invisible God who, to the Cappadocian, is "absolutely ridiculous"; the Cappadocian, who believes that the gods of his

country, driven into the mountains by the Romans, have there pined away and died; the Nubian, whose gods "are still very hard upon us," despite the yearly sacrifice of a hundred young men and two hundred virgins; and behind all the splendid, sceptical Rome, where the Stoics kill themselves, and are laughed at for their pains, the Emperor having written a satire upon them which is recited everywhere. Then, from the depths of his cistern-prison, through the odorous, ominous night, comes the voice of him who cried in the wilderness and in the palaces of kings. For a moment the heavy haze of lust, and luxury, and cruelty is rent asunder, and we have a glimpse of a serene Figure, talking with his disciples, in a boat on the Lake of Galilee. But instantly the mist has closed again, though through it come rumors of the miracles of the Nazarene. "Let him change water into wine and heal the lepers if he pleases," cries Herod, "but I forbid him to raise the dead! How terrible if the dead came again!" Salomé has seen Yokanaan, and her coldness is transmuted at a flash into perverse passion. She will kiss those lips that are like a band of scarlet on a tower of ivory, "redder than the red blasts of the trumpets that herald the coming of princes. . . . red as the branch of coral which fishers have found in the twilight of the sea and have kept for a gift for kings." Yokanaan hears throbbing in the air the wings of the Angel of Death; Herod hears them, and we hear them; but Salomé hears or heeds them not. She dances the dance of the Seven Veils and claims her reward. Herod offers her, in streams of lustrous speech, all the treasures of his kingdom, if she will release him from his vow; but Herodias and her own maleficent will bid her stand firm. The deed is done; she kisses the dead lips; and then, at a word from Herod, "the soldiers rush upon her and crush beneath their bucklers Salomé, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæ."

## THE FAMILISTÈRE AT GUISE\*

The objects of the Familistère, shortly stated, are:

To collect a certain number of families in comfortable quarters specially arranged with a view to the well-being of the inhabitants, and to the easy carrying out of the common requirements of human life.

To organize mutual insurances for the benefit of the sick, invalided, aged, widows, orphans, and in fine for every person or family whose resources are inadequate to guarantee what is necessary for their maintenance.

To supply provisions of all kinds for ordinary consumption for the benefit of the inhabitants.

To offer the population such recreation as is indispensable for physical, intellectual and moral welfare.

To organize the care, education and instruction of youth, both boys and girls, until the time of their apprenticeship.

To provide the operative with lodgings near the workshop, so as to enable him to reach his work without fatigue; in short, to render associative life easy, to allocate equitably between the various producers, the industrial and commercial profits of the association, and to provide for the gradual transfer of the property of the society into the hands of the active workers.

In a lecture which M. Godin, the founder, gave at Lausanne a few years ago he stated the problem he had set himself to solve in the following words:—"It is my aim that the working classes should participate in the benefits of wealth, but in such a way that they may enjoy this well-being by employing acquired wealth justly, and may at the same time promote the interests of those who make this wise use of capital. Social regenera-

tion cannot be really effected except by means of the wise application of acquired wealth. Since we cannot give a fortune to every man, we must give them the equivalent of wealth." These were the principles actuating the noble founder of the institution which it was my privilege to see in active operation. I received a courteous reply to my application to be allowed to visit Guise from M. Dequenue, the Managing Director, and, accompanied by my wife, was received by him, and afterwards conducted over the settlement; but some unlooked-for engagement intervening, M. Dequenue introduced to us M. Bocheux (member of the board) and M. Bernardot, engineer and member of the Council.

Guise, though a small manufacturing town, is beautifully situated on Oise. The houses are quaint and old-fashioned, and the inhabitants—about eight thousand—a cheerful and intelligent people. They point with pardonable pride to a fine monument they have erected in loving remembrance of one of their noblest sons—the great hero of the Revolution, Camille Desmoulins; and they take a keen and growing interest in all that appertains to the memory of Godin, to whose statue they, in common with the inhabitants of the Familistère, so largely contributed. These words taken from Godin's works are, amongst others, inscribed on the pedestal of the statue, which occupies the highest point of elevation in the *Jardin d'Agrément*:

Le Bien est ce qui est utile à la vie humaine;  
Servir la vie humaine c'est aimer et servir Dieu.

For a rendering into English, I venture to suggest the following:

\* Charles Hancock in The Fortnightly.



One are the Useful and the Good  
That in Man's aid unite;  
He who this lore hath understood  
Serves God in serving Right.

M. Bocheux explained all the details of the institution in a masterly way. Speaking of the co-operative shops in connection with the establishment, he said: "We have many customers also from the town, for we are cheaper than the other shops, buyers here benefiting indirectly by the profits of the institution as a whole." Replying to other questions, he remarked that the inhabitants of the Familistère were in the enjoyment of all the requirements of life, and to my observation with reference to the society being hampered with articles and rules, "They did not exceed," said he, "what was necessary. On the contrary, every one was free to do as he liked" ("*chacun au Familistère est libre de faire ce qu'il veut; c'est la liberté pour tous*"). The residents showed every readiness to enter into conversation, and their faces bore the appearance of contentment and bustling activity. In particular, the women at work in the laundry were humming tunes and chatting as they pursued their work, which, by the way, as I ascertained, was for their own families. Others, again, were sitting in the gardens enjoying the mid-day sun, not resting idly, however, but sewing all the while. The institution is rightly called the "Palais Social." There is the "pouponnat," or room for the children, divided into compartments for different ages, the minutest arrangements indicating the great care and deep thought which M. Godin bestowed on the mental and physical development of the juvenile portion of the population of this vast establishment. For the common benefit there is also a bakery, a slaughter-house, a swimming-bath with an appliance for lessening the depth for the children's use, pleasure-grounds, theatre, general

store, etc., etc. All the tenements were scrupulously clean, and the inhabitants anxious to show visitors the tidy way in which their rooms were kept. It may be added that M. Godin expressly stipulated that the principle of religious toleration and liberty of conscience should prevail in the institution.

#### A STUDENT IN LONDON

##### *The Chautauquan*

The furnishing of my garret cost \$16.00, and I pay a weekly rent of 62 cents. My expenses amount to \$4.00 a week when I am careful, and read much at home, as I am apt to do at the end of each quarter. But I am much abroad. There are hosts of free lectures and galleries, almost all exhibitions are free on certain days, and "orders" are not difficult to obtain when they are not. I frequent reading rooms where I am warmed and supplied with periodicals and newspapers, sometimes for two pennies, sometimes one, sometimes for none. The two-penny ones are numerous. A favorite penny one is at Whitely's, the great cheap bazaar. A free one is the public library nearly opposite St. Martin's Church, "in the Fields" of brick and mortar. An unsurpassable one is at the People's Palace in Mile End Road. For American papers I seek the reading room of bankers, as free to the penniless, if clean and decent, as to the millionaire. What matters it to my enjoyment of existence that I have not a second pair of shoes in the world, and that my gloves are mended? What blight is upon my fate, or my fad, that of my \$300 a year I spend more upon romance than I do upon raiment, more upon poetry than upon pudding? "Better are dumplings than daisies," says the Chinese proverb. I am not Chinese, and I prefer daisies, though grown in a garret, or plucked by humble waysides. Had not even Lazarus joys that Dives never knew?

## HOW TO GET A FREE FARM \*

Until 1891 any person who was the head of a family, a widow or a single person, if over twenty-one years of age, and if either a citizen of the United States or willing to declare his intention to become a citizen, could preëempt public lands, provided that he did not already own three hundred and twenty acres of land in any part of the United States. Moreover, he must not abandon residence on his own land, if he owns less than the prohibited number of acres, in order to set up a claim to public lands in the same State or Territory. As the would-be owner of public lands must live on and cultivate the tract he covets for a fixed period, it is evident that the Government prefers to have no person possess large tracts of land in a single State. If the Government owns land within the limits of a town which is already incorporated, or even on the selected site of some future city, such holdings may not be preëmpted. With the exceptions I have mentioned, I understand that any land which was not actually settled upon or occupied for purposes of trade, business or agriculture, and on which there were no known mines or salines, were—up to two years ago—subject to preëmption, and are still open to settlement under the Homestead acts.

Preëmptions were made after this manner:

The man who desired to preëempt a tract of land had to go in person and examine it. Having satisfied himself that the Government's survey was correct, that it was good land for residence and cultivation, and that no one else had a valid claim to it, the would-be owner took up his residence thereon. As soon as he had accomplished something substantial in proof

of his good intentions, he was compelled to file a declaratory statement of his deeds and wishes. Public land which is offered at public sale and finds no purchaser becomes subject to private purchase. It is, as I have already said, officially known as "offered" land. If the land had never been offered at public sale, the preëmtor had three months in which to make his filing. On "offered" lands proof and payment had to be made within a year from date of settlement; on "unoffered" lands thirty-three months were allowed from date of settlement, or in case of unsurveyed lands from the date when the plat of survey was filed in the district office. The price to a preëmtor was \$1.25 per acre for "minimum lands" not within the limits of a previous grant to a railroad or some other work of internal improvement. Within the limits of such grants, land was valued at \$2.50 per acre. Preëmption proof consisted of the sworn testimony of the claimant and his witnesses, to the effect that the law had been complied with in every particular.

As I have said all this was prior to 1891. If any one had entered a preëmtor's claim before that date the law still holds good for him until he gets his patent, but all new settlers must come under the Homestead act. In this, a settler gets his land for less money but is longer about it. Under the Homestead act the conditions of application are the same as under the Preëmption laws. The applicant must be a citizen or must swear that he means to be. His vote entitles him to ask for one hundred and sixty acres of land valued at \$1.25 or at \$2.50, as he pleases, provided that he does not already own one hundred and sixty acres somewhere else in the United States.

\* Kate Field's Washington

## WORKING ONE'S WAY THROUGH COLLEGE\*

A pamphlet which has been issued by Frank Bolles, secretary of Harvard University, should be interesting to college men and both interesting and profitable to young men who are expecting to enter college, as well as to those who are to "foot their bills." Under the title "Students' Expenses" Mr. Bolles shows, in a collection of letters from undergraduates and graduates of his university, that a man who is determined to get an education need not be possessed of any considerable sum of money. Perhaps some of the letters will make a good many men who have taken their degrees from Harvard feel slightly warm under the collar. It rather abashes one to learn that some men have gone hungry while attending courses with others whose college expenditures have annually run up into the thousands. It startles most college men to hear of a student doing his own washing. It gives one a strange thrill to know of a man who was poor enough to add to his income by doing "odd jobs" for a few cents, and so royally prodigal that he gave \$150 toward the expenses of other students.

One story would be best told in part as it is written: "When I left Boston for Cambridge I had 44 cents. I was a stranger in Cambridge. The first day I spent all but 9 cents. I had one great help in this year—\$250 from the Price Greenleaf Aid had been awarded to me. This, however, I could not draw till Christmas. In order to buy books to begin my work I pawned my watch and a few other things, receiving for the same \$15.50. During my freshman year my receipts were: Price Greenleaf Aid, \$250; pawned watch, etc., \$15.50; typewriting, \$71.40; books sold, \$7.50; tutoring, \$160. . . . Part of this year I was very poor. My washing I did myself. About midyear I was so

short of money that for nearly two months I ate but one or two meals a day."

But during the summer he worked as porter in a summer hotel, where he strained himself badly, but he cleared \$118, entering his sophomore year \$91.77 in debt. (He owed \$116 when he began his college course.) In that year his receipts were: Loan fund, \$75; beneficiary funds, \$80; work for Professor James (taking sheep's brains from skulls for experiments in psychology), \$7.50; publishing notes, \$25.50; waiting on table, \$38.33; typewriting, \$70; outside jobs, such as posting bills, copying, etc., \$52.15; total, \$348.48. In addition to his necessary expenses he spent \$151.60 on "athletics, theatre, unnecessary books, subscriptions to college sports, charity and other interests." During the summer he cleared as clerk in a hotel \$158.04, and "thus," he says, "during my sophomore year I increased my debt \$9.62. I entered my junior year \$101.31 in debt."

In that year his receipts were: Scholarship, \$150; loan fund, \$75; beneficiary fund, \$15; odd jobs, \$7.13; publishing placards, \$18.10; advertising scheme, \$106.05; tutoring, \$267.50; typewriting, \$32.19; Professor James's work, \$2.45; waiting on table, \$16.11; total, \$689.53. His necessary expenditures were \$395.14. He goes on:

"During the year I bought a typewriter, for which I paid \$100. I also contributed to the expense of some other fellows poorer than I \$100. For incidentals I spent \$85.60."

His actual expenditure therefore was \$680.74. In the summer he cleared \$100.50 working as a clerk. He bought books and began his senior year out of debt and with \$7.90 on hand.

In this, his fourth year, he had

\*New York Tribune.

\$1,021.21 as follows: Loan fund, \$75; beneficiary fund, \$20; odd jobs, \$18.99; copying, \$24.50; tutoring, \$439.90; advertising scheme, \$72.39; teaching school, \$14; publishing notes, \$24; typewriting, \$107.43; publishing books, \$225.

Necessary expenses that year were \$462, but look at this: "I spend class day at an expense of \$100. I gave \$150 toward other students' expenses and added many books to my library, making my expenses for the year \$612.40, being graduated with \$266.70."

He owed the loan fund \$225, so that he was out of debt and had \$41.70 to the good.

This man in a way is a wonder. He says in the opening words of his statement: "I entered Harvard College with so poor a record that I received the maximum number of 'conditions.' Professor Briggs afterward told me that I passed so poor an examination in nearly everything that I was admitted because I came from a new school and was recommended as a faithful student."

And yet this poor student, making his own income in many ways, as has been shown, had bought a typewriter worth \$100, also a piano; increased his library by several hundred volumes, bought many useful articles, taken part in many branches of college life and work—social, athletic, literary and religious; had played on a 'Varsity team and on his class team in another sport, had found openings for work for other men, was graduated with his class, receiving a "cum laude," with courses to spare, and had got an "honorable mention" in one study. He had paid a debt contracted before he entered college, paid all his expenses for four years, advanced money to others and went away with his degree and \$41.70 buttoned under his coat. He says that he did not try to "make money," only earn enough "to get through," and he adds: "My health when I entered was very poor. I left college strong in body, better than at any time for ten years."

#### LAST OF THE GREEK BRIGANDS

*Blackwood's Magazine*

Security, which is now absolute within the frontiers of Greece, is as far as ever it was from prevailing in Turkey. The passes of Olympus, and the whole of the Albanian mountains are infested by brigands, who sustain themselves by levying blackmail on the farmers and villagers, and are always on the look-out for travellers whom they may hold at ransom. We asked if we could not obtain a Turkish escort. "Of course you may," was the reply, "but that would ensure your capture. The Turkish soldiers seldom receive any pay, and would certainly sell you to the brigands." We pointed to our arms and a plentiful supply of ammunition. "Useless," they said; "you would never have a chance of using them. The first notice you would have would be a loud command to halt, from a band concealed in rocks and brush, and if you disregarded it you would be shot down." So, reluctantly enough, we altered our plans. But it is exasperating that these beautiful highlands should remain inaccessible through the indolence and incapacity of a rotten Government. Where the will exists, the means of putting down brigandage are easy and inexpensive. They were adopted to good purpose in Greece during M. Tricoupis's first administration. He armed the peasantry, and set a price on every brigand's head. The peasants, hardy and warlike, were delighted at the chance of ridding themselves of their hated tormentors, and nothing has been heard of brigandage in Greece since the capture of Colonel Syngé in 1881. That gentleman occupied a large farm on the borders of Albania. Relying on the fidelity and courage of his retainers, he laughed at the warnings of his friends, till one night his grange was surrounded and attacked. He made good his defence till the marauders managed to fire the premises. Burnt and smoked out, he was captured; between twenty and thirty of

his Albanians were murdered on the spot, and he himself was carried off and held to ransom for the usual price asked for an Englishman, £15,000, coupled with the conditions of indemnity for the band, and the release of some of their friends who were in prison. The English Government paid down the ransom, recovering it afterwards from the Turks by stopping it out of the revenues of Cyprus; the other conditions were agreed to, and it is said that the chief of the band retired to one of the islands, where he has since lived in comfortable and peaceful circumstances. But that was the end of it, and since then tourists have been as safe from molestation in all parts of Greece as they are in Dumbartonshire.

#### A PHENOMENAL COMMONWEALTH

John James Ingalls.....Harper's Magazine

For a generation, Kansas has been the testing-ground for every experiment in morals, politics, and social life. Doubt of all existing institutions has been respectable. Nothing has been venerable or revered merely because it exists or has endured. Prohibition, female suffrage, fiat money, free silver, every incoherent and fantastic dream of social improvement and reform, every economic delusion that has bewildered the foggy brains of fanatics, every political fallacy nurtured by misfortune, poverty, and failure, rejected elsewhere, has here found tolerance and advocacy. The enthusiasm of youth, the conservatism of age, have alike yielded to the contagion, making the history of the State a melodramatic series of cataclysms, in which tragedy and comedy have contended for the mastery, and the convulsions of nature have been emulated by the catastrophes of society. There has been neither peace, tranquility nor repose. The farmer can never foretell his harvest, nor the merchant his gains, nor the politician his supremacy. Something startling has

always happened, or has been constantly anticipated. The idol of to-day is execrated to-morrow. Seasons of phenomenal drought, when the sky was brass and the earth iron, have been followed by periods of indescribable fecundity, in which the husbandman has been embarrassed by abundance, whose value has been diminished by its excess. Cyclones, blizzards, and grasshoppers have been so identified with the State in public estimation as to be described by its name, while some of the bouleversements of its politics have aroused the inextinguishable laughter, and others have excited the commiseration and condemnation of mankind.

#### A PROFESSOR'S DUTIES

Popular Science Monthly

In this connection you may pardon me for a word of my own experience, when twenty years ago I set out in search of a place for work. A chair of Natural History was the height of my aspirations; for anything more specialized than this it seemed useless to hope. I was early called from New York to such a chair in a well-known college of Illinois. But in those days the work of a college chair was never limited by its title. As a Professor of Natural History I taught zoölogy, botany, geology, physiology—of course, a little of each, and to little purpose. Then physics, chemistry, mineralogy, natural theology, and political economy, also as a matter of course. With these went German, Spanish, and evidences of Christianity, because there was no one else to take them. There finally fell on me the literary work of the college—the orations, essays, declamations, and all that flavorless foolishness on which the college depended for a creditable display at commencement. When to this was added a class in the Sunday school, you will see why it seemed necessary that the naturalist and the professor must sooner or later part company. I tried at one time to establish a little labora-



tory in chemistry, but met with a sharp rebuke from the board of trustees, who directed me to keep the students out of what was called the cabinet, for they were likely to injure the apparatus and waste the chemicals. When I left this college and looked elsewhere for work, I found on all sides difficulty and disappointment; for the reputation I had, wholly undeserved, I am sorry to say, was the dreaded reputation of a specialist. The question of theological orthodoxy seemed everywhere to be made one of primary importance, and candidates for chairs who, like myself, were not heretics on the subject of the origin of species, passed the rock of evolution only to be stranded on the inner shoals of the mysteries of the Scottish philosophy. In the university of the future all departments of human knowledge, all laws of the omnipresent God, will be equally cherished because equally sacred.

#### UNIVERSITY LIFE IN GERMANY

*Edward Everett Hale . . . . . Boston Commonwealth*

In a German's life at a German university, I incline to think, university work is a more important factor than in the life of a student here with us; that is to say, if he does any work at all. He gives it a more prominent position in his social life than is the custom with us; he chooses his friends often from among his co-workers in a way that is rare with us; he discourses on his studies in leisure moments as few Americans would do at home; a good deal of his social life may be based upon his interest in this or that branch of science. This seems strange to us; but it is to a great extent with a German in a German university, and it is apt to be doubly so with an American. For the American cannot avail himself of the various kinds of diversion that attract the attention of the German, and often he would not desire to do so if he could, through lack of interest or through lack of time. He has come to Germany for a limited period and he

wishes to make the most of it. But it is not merely that it is practically convenient for an American to keep his work quite constantly before his eyes. There is another cause which goes to account in a measure for the scholarly atmosphere. I think it will be allowed by all who have studied in Germany or lived there for a time, that university work holds there a far more important place, in more ways than one, than it does with us. With a student in America, in his undergraduate days at least, college work is pretty well jostled and even put to the wall by athletics, society or a hundred other things. So it is in Germany with a certain class of students. But with the majority the university takes the place of the professional school with us, and here, even with us, work is generally given the first place. With the German student, university work need not fear athletics as a rival, nor indeed much of anything except the corps or other student society; and with these corporations it is perfectly understood that each is to take its turn. For two or three years, the corps has full swing; then the university. It is hardly worth while to go farther in the matter, to point out the comparative positions which scholarship holds in German civilization and in American. I am, on the whole, of opinion that in Germany the scholar is regarded with greater respect in every way than with us, and it seems to me very natural that this should be so, for very many reasons. Recognizing it as a fact, one can very easily see how "shop" should be a far more constant factor in social intercourse in Germany than here at home, and especially with an American. He himself regards his own work (and, by courtesy, that of his fellows) as a most important thing. In the society to which he finds admittance, he sees that it is also most important, or at least highly honorable. A man is thus put into an attitude with respect to his work that is of great value to him.

## SOME WEIRD EXPERIENCES\*

I have had several experiences that have demonstrated to me that physical objects are sometimes moved in a way that cannot be accounted for by any muscular power, or by any mere physical force with the workings of which I am acquainted. I was sitting one evening at the house of a friend, a lady whom I had known for eight or ten years. Neither she nor her husband was a Spiritualist; but that which, for want of a better name, we call psychic force, was sometimes manifested in her presence. Both she and her husband were simply inquirers, as I was. At the end of the evening I rose to go. Many inexplicable things had already occurred. Then I thought I would try a simple experiment. She and I stood at opposite sides of the table at which we had been sitting. Both of us having placed the tips of our fingers lightly on the top of the table, I spoke as if addressing some unseen force connected with the table, and said: "Now I must go; will you not accompany me to the door?" The door was ten or fifteen feet distant and was closed. The table started. It had no casters and in order to make it move as it did we should have had to go behind and to push it. As a matter of fact, we led it, while it accompanied us all the way and struck against the door with considerable force. I then lifted it and carried it back into the middle of the room. My friend then stood at the end of it opposite to me, while I stood at some distance away, between it and the door. I addressed it again, as though talking to an intelligent being, and said: "Will you not lift for me the other end of the table?" My friend stood with only the tips of her fingers touching the upper side of the table near the end. Immediately the end of the table next to her was lifted

into the air, and the table went through a motion as if bowing to me, bending over as far as her arms could reach. In this case, I might have been suspicious of some possible trick but for two considerations: First, I knew and trusted my friend; second, I could plainly see the hands, and knew that the thumbs were not under the edge of the table. Besides, I had learned before, under other conditions, that this power of moving physical objects did exist.

I add one more experiment of my own. I sat one day in a heavy stuffed arm-chair. The psychic sat beside me, and laying his hand on the back of the chair gradually raised it. Immediately I felt and saw myself, chair and all, lifted into the air at least one foot from the floor. There was no uneven motion implying any sense of effort on the part of the lifting force; and I was gently lowered again to the carpet. This was in broad light, in a hotel parlor, and in the presence of a keen-eyed lawyer friend. I could plainly watch the whole thing. No man living could have lifted me in such a position, and besides, I saw that the psychic made not the slightest apparent effort. Nor was there any machinery or preparation of any kind. My companion, the lawyer, on going away, speaking in reference to the whole sitting, said: "I've seen enough evidence to hang every man in the State—enough to prove everything excepting this!"

The first time I was ever in the presence of a particular psychic, she went into a trance. She had never seen, and so far as I know, had never had any way of hearing of my father, who had died some years previously. When I was a boy he always called me by a special name that was never used by any other member of the

\*From "Psychics," by Rev. Minot J. Savage. (Arena Publishing Company).

family. In later years he hardly ever used it. But the entranced psychic said: "An old gentleman is here;" and she described certain very marked peculiarities. Then she added: "He says he is your father, and he calls you —," using this old childhood name of mine.

On another occasion a friend went to the same psychic, taking an unmarked lock of my hair in an envelope. This envelope was put into her hand after she had become entranced. She not only at once told my name, but also details of many occurrences that had taken place in my study—things that were said and done, the peculiar way in which the lock was cut off, and the like. Nothing whatever had been said about me, and there was nothing that, in the mind of the psychic, could have associated the visitor with me.

One case more only will I mention under this head. A most intimate friend of my youth had recently died. She had lived in another State, and the psychic did not know that such a person had ever existed. We were sitting alone when this old friend announced her presence. It was in this way: A letter of two pages was automatically written, addressed to me. I thought to myself as I read it—I did not speak.—"Were it possible, I should feel sure she had written this." I then said, as though speaking to her: "Will you not give me your name?" It was given, both maiden and married name. I then began a conversation lasting over an hour, which seemed as real as any I ever have with my friends. She told me of her children, of her sisters. We talked over the events of boyhood and girlhood. I asked her if she remembered a book we used to read together, and she gave me the author's name. I asked again if she remembered the particular poem we were both specially fond of, and she named it at once. In the letter that was written and in much of the conversation, there were apparent hints

of identity, little touches and peculiarities that would mean much to an acquaintance, but nothing to a stranger. I could not but be much impressed.

Now, in this case, I know that the psychic never knew of this person's existence, and of course not of our acquaintance. But I got nothing that I did not know, so I am not sure that this went beyond the limits of telepathy. But, if telepathy, it was entirely unconscious on the psychic's part. And in this case there was no trance.

But one more case dare I take the space for, though the budget is only opened. This one did not happen to me; but it is so hedged about and checked off that its evidential value in a scientific way is absolutely perfect. The names of some of the parties concerned would be recognized in two hemispheres. A lady and gentleman visited a psychic. The gentleman was the lady's brother-in-law. The lady had an aunt who was ill in a city two or three hundred miles away. When the psychic had become entranced, the lady asked her if she had any impression as to the condition of her aunt. The reply was, "No." But, before the sitting was over, the psychic exclaimed: "Why, your aunt is here! She has already passed away."

"This cannot be true," said the lady; "there must be a mistake. If she had died, they would have telegraphed us immediately." "But," the psychic insisted, "she is here. And she explains that she died about two o'clock this morning. She also says a telegram has been sent, and you will find it at the house on your return."

Here seemed a clear case for a test. So, while the lady started for home, her brother-in-law called at the house of a friend and told the story. While there, the husband came in. Having been away for some hours he had not heard of any telegram. But the friend seated himself at his desk and wrote a careful account, which all three signed on the spot. When they

reached home—two or three miles away—there was the telegram confirming the fact and the time of the aunt's death, precisely as the psychic had told them.

Here are most wonderful facts. How shall they be accounted for? I have not trusted memory for these things, but have made careful record at the time. I know many other records of a similar kind kept by others. They are kept private. Why? Sometimes it is for fear of being thought superstitious; at other times it is because of a wish to avoid wounding the feelings of friends who, for religious or other reasons, are opposed to these things. Then, again, the communications are of so personal a nature that they are spoken of only to intimate friends.

#### MENTAL SOMERSAULT

*Atlantic Monthly*

Who can throw a little light upon that common trouble with most of us, getting turned round? Who will make clear what mental somersault is, psychological topsy-turvy?—call it what you please; you all know what I mean. Do we share this trouble with animals generally? May we ever acquire, what is a marked characteristic with many of the lower animals, that homing instinct, for the lack of which our Homers and Shakespeares lose their bearings sometimes, and cannot tell "where they are at"? Is there any cure for general debility in sense of direction? What has happened to our inner consciousness, our basic convictions, when the foundations of the compass are removed and set up where they do not belong, and when they persist in remaining there in spite of everything? Who has not gone far astray because of mental somersault? Who has not had a delightful journey strangely bewildered, if not made actually disagreeable, by the struggle entailed in keeping up a pretense of belief that he was going in exactly the opposite direction to that in which he believed himself to face? "How could I be happy in

San Francisco?" writes a sufferer.—"The west lay between me and Chicago and the Pacific was the eastern boundary of the continent." "All my life long," writes another, "whenever I have turned off from an avenue running east and west, into my side-street, which runs north and south, my street at once swings round and runs eastward, as did the avenue. In my mind, my home, which actually faces the east, has always faced the north. Just across my garden, to the south, everything swings back again for me. There is that disordered section of my brain which years and discipline have failed to regulate. My home will face the north, to me, as long as I live—will stand on a line with the avenue. 'Not he is great,' says Emerson, 'who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind.' This is no uncommon experience. Few are the mental maps whose every section stands square with the compass. Certain rooms in our houses, cupboards, or staircases have a trick of swinging away from their true relations to the compass, and forever staying where they once swung. Can our sense of direction, our homing instinct, ever be cultivated to that degree that we may rely upon it in a great hotel, for instance, in finding our room, as does the stormy petrel, far out to sea, trust to its infallible guide in reaching its nest, hundreds of miles away?

#### ONE SAD DAY

*Frank L. Stanton . . . . . Atlantic Constitution*

One sad day when the sun's gold crown  
Jeweled the desolate, dreamy west,  
I came with a burden and laid it down  
Under the lilies and leaves to rest:  
And, weeping, I left it and went my way  
With the Twilight whispering: "God  
knows best!"

One sweet day—it was long ago,  
And thorny the paths my feet have pressed  
Since with tears and kisses I laid it low—  
Soul of my soul and life of my breast!  
But kneeling now in the dark to pray,  
There comes with a song from the sunless  
west

The same sweet voice that I heard that day—  
The Twilight whispering: "God knows  
best!"

## THE BUDDHIST HELL\*

The first kingdom with its Hall of Judgment is presided over by King Tsung Kwong, who is seated on his throne clad in regal robes. Behind him are attendants with huge fans, for this is evidently a hot place. Before him are arraigned persons who have committed various crimes. The principal culprits are those who have committed suicide and brought misery on others by their death. These are doomed to suffer like Tantalus, surrounded by food which they cannot touch and "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Four times each month they are supposed to endure the same agonies as attended their acts of self-destruction. After two years their spirits are permitted to return to the place of suicide, and an opportunity is given them to repent. If they are still obdurate, they are brought back for further castigation. Devils lead their wicked manes about in chains or heavy wooden collars, and hold up mirrors before them in which are reflected their crimes and the forms of beasts and reptiles in which they are doomed to reappear in this world. One demon is seen holding a poor wretch by the queue about to hurl him upon a bed of spikes upon which others are already impaled. Wicked priests and nuns who stole offerings for the poor and pocketed fees for masses and orisons that they have never said, or only partially so, are shut up in dark cells and condemned to read aloud from small type and with only a tiny taper's light, those Sutras they neglected during life.

The second kingdom is under the presidency of King Cho Kong. It is situated under the Southern Sea, and has sixteen sub-hells within its territory. The criminals who come here

are priests who have inveigled children away from their homes to make them monks and nuns; men who have decoyed children from their parents and sold them into bondage; persons who have defamed their neighbors or brought evil upon them by false accusation; men who have carelessly maimed others and made no reparation; ignorant physicians and quacks whose malpractice brought their patients to an untimely grave; masters and mistresses who have refused to manumit their slaves when adequate redemption was offered, or who have held marriageable servant girls in bondage beyond the customary age; villainous marriage brokers who have deliberately arranged alliances between healthy persons and those afflicted with leprosy or other incurable diseases; fraudulent trustees and guardians who have squandered estates and deprived their wards of their property. These are cast naked upon the Hadean ice-fields, or thrown into the "black-cloud sand"—a quicksand in which they are slowly engulfed. Rapacious and extortionate officials are thrust into iron cages, unable to move their limbs or stand erect, and wheeled round by hideous fiends. After centuries of torture they will repent and be allowed to return to earth in the bodies of loathsome reptiles.

The third kingdom of purgatory is under the direction of King Sung Tae. It is said to be situated at the bottom of the ocean, under the southeast corner of the Yuk Chin Rock, and contains sixteen prisons. Here are brought the disloyal, the contumacious, the unfaithful and disobedient; ministers of State whose treason endangered the government and brought trouble to the State; saucy

\* F. J. Masters in the Californian.



wives and concubines who defied the authority of their lords; undutiful children, disobedient servants and mutinous soldiers; shopmen who cheated their employers; jail-breakers and runaway convicts, whose escape from punishment involved their guards and wardens in trouble; geomancers who cheated their clients and chose unlucky sites for graves; grave-diggers who, like Hamlet's clown, disturbed people's graves and cast up dead men's bones to make room for another's sepulture; men who neglected their families and forgot where to find the tombs of parents and ancestors; busybodies who spread scandal, stirred up strife and provoked litigation; scribes who forged or altered deeds and tampered with accounts. All these stand trembling, guilty and accursed before the inexorable judge. A legion of foul fiends encircle them about, ready to drag them to the hells where other victims are already writhing in agony. Some are cast into caldrons of boiling oil, others impaled on spikes. Some are torn by tigers and wild beasts, yet never devoured; others are pierced with arrows, yet never slain. Women who killed their husbands are chained to iron posts and disemboweled; others are slashed with knives, moaning piteously for death which comes not to their relief. Traitors and rebels are bound to red-hot furnaces on wheels and drawn about by fiends, "burning continually, yet unconsumed; dying perpetually, yet never dead," and ever cursing and gnashing their teeth because they cannot end their miserable lives.

The fourth kingdom of purgatory is presided over by King Ng Koon. It is said to be situated under the ocean, on the eastern side of the Yuk Chin Rock. Under Ng Koon's jurisdiction are sixteen prisoners where the punishments fit the crime. Here come traders guilty of using light weights and false balances, of selling adulterated food, marketing sham

fabrics and passing counterfeit coin; physicians who administer inferior drugs; niggards who hoarded up a specific which might have cured a suffering neighbor; ruffians who pushed aside the aged and the weak; the rascals who plundered their richer neighbors, and the rich who neglected the poor; the thief who stole oil from street lamps; the man who cast refuse, dead animals, and broken glass and pottery on the public highway; the blackguard who uttered loud-mouthed curses and blasphemies and committed other nuisances on the public streets (what a pity Ng Koon has no jurisdiction in California), all receive sentence in this court and are dragged off to the caves of perdition. The trader who sold by short measures and light weights is met by a hideous demon with a huge steel-yard, who thrusts a huge hook into the fleshy part of the body, adjusts the weight and holds the culprit suspended in mid-air till he has expiated his offenses. Those who have sold adulterated goods are thrown into a large mortar and pounded by foot pestles worked by fiends. One scene represents a poor wretch who had stolen food to save his family from starvation. He, too, is thrown into the mortar. He appeals to Heaven. His cries are heard by the goddess of mercy. Kwan Yum—all compassionate is she—appears in the clouds and rains down lotus flowers that so completely cover the man's body as to protect it from the crushing blows. Swindlers are doomed to wear ponderous wooden collars, in which it is impossible to lie down to rest. Thieves are dismembered, dragged over rows of spikes, or submerged in ponds of blood. When their terms of punishment have expired, they are allowed to return to earth in the form of beasts, reptiles or insects.

The fifth kingdom of purgatory is in charge of King Yim Loh. This is the Chinese Pluto who once had the

presidency of the first kingdom. The pearly emperor, to whom the kings of Hades hold allegiance, degraded him to the fourth place for permitting the ghosts of suicides, whom oppression had goaded to self-destruction, to return to the earth and take vengeance on those who had done them wrong. Sixteen hell prisons are under his jurisdiction, where are found racks, stocks, mills and other implements of torture. Unbelievers in the doctrines of Buddha, revilers of the virtuous, iconoclasts and incendiaries, men who have broken open sepulchers, or stopped wells and water courses are dragged into these chambers of retribution. At first these culprits are taken to the top of a pagoda, 490 feet high, from which lofty height they are permitted to view afar off their village homes and the scenes of their happy childhood. All the past delights of home, the companionship of wife, children and friends rise up before their vision, and as they gaze upon loved ones so near and yet so far, and behold familiar scenes to which, alas, they can never, never return, tears flow from their eyes, bitter laments escape their lips, vain regrets for the irreparable past, and tearful longings for the happy days that are no more. In the midst of their wails and sobs they are dragged down to the chambers of torture. Some are disemboweled and their vicera devoured by dogs and serpents that bark and hiss at their feet. Some are sawn asunder. Others are compelled to grovel in fire and pick up and swallow red-hot pills of iron. At the end of their torments they are metamorphosed into the bodies of birds, dogs and other animals, and sent back into the world to commence life afresh.

#### THE MISER'S PLEASURES

*Black and White*

"In what exactly does the miser's pleasure consist?" asked the journalist. "I read a case the other day that made me wonder about that. An

old widow at Jersey had not been seen for several days; she was found in her house, alone, ill, and in want of food. She had at the time between eight and ten thousand pounds, some in gold and some in notes; they discovered it in all kinds of hiding-places about the house. Now, I suppose that the old lady lived in that way because she liked it. But why on earth did she like it—unless she was mad?"

"It's all quite rational," the Ordinary Man said. "If I had from eight to ten thousand and a few decent hiding places, I am not sure that I wouldn't start as a miser myself. Of course, the pleasure consists in having power secretly—in feeling that you could do things if you would. Your old lady at Jersey could, in all probability, have completely changed the attitude of many people towards her; she was not really the feeble thing that she seemed; she had money at her disposal and could do good or evil with it as she liked. The feeling that you could surprise people is in itself a pleasure."

"Yes, that's all very well," the Eminent Person said, "but why does not the miser increase his capital by using it, and thereby increase his power? Why does he put his money in a teapot instead of putting it into a bank?"

"Possibly, if one may judge from recent revelations, for the sake of greater security. It may be partly from distrust and ignorance, of course, that a miser does not invest his money; but I think that the chief reason is the desire for secrecy."

"I never had a tame miser of my own," said the Mere Boy, "but I've read of several of the notable specimens, and some of them keep their money in the usual way. It's a special variety that puts its fortune in the teapot. There's a decayed old anecdote of a miser who inherited a large sum on condition that he buried one hundred pounds of it in the testator's coffin. The miser fulfilled the condi-

tion. He wrote a check for one hundred pounds, payable to the deceased's order, and buried that."

#### THE MYSTERY OF ATMOSPHERE

*Christian Union*

On dark or lifeless days the lighting of the fire works a kindred miracle in the study; it fills the room with life, color, change. The four walls are unchanged; the books look down in the old order from the shelves; the table overflows as of old with magazines and volumes in the act of being read; it is the same room; and yet it is not the same, for it is pervaded by a different atmosphere. Nothing is more elusive than this intangible thing we call atmosphere, but nothing holds more of the magic of beauty and the charm of life. It is, indeed, a very subtle and pervasive form of life; the form which finds its delicate and fadeless record in art. Those transparent dawns which the lover of Corot knows so well are but marvelous impressions of atmosphere; the wonder is not in earth or sky, it is in the fusion of light and air. There is no bit of nature that a man loves which has not this spell for him; rocks, trees, and running stream remain to-day as they were yesterday, but they are changed, for a different atmosphere enfolds them. There is no symbol of permanency on this perishing earth of ours so impressive as a mountain range; but there is no created thing so full of the mystery of change. Distance, height, mass, and relation are never the same two hours together. On some mornings the hills are remote, inaccessible, immobile, of unbroken surface; but when the afternoon comes, behold! they are near, soft of tone, with outlines that seem almost fluid in their mobility, and with great fissures, full of golden light, opening their very heart to the day.

#### "A LIFE"

*Henry Russell Wray* ..... *Belford's*

Duty slept. His face was one of strength and beauty; the mouth was firm, almost hard.

Every mark in the features told its mission, and played its part in the completion of the perfected whole.

One strong bared arm lay on his breast, his head resting on the other.

Over the loins was thrown the skin of a wild beast, yellow, spotted with black.

He was fast asleep.

Playing around him was a harmless, innocent-looking child whose great golden locks fell in tangled curls on white shoulders.

His face was fair to look on; his eyes had marked power, and danced with glee.

His plaything was a large ball, and in his romping he was cautious lest he should arouse or disturb Duty; but he often grew dangerously near and boisterous, and tossed it again and again in mid-air, to catch and clasp it to his white breast.

By and by the covering on the ball became loosened, yet the laughing child Indulgence tossed it higher, and it returned always to his hands.

Duty slept on.

Then there stood before laughing Indulgence and sleeping Duty a tall, gaunt figure, with sad eyes deeply sunken, and thin gray hair; he trembled as he advanced with outstretched arms to take the ball from the playful child, who only hugged it tighter and refused to give it up.

Then the tall figure Experience pleaded with the child, but to no avail, and, catching him in his arms, tried to rescue the worn plaything, but in the scuffle the ball dropped from the arms of Indulgence, tattered and torn; it was wrecked man.

The noise awoke Duty, but it was too late. Experience released Indulgence, who was now crying at the loss of a toy, and went on his weary way.

## WISDOM IN A NUTSHELL

Happiness has been defined as having things; better still, as having what you want; still better, as being able to do without what you want. .

. Heaven on earth? It is doing work that you like to do, and being well paid for it. . . The provoking part of the housekeeping care is that no one notices if the right thing is done; they only notice when it is left undone. . . Some people with faults are like the robins Lowell speaks of: they destroy your cherries, but, on the whole, you would rather have the robins than the cherries. .

. Every man has as many reputations as he has friends. . . I am not too proud to walk, but I am too proud to ride in a shabby *coupe*! . . He is perfectly harmless as an enemy, but very dangerous as a friend. . . Learn to forgive your neighbor as easily as you forgive yourself.—*The Century*.

Anyone will do to love—but choose a friend carefully. . . How imperative is duty—when it sides with inclination. . . Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire—except the fool-killer. . . It is easy enough to get married. The present problem is how to stay so. . . We think it strange that a friend cannot keep the secret we were unable to keep from telling him!—*Kate Field's Washington*.

It takes as much time an' wind to say a silly nothin', as it would to utter a proverb or a beatitude. . . Honesty alone never made a lazy man rich, nor kept an industrious man poor. . . It won't be much consolation in the judgment for a man to know that once he was bowed down to for havin' a million dollars of stolen money. . . A man orten to expect to draw any more filial respect from

posterity than he has deposited with ancestry. . . The love of money is like a flea bite, when you begin to scratch it you never get done wantin' to scratch for it. . . A boy with his first pair of pants can git more rale wealth in his pockets in a day than Jay Gould could crowd into his'n in a life time.—*Ram's Horn*.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they get there all the same. . . A good many men are more interested in having work than poverty abolished. . . The car stove must go. Exactly. About the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour. . . The preacher tells you that you should marry for love, and yet he often married for money. . . Some men would think they were cheated if they had the mumps lighter than their neighbors.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Even silence is sometimes dangerous. . . All hobbies are pets, although some of them are very wild. . . Contentment is never picked up in the road. . . As a rule the devil is to pay in advance. . . Do not cast your slurs upon the water. . . Cheap talk sometimes costs a fellow more than any other kind.—*Galveston News*.

Indolence not seldom wears the mask of Patience and receives her rewards. . . A high-arched instep is not the only inconvenience attending aristocratic lineage. . . Precautions taken against disease are frequently more troublesome than the disease itself. . . The potter and the smith put not the pains of their elaborate workmanship into soft metal and brittle clay. . . It seems that wordy and tedious piety springs as often from a feeble digestion as from a naturally religious temperament.—*Judge*.

## TO-MORROW

Walter Learned.....The Century

With half averted face she stood  
And answered to his questioning eyes,  
" 'Tis nothing. It is but my mood;  
'Tis not the day for sweet replies.

"Perchance to-morrow"—Ah, who knows  
What fate may with to-morrow come?  
For aye some questioning eyes may close,  
Some lips may be forever dumb.

### HARDER

Eva L. Ogden.....The Travelers' Record

'Tis hard to go away and leave  
The friends we love behind us,  
Not knowing where to-morrow's sun  
When it shall rise may find us;  
To miss the dear delights of home,  
The old familiar faces,  
And wander heart-sick and forlorn  
Through unaccustomed places.  
But oh, to stay! to watch one go,  
No sign of sorrow making,

And turn to work again the while  
The heart is well-nigh breaking!

'Tis hard to die; all the sweet ties  
Of this sweet life to sever,  
And from earth's laughter and its tears  
To pass away forever.

But oh, to live! when hope and joy  
In one low grave are sleeping,  
And sorrow-burdened hearts can scarce  
See the blue sky for weeping!

### YOU LOV'D ME ONCE!

Edward Oxenford.....Young Ladies' Home Journal

You lov'd me once! but well I know  
You do not love me now,  
And I, as hopes still fainter grow,  
To your decree must bow!  
Yet could you see the love supreme  
That rests within my heart,  
I do not think that you would deem  
It well that we should part!  
For love like mine is rare,  
And comes but once—no more!  
It true remains,  
And never wanes,  
Till life itself be o'er!

You lov'd me once! I do not know  
Why love you should recall,  
For you to me still dearer grow,  
And are my all-in-all!  
O, say your edict does not live,  
My hand in yours enfold,  
The past, if I have erred, forgive,  
And love me as of old!  
For love like mine is rare,  
And comes but once—no more!  
It true remains,  
And never wanes,  
Till life itself be o'er!

### HEART GROWTH

Cornelia Redmond.....Ladies' Home Journal

In early days we passing fancies take,  
Our love is changing, and our hearts un-  
true  
As butterflies that flit from flower to  
flower,  
For fickle childhood ever seeks the  
new.

But as the years go by we come to feel  
That scenes and faces strange, and all  
the rest  
Can never be the same as 'those we've  
known,  
And that "old tunes are sweetest, old  
friends best."

### ASPIRATION

Edith Willis Linn.....The Century

I am the blush of the summer rose,  
The flush of the morn,  
The smile on the face of the dead,  
The song newly born  
From heart of the poet, from shell of the sea,  
From rush of the river that oceanward flows.

I am immortal. Who knows me is glad.  
Men give me the name  
Of passions that kindle the soul—  
Love, faith, beauty, fame.  
I dwell with all these, yet am higher than all.  
Without me the angels of heaven were sad.

### HOPE

W. D. Howells.....Harper's Magazine

Yes, death is at the bottom of the cup,  
And every one that lives must drink it up;  
And yet between the sparkle at the top  
And the black lees where lurks that bitter  
drop,  
There swims enough good liquor, heaven  
knows,  
To ease our hearts of all their other  
woes.

The bubbles rise in sunshine at the brim;  
That drop below is very far and dim;  
The quick fumes spread and shape us such  
bright dreams  
That in the glad delirium it seems  
As though by some deft sleight, if so we  
willed,  
That drop untasted might be somehow  
spilled.



## GEORGE SAND AND HER CONVENT SISTERS

The Convent Life of George Sand is a translation by Maria Ellery Mackaye (Roberts) of that portion of "L'Histoire de ma Vie" covering the schooldays of the great French authoress. The translator has preserved

We had in the convent a childish notion of respecting the priority of friendship, and we exacted it of one another. We used to make out a list of our intimates in regular succession; and the initials of the four or five favorite games decorated, like her-



the simplicity of the original and the naïve picture of the little school-girls—goodies, stupids and devils, the last of course embracing the writer—is illustrated in the following extract:—

aldic devices, the walls, our copy-books, and the tops of our desks. When the first place had been once taken, we had no right to give it to another; priority was an obligation. Thus my list, while I was in the upper class, always consisted of Isabella

Clifford at the head; then came Sophia Cary; Fanelly could only have the third place, although I loved her more than the others, and she had no friend but me. She accepted, however, without pain or jealousy, this inferior rank. After her came Anna Vié, who took the fourth place; and for a year I had no other intimacies. The name of Madame Alicia, however, crowned the list; and she was placed above them all, alone. The initials of my four companions formed the word "ISFA," which I wrote on everything that belonged to me, like a cabalistic formula. Sometimes it was surrounded by a halo of little a's, to show that Alicia filled all the rest of my heart. How often Madame Eugénie,—who, even with her poor eyes, saw everything,—in examining our papers, puzzled herself over this mysterious word! Since we all had a logograph of some kind, she was inclined to think it must be some sort of cipher, in which we were conspiring against her authority; but when she questioned us, we all said it was a word we used to try our pens. Mystery is so delightful,—especially when the secret is transparent!

Anna Vié, my fourth letter, was very intelligent, gay, fond of mischief and ridicule,—the wittiest girl in school and the most amusing. Poor, and unprepossessing in appearance, we loved her all the more for these two disadvantages, of which she was always making fun herself. She was an orphan, under the care of an old Greek uncle, whom she hardly knew, and of whom she was very much afraid. A leader among "les diables," a very high-tempered, and dreaded on account of her sharp tongue, she had, nevertheless, a noble, generous heart. Her sparkling gaiety masked a great deal of real bitterness; but the future that she dreaded, her wit that made her more feared than loved by most of the girls, her poor little shabby black gowns, her small undeveloped figure, her yellow, bilious complexion, her

queer little eyes, all were for her subjects of constant jests and ceaseless pain. Some said she was envious of others' advantages; but it was not so. She had excellent good sense; there was no meanness about her; and when she became intimate enough with us not to laugh at us or with us all the time, she excited our sympathy by her reticent unhappiness. We talked a great deal about a favorite project of mine—of taking her to Nohant to live. My grandmother consented, but Anna's uncle vetoed the plan.

For nearly a year Sophia, Fanelly, Anna and I were inseparable. I was the connecting link; for till Sophia accepted me for her second friend, and the two others had given me the first place, they had had little to do with one another. Our intimacy was unclouded, though it pained me sometimes that Sophia felt herself obliged to love the absent Isabella more than me; and then I thought it my bounden duty to love the absent Isabella and indifferent Sophia more than Fanelly and Anna, who adored me without any reserve. But that was the rule, the law; if we had disturbed the order of the list we should have thought ourselves guilty of the most reprehensible fickleness. After some months Isabella came back from Switzerland, but only to say good-bye; she was now to live in England. I was in great affliction, all the more because, engrossed by Sophia, who absorbed all her attention, she hardly took any notice of me, except to turn round and say, "What makes that child cry so?" That was the "unkindest cut of all;" but when Sophia told her that I had been her comforter, and that she had adopted me as her second friend, Isabella condescended to console me, and even invited me to join them in their walk. She made one more appearance among us, and then went away. I heard that she married a very wealthy man, but I never saw her again.

## "THE ADVERTISER'S SHAKESPEARE"\*

A great crime is in course of perpetration. Miscreants are seeking to deface one of our national glories. We are accustomed to boast, and justly, of our literature; great in many ways, our country is greatest in its books. And of all those whom Englishmen honor for their works, Shakespeare stands first and highest. It is at Shakespeare that the blow is aimed. The sacred text to which scholars have given the devotion of a lifetime is to be made the sport of Grub street hacks. The lofty thoughts which have cheered, inspired and elevated generations are to be twisted and defaced to puff the wares of advertising tradesmen. We raise our protest at once against this profanation. We echo George Eliot's condemnation of "such a "debasement of the moral currency." The parodist is a buffoon, standing where he ought not; but what parody is to the original, advertisement is to parody. Anthony Trollope recorded how the music of a beautiful passage in the Master was forever spoiled for him because he misread "damaged" cheek for "damask." But now it is proposed that all the beauties shall be misread. For our young men and maidens the stream of so much gracious knowledge is to be poisoned at the fount!

We expose at once the nature of the contemplated outrage. By accident there recently fell into our hands a circular marked "strictly private and confidential," intended, apparently, for a well-known advertising soapmaker. We give this precious document to the world verbatim:

"THE ADVERTISER'S SHAKESPEARE!

"This is the age of advertisement. The man who finds a new method of

attracting public attention earns the gratitude of all commercial men. Such a method has been devised by a syndicate who are about to publish, through an eminent firm of publishers, 'The Advertiser's Shakespeare.' The scheme of the work is, by judicious emendations of the text, to include in the body of Shakespeare's plays (which are read by thousands annually) advertisements of well-known wares. Every one is familiar with the sentence, 'What say you to a piece of beef and mustard? X.'s mustard is the best.—*Shakespeare.*' We propose to develop and systematize this idea; and we invite tenders for the blank spaces in the accompanying list of passages. As an example of our method, we adduce one or two illustrations:

### "I. Digestive Preparations.

*Macbeth.* Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both; and for digestion first  
And good health afterward, there is no stuff  
Like A.'s pepsine. Fall to, now!  
*Macbeth.*

### "II. Marking Inks.

*Leonato.* Oh, she is fallen  
Into a pit of ink that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;  
And wonder small—the ink is W.'s!  
*Much Ado About Nothing.*

### "III. Cocoa.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.  
*Canterbury.* 'T would drink the cup and all,  
As if 'twere X.'s cocoa.  
*Henry V.*

### "IV. Night Lights.

*Portia.* How far Brown's little night light  
throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  
*Merchant of Venice.*

\*The Gentleman's Magazine.

## A BUDDING NOVELIST\*

In a country rectory, in the interior of New York State, lives a small youth of ten years, who is possibly destined to illuminate the literary world.

His latest and most ambitious attempt at literature is a novel in three volumes. Its title is "Bloomfield; or, Love's Labor Lost." He explained the title by telling us that the hero, Roger Lindsay, is in love with the heroine, Jane Peabody, who does not return his affection. Therefore, by gifts, he tries to win her love. He is apparently successful at first, but finally she marries another man, and his labor is lost. Here is the preface, verbatim:—

"This book is not intended as a hit on any one. However, there are a great many people such as Mr. Lindsay, Foolish, Vain, and capable of committing any Atrocity, to make ends meet.

"Miss Peabody is not intended for a Representation of the Middle classes: she is only intended as a foolish, simple, head-strong girl; a little too given to love-affairs, and decidedly too loving to her suitors. It is to be hoped it will be very interesting and satisfactory to its readers, and very comprehensive to all."

Possibly it may be more "satisfactory and comprehensive to all" if an extract from the opening chapter is given:—

"I must explain that Miss Jane Peabody was wholly indifferent to Roger Lindsay, but loved William Marston. Roger knew this, but hoped to win her over to him, by presents, kindness, and attention.

[The profound knowledge of human nature that our budding novelist displays makes one turn pale. Where will he end?]

"Miss Peabody was sitting in her

house at 12.45, at noon, wondering at her lover's prolonged absence. Suddenly the doorbell rang loudly, and it was soon followed by a maid, who appeared at the door, and said in a pleasant voice,—

"'Roger Lindsay, ma'am.'

"'Show him in,' was the reply, given in an indifferent tone.

"Roger Lindsay lost no time in complying with the request, and politely advanced, with the remark,—

"'I've brought you a present, Miss Peabody.'

"'Oh, you have, have you? Won't you stay to dinner?' was the answer.

"'I believe I will, thank you,' said Roger, waiting for the burst of praise which would follow the opening of the package.

"To his surprise, however, the only remark which followed the revealing was,—

"'Oh, only a lace handkerchief!' saying which she politely blew her nose on it, and put it in her pocket, and asked him to sit down to dinner, which was announced just then.

"Roger was vexed. He had paid \$6.50 for a lace handkerchief only for this! Perhaps love might do; so, during dinner, he politely inquired,—

"'Will you marry me?'

"'I am engaged to Mr. William Marston,' was Miss Peabody's reply.

"'Look out,' said Roger. 'I can show you papers that that man marries you for Money. He has been in jail once, and in prison three times. You had better not marry him,' and he thought with glee of the forged papers that were to prove William Marston's ruin.

"'Where are the papers?' said Jane.

"'Home,' was the reply.

"'I would like to see them,' said Jane.

\*Atlantic Monthly.

"If you will wait a moment, I will bring them."

"Hurry up."

"Yes, I will."

Roger hurried away, and soon returned. He was believed, and from that day rose in the esteem of Miss Peabody.

"Five years passed slowly by. [This is the author's hiatus, not mine.] Roger, by constant attention, had won over Miss Peabody, who consented to marry him if her former lover did not turn up. Roger did not think he would, for no one knew of his whereabouts, or the reason of his absence; and the wedding was to be in two months.

"Roger had spent, in presents, about \$300.75 on Miss Peabody.

"But here an incident occurred that proved Roger Lindsay's RUIN. William Marston came home, and"—

But it is too harrowing a tale to allow of our following the fortunes of this interesting trio further. Let us call it a novel after Mr. James, and the reader may make his own ending.

#### LEIGH HUNT ON HIMSELF

*The London Athenaeum*

I am naturally hasty and jealous; or rather I was made jealous, as I believe others to be, in the common course of education, for I do not believe that unloving interferer with love to be a natural human passion. But I have become jealous for others more than of them; and the necessity for great patience has entirely subdued my hastiness; but the power of pleasing, and great indulgence from my friends, have left me a secret store of self-love, by reason of which I find the first smarting of any wound to my vanity extremely painful to me, so that I have to blush for myself for the very blushing that heats my cheek. But the next minute I philosophize myself quite out of the paroxysm; and I will affirm, as one of the surest things I know, that nobody can wound my self-love so much as to hinder me from valuing what is good

in him and proclaiming it. Melancholy has done me that kind service, that it has taught me to think too deeply of human nature to quarrel at heart with any being that belongs to it.

Revenge I should be too indolent to care about, even if I had not learnt to know it for what it is. I pretend to be above nothing in a proud sense; but some things I have got remote from, and this is one. Early delicacy of temperament, imagination, and a life of letters, accompanied with an improvidence partly occasioned by indolence, partly by animal spirits, and partly by the most singular missing of everything like an arithmetical education, have rendered excitement so tempting to me that were it not for my love of what is graceful I fear that the necessity for health itself would hardly hinder me from being a drinker and even a gourmand; and I confess it is a constant and hard exercise of my philosophy not to eat too much and make my stomach worse than it is. My friends will be surprised to hear this. But I flatter myself they will be more surprised when I tell them (and I suffer inexpressible pain in the telling it) that I am not a courageous man. I feel as if the respect of one sex and the love of the other were forsaking me when I say so; but they ought not, and this reflection reassures me. Yes, circumstances known only to myself have shown me that the organization I was born with has been weakened by subsequent cares and demands upon it into a mortifying destitution of physical courage. In a family of men remarkable for their bravery I am the only timid person. When I look round upon my brothers I think that the fears of a mother and the calamities caused by the American war have deprived me of a part of my birthright. But I have great moral courage. Allow me a pale face and a little reflection; and, as there is scarcely a danger in life which I have not hazarded, so there is none I could not go through with in a good cause.



## ABSURDITIES OF MODERN ROMANCE\*

If another Dickens were to break out to-morrow with the riotous tomfoolery of *Pickwick* at the trial, or of Weller and Stiggins, a thousand lucid criticisms would denounce it as vulgar balderdash. Glaucus and Nydia at Pompeii would be called melodramatic rant. The "House of the Seven Gables" would be rejected by a sixpenny magazine, and "Jane Eyre" would not rise above a common "shocker." Hence the enormous growth of the "Kodak" school of romance—the snap-shots at every-day realism with a hand camera. We know how it is done. A woman of forty, stout, plain, and dull, sits in an ordinary parlor at a tea-table, near an angular girl with a bad squint. "Some tea?" said Mary, touching the pot. "I don't mind," replied Jane in a careless tone; "I am rather tired and it is a dull day." "It is," said Mary, as her lack-lustre eyes glanced at the murky sky without. "Another cup?" And so the modern romance dribbles on hour by hour, chapter by chapter, volume by volume, recording, as in a phonograph, the minute commonplace of the average man and woman in perfectly real but entirely common situations. To this dead level of correctness literary purism has brought romance. In all the ages of great productive work there were intense individuality, great freedom, and plenty of failures. "Tom Jones" delighted the town which was satiated with gross absurdities, some of them, alas! from the pen of Fielding himself. Shakespeare wrote happily before criticism had invented the canons of the drama, and Sir Walter's stories had no reviews to expose his historical blunders. In the great romance age which began to decline some forty years ago, there was not a tithe of such good average

work as we get now; criticism had not become a fine art; every one was free to like what he pleased, and preposterous stuff was written and enjoyed. Of course it cannot be good to like preposterous stuff, and an educated taste ought to improve literature. But it is almost a worse thing when general culture produces an artificial monotony, when people are taught what they ought to like, when to violate the canons of taste is far worse than to laugh at the Ten Commandments. With a very high average of fairly good work, an immense mass of such work, and an elaborate code of criticism, the production of brilliant and inimitable successes is usually arrested in every field. Having thousands of graceful verse-writers, we have no poet; in a torrent of skillful fiction we have no great novelist; with many charming painters, who hardly seem to have a fault, we have no great artist; with *mises-en-scene*, make up, costumes and accessories for our plays such as the world never saw before, we have no great actor; and with ten thousand thoughtful writers, we have not a single genius of the first rank. Elaborate culture casts chill looks on original ideas. Genius itself is made to feel the crudeness and extravagance of its first efforts and retires with shame to take a lower place. We are all so fastidious about form and have got such fixed regulation views about form, we are so correct, so much like one another, such good boys and girls, that the eccentricities and idiosyncrasies of the inventive spirit are taught from childhood to control themselves and to conform to the decorum of good society. A highly organized code of culture may give us good manners, but it is the death of genius.

\*Frederick Harrison in the Forum.

# PASTEL

Henry Tyrrell..... *Cosmopolitan*

Exquisite art! that tak'st for the bestowing  
Of fadeless charm on evanescent things  
The powd'rous pigment from the night-  
moth's wings,  
And ray-borne dust with all the sunset  
glowing—  
That steal'st the pollen from red poppies  
blowing—  
Bloom o' the untouched grape—the haze  
that clings  
To woods autumnal; and for brush, the  
Spring's

First pussy-willow in the marsh-brake  
growing:

Thine be the miracle to paint her face,  
With eyelids closed as if but newly kiss'd,  
And the faint blush like roses through a  
mist,  
And, oh! diviner far, the radiant grace  
Of that swift look which did no longer  
dwell  
Than while one sweet word on our silence  
fell

## EMERSON

George C. Bragdon..... *Worthington's*

Leaping tradition's walls, beneath green  
trees  
He walked with happy looks, enlarged  
and free,  
And frightened formalisms with prophecies,  
Insights sublime, and faith's philosophy.

## TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Walter Storrs Bigelow..... *New England Magazine*

Now evening leads the tired hours  
That started briskly with the day;  
Now fade the weary hearted flowers,  
Which then were fresh and gay.

Slowly the once up-springing light  
Descends the western depths of sky;  
Long shadows now foretell the night,  
Where sullenly they lie.

So evening has its way, without;  
But cheerful radiance fills thy room;  
Let not the shadows round about  
Dismay thee with their gloom.

Thy lamp, when sunbeams lose their power,  
Shall burn with all the steadier ray,  
Till at the curtained midnight hour,  
It turns the dark to day.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

Robert Loveman..... *New England Magazine*

In lighter vein, one might indite  
To Preciosa something trite,—  
Liken her eyes to stars of night,  
'In lighter vein.

In lighter vein—but softly stay—  
When one doth writhe in grievous pain,  
With fevered brow and burning brain,

When shadows chase the sun away,  
And every infant hope is slain,  
How can one write, I pray, I pray,  
In lighter vein?

## A LINGUAL TRAGEDY

M. A. De Wolfe Howe, Jr..... *The Independent*

Long years ago when first he "read"  
For a leading magazine,  
The MSS. were things of joy,  
Spelled fair and written clean.

Ah, then his speech was sweet to hear,  
For was he not the child  
Of gentle folk whose English well  
Was never yet defiled?

But wo the day!—full soon its dawn—  
When Dialect appears,  
And Yankee, Scotch and Irish tales  
Lengthen his days to years.

Then Westward flies the twisted tongue,  
And plainmen sound their "burr,"  
And mining camps with clink of pick  
Their portion minister.

And on their heels a motley crew  
From Southern climes uprise,  
"Po' white trash," planters "fo' de wah,"  
"Fool niggers," "mammies" wise;

Lank Tennessean mountaineers  
With Georgia "crackers" share  
Their "wee-uns," "you-uns," and give forth  
For each *it is*, "hit air."

Perchance the "reader" meanwhile dips  
In Pennsylvania Dutch;  
But through it all how fares his speech  
So practiced with so much?

Alas! 'tis not the thing it was,  
Collegiate, pure and clear;  
Confused it falls and inexact  
Upon the startled ear.

And now, good luck! the hour has come  
When he must lose it quite;  
The French-Canadian tale is here  
In all its vandal might!

Farewell, brave "reader"; Magazine,  
No less farewell to thee!  
You answer not? Nay, do not try—  
Your speech were Greek to me!

## LITERARY ODDITIES AND HUMORS

### *No Verbiage Here*

The art of writing introductions to books may not be, strictly speaking, a fine art, but there has been some skilful work done in that line. For brevity in an introduction, it would be hard to surpass the author of a recently published volume, who inscribed the following on the page set apart for that purpose: "The Reader, My Book; My Book, the Reader."

### *Boston Prodigies.—Boston Transcript*

The Boston young lady is ready at eleven years of age to use her adjectives with skill, expressiveness and originality. A miss of that age was at the breakfast table the other morning. There was bacon. She had eaten a piece, and wanted some more. "Papa," she said, "will you please give me a piece this time that is a little less languid?" That reminded me of another young lady, scarcely older than this one, who had a beautifully colored toadstool pointed out to her in the woods one day. "Yes," she said, "it's rather brilliant, but don't you think it looks a trifle morbid?"

### *Modern Definitions.—London Truth*

CLUB.—A man's refuge from home.

CHURCH.—A woman's refuge from home.

GUN.—An instrument which kills before and which kicks behind.

CRITICISM.—The judgment passed by mediocrities upon their superiors.

JEALOUS HATRED.—The spontaneous tribute which small minds pay to great ones.

CONTEMPT.—A sentiment which we all express for each other, and which we most of us feel for ourselves.

A SMART LITTLE WOMAN.—A young married woman in search of a husband—somebody else's husband.

### *Word Coining.—Munsey's*

Words, like garments, bric-a-brac and manners, have their days of fashion and their hours of being relegated to the *passé*. All the poets nowadays are asking for "silence." They are calling your attention to "silence" in various keys. A few years ago we never came across "fad" except as a bit of English slang. Two years ago "vogue" was simply one of the words in the dictionary that nobody thought of making a point of using. Nowadays it has all the attractions of modernity. Edgar Saltus makes a tremendous effort now and then to make a word modish by putting it to uncommon use. In his "Mary Magdalen" he has taken "fumble" and applied it in a way calculated to catch the fancy. He talks of eyes "fumbling." But like every other fashion, these verbal fashions cannot be created. They must come spontaneously, out of some chance and catching usage.

### *"Gringos."—Chicago Figaro*

"That is almost as tough a yarn," remarked one of the listeners after a moment's silence, "as the one a San Antonio editor told us regarding the origin of the Mexican word *gringos* (foreigners), while on our trip through Mexico. It was to the effect that years ago a colony of emigrants from one of our Eastern States located on the rich farming lands a few miles from the city of Monterey, in the State of Nuevo Leon. Their numerous children were playing on the greensward one bright afternoon, when they joined and sang the little nursery song, 'Green grows the grass,' etc. A party of *peons* who were intently watching the children, and not knowing from whence they came, or what their nationality, from that time, when referring to the newcomers, for

want of a better name, called them *gringoes*, the first two words, as they understood them, of the little song they had heard the children sing.

*Socdollager.—Atlantic*

"Socdollager" was the uneducated man's transposition of "doxologer," which was the familiar New England rendering of "doxology." This was the Puritan term for the verse of ascription used at the conclusion of every hymn, like the "Gloria," at the end of the chanted psalm. On doctrinal grounds it was proper for the whole congregation to join in the singing, so that it became a triumphant winding up of the whole act of worship. Thus it happened that "socdollager" became the term for anything which left nothing else to follow; a decisive, overwhelming finish, to which no reply was possible.

*Fiction or Reality.—Humoristische Blatter*

An author engaged a young lady typewriter to take down his new novel from dictation. At the passage: "Oh! my adorable angel, accept the confession from my lips that I cannot exist without you! Make me happy; come and share my lot and be mine until death us do part!"—his fair secretary paused and candidly inquired: "Is that to go down with the rest?"

#### BROKEN ENGLISH

*The San Francisco Wasp*

I tries to teach my wife to spik zis fonny English tongue,  
And talks so much, and talks so long, I hurts me in ze lung.

She is ze brightest demoiselle, as effer she could be,  
But still she nevaire learn to spik ze English vell as me.

She always say "I vas content" ven "happy" she do mean,  
And tumbles efferly time she tries, right plump in ze tureen.

I like to have zat wife of mine ze English language know,  
But still her speaking nevaire is, or can be *comme il faut*.

I am disgust, I try so hard, and sometimes get ver' mad,  
For, ze diabel! ven I teach, vy do she spik so bad!

But vat care I to zis or zat—she understands my luff—

And zen for womens all mens knows zat one tongue is enough.

*Stram*

The Listener of the Boston Transcript has received two or three letters about the use of the word "stram" in the country, from which it appears that in the greater part of New England the word is "stram," and not "strawm," and that it does not mean to wander aimlessly, but to walk with an awkward, striding gate. The following is the most interesting note which he has received on the subject: "Where I was brought up—in Eastern Conneticut—the word '*stram*' was common among country people, but not in the sense of wandering or strolling about. It always meant to walk fast with awkward strides; e. g., the sight of an angry virago marching through the wet grass or uneven cornfield on some resolute errand was sure to call up the word *stram*, whether the looker-on spoke or only thought. The verb, with its verbal noun, *stramming*, was slightly sarcastic, and took the place of gentler description, according to one's mood. The nearest approach to the meaning referred to by the Listener—aimless motion here and there—was when people, in a jocose or reprehensive way, made a *gad-about* its nominative case. 'All the afternoon she's been *stramming* up and down the streets, and stopped at every store in town; and she's picked up gossip enough to last her a week.' Webster, by the way (old royal octavo edition), marks the word 'local and vulgar,' and defines it 'to spread out or sprawl.'"

*The Modern Newspaper*

The modern newspaper is a matter of astonishment to the French. La Nature, in its last number, has taken pains to collect some statistics con-

cerning the London Times, which, while interesting, are certainly far surpassed by some of the Sunday editions of American newspapers, like the New York Herald, the New York World, and Chicago Herald. The Times, in its ordinary edition, contains 16 pages, and costs six cents. Each page contains 13,700 words, or a total of 220,000 words for the entire newspaper—a number of words, which, if placed side by side without punctuation, would stretch a distance of about one mile. Nine per cent. of these words are abridgments such as lb. for pound, etc. In the sixteen pages of the newspaper there are 840,000 letters or characters. This is about five and one-half times as much as is printed in the largest French newspaper, *Le Temps*.

*A Librarian's Memory.—Washington Star*

The prodigious memory of Librarian Ainsworth Spofford of the Congressional Library is well known.

"Gen. Lew Wallace, while dining with me some time ago," said Gen. Evans, "told me how he got some of the material for the chapter which deals with the chariot race between Ben Hur and Messala. He doubted if there existed a book in the United States that contained what he wanted and referred to his particular matter and at the period—29 B. C.—but concluded that if it was not in the Congressional Library Mr. Spofford could aid him.

"He came to Washington and saw Mr. Spofford, explaining what he wanted. No book was on the shelves of the Congressional Library that would aid him, he was informed, and there was but one book in the United States that had any bearing upon the subject.

"'You will find it,' said Mr. Spofford, 'in the Athenæum Library in Boston. I don't remember its title; in fact, it has none. It is an old, plainly bound volume. The librarian will probably tell you he hasn't it, but he has, because I have seen it,

and it contains the material you want. I'll draw a diagram of the library so you can go to the book.'

"He drew the diagram and explained how Gen. Wallace was to go down this aisle and into that alcove, and that the book would be found upon a certain shelf so many books from the end. Armed with the diagram, Gen. Wallace proceeded to the Athenæum Library and was informed that they knew of no volume that contained the material he sought.

"He received permission to inspect the library, and, consulting his diagram, soon placed his hands upon an old musty volume, just where Mr. Spofford had told him he would find it, and, sure enough, it contained just the material as to the customs, chariots, and races of the people of whom he wrote which he lacked.

#### THE BOOK OF THE FUTURE

The time has come, said a recent lecturer in London, when, for the first time in the history of the world, any lines drawn or written (in black ink on white paper) can be reproduced in metal, in "relief," on blocks without wood engraving, blocks from which thousands of copies can be printed. There is no occasion to go further into details; once realize the fact that your handiwork can be made to appear clearly on the printed page (with little more expense than type-setting) and you—the young author, student, man of letters—will give us in the future more of your interesting personality. The thoughts may flow as before, but the vessel to receive them and convey them to others shall have its hall-mark of individuality. Thus in the future the distinction will be clearly drawn between the work of the student on the one hand, and journalism, hack-literature, and "penny dreadfuls," on the other. Type setting and uniform printing of words by the thousand will be used as heretofore for all works requiring speed.



## SOME RECENT BOOKS

The thirty-fourth volume of the Dictionary of National Biography (Macmillan), from Llwyd to Maccartney, embraces more than the usual number of interesting names. Mr. Leslie Stephen, the former editor, continues his fine series of literary portraits, in which he ranks Lockhart's life of Scott next to Boswell's Johnson, and declares that Macaulay's affection for his sister's children has been repaid by one of the best biographies in the language. John Locke, Samuel Lover, Lovelace, Lyly, Sir Charles Lyell, and Lord Lyons are among the worthies commemorated in this volume.—The admirable edition of Jane Austen's novels has been followed by a similar issue of Miss Ferrier's, of which *Marriage* and *The Inheritance* have come to hand in two volumes each (Roberts). These novels, famous in their day—the first was published in 1818, the second six years later—are eminently deserving of reproduction in this attractive form. They give a true and interesting picture of the life that forms their subject, and while satirizing foibles that have not ceased to affect mankind give an impulse to sincerity and honesty of living. Such simplicity of treatment and delicacy of purpose were keenly appreciated by Sir Walter Scott and other contemporary admirers of Miss Ferrier, but they are out of fashion now-a-days.—Four addresses upon the purposes and achievements of his art are collected by Henry Irving under the title, *The Drama* (Tait, Sons & Company). Mr. Irving joins to a lofty conception of the functions of the stage a generous acquaintance with its shining lights at various epochs and a clear method of expression. His views upon the four great English actors who overthrew the dynasty of artifice and convention by a rigid adherence to nature may be read with interest and profit. The little volume,

which is tastefully printed and bound, has for frontispiece a portrait by Whistler.

M. Francisque Sarcey's *Recollections of Middle Life* (Scribner) treats for the most part of his experience upon the lecture platform. He tells how he yielded to the persuasions of a brilliant Parisian editor and made his first appearance; how he lectured to empty benches in London and sold his lecture for what seemed an incredible sum to the Nineteenth Century; how he might have earned a competence in South America just like Coquelin or Sarah Bernhardt, but could not forego ten months of Paris—this and much more, with pleasant glimpses of his contemporaries and colleagues, and hints upon his methods of work. The translation is by Elizabeth Luther Cary.—Twelve English authoresses are the subject of as many magazine papers by L. B. Walford (Longmans). From Hannah More to George Eliot, something is found to say about women who have left a mark in English letters—a few biographical facts, a measure of criticism—enough, at least, to give an idea of the relative merits of these worthies.—In an address before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, W. E. H. Lecky discussed *The Political Value of History* (Appleton), with a view of showing that however beneficial an institution has been in the past, its present continuance must be justified by its influence in our own society and age. Steering between those historians like Buckle, who attribute everything to a long chain of causes, and those like Carlyle, who magnify the actions of a few great individuals, Dr. Lecky recognizes the steady and orderly evolution that cannot, in the long run, be resisted, and, at the same time, the individual action and accident by which it has been modified.

Thus he points out the original cause of difference between England and the colonies, asking "who can fail to see that it was a difference abundantly susceptible of compromise and that a wise and moderate statesmanship might easily have averted the catastrophe."

Prof. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* (Macmillan), having reached a sale of 46,000—an unparalleled figure for a work of this character—has been issued in a third and completely revised edition of which the first volume is at hand. The revision is not confined to a record of constitutional changes and historical figures brought down to date, but extends to an almost microscopic scrutiny of minor facts, exceptions to general statements and illustrations of particular points. The study and conscientiousness betokened by this editorial labor are not less notable than the first conception and execution of this monumental work.—A popular treatise on the subject of the day and every day is *The People's Money*, by W. L. Trenholm, lately Comptroller of the Currency (Scribner). The elements of financial operations, the unit, the material and form of money, the banking system and kindred subjects are severally discussed, and the reasons for the stability of the gold standard are duly set forth. "The adoption of gold as the sole standard of value, wherever these changes have occurred, is just as natural, as inevitable and as final an outcome of such changes as are the substitution of steam power for horses in land transportation and for sails in navigation; the substitution of gas and electricity for whale-oil and candles in illumination; the substitution of iron and steel for wood in ship-building, and the change from old and unsatisfactory devices to the present system of post-office, police and fire department organization and equipment. None of these substitutions occurred suddenly. They were at first opposed by theorists,

and were long contended for in argument; but in all cases they worked their way slowly, by experiment at obscure initial points, widely apart, and are established now only because they are the best things of their several kinds that the world has had any knowledge of, and they are destined, no doubt, in their turn to be supplanted by other things now unknown and undreamed of." The author's views are sound and his language is direct and simple. These subjects must be rewritten for every generation, and it is fortunate when the task falls to one so competent to do it justice.

Dr. Sidney Sherwood's lectures on *The History and Theory of Money* delivered in the University Extension course at Philadelphia are published with addresses by Dr. William Pepper, Hon. W. L. Trenholm and other well-known authorities. (Lippincott.) The lectures were followed by discussions which are reported together with a list of books for reference, a proposed course of reading and other helps for students.—By the use of double columns and an unambitious print Boswell's *Life of Johnson* with all of Boswell's notes and a fair selection from other annotators, is comprised in a single volume of Macmillan's *Globe Library*. The editor is Mowbray Morris.—The Rev. Washington Gladden discusses scientific and Christian socialism, questions of property and industry under the Christian law in a series of lectures, published as *Tools and the Man* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Social progress, he observes, is always the resultant of two steadily acting tendencies—that towards the perfection of the individual and that towards the more perfect and harmonious co-operation of individuals. He pleads urgently for arbitration, advocates the limitation of hours of labor, the control of the telegraph by the State, and points out other ways for promoting the general weal.—Mr. B. O. Flower

presents in *Civilization's Inferno*, or *Studies in the Social Cellar* (Arena Publishing Company) a striking contrast between the life of the very poor and that of the over-wealthy. The material for the first part of his picture is drawn from personal observations in the haunts of poverty and squalor; *McAllister's Society as I Have Found It* is accepted as unquestioned authority for the obverse. It is a counterpoise of hardship, degradation and misery on the one hand and of hollowness, inanity and depravity on the other—a condition calling for profound study and radical remedies.—Lieut. W. P. Burnham has prepared for students a manual entitled *Three Roads to a Commission in the United States Army* (Appleton), meaning through the Military Academy, from the enlisted army and from civil life. The author's aim is to assist students, but he hopes incidentally to disperse a general ignorance concerning the best fed, best clothed, best paid and best standing army in the world.

Two volumes have been added to the reprint of the first edition of Dickens, *David Copperfield* and *American Notes and Pictures from Italy* (Macmillan). In each case the novelist's son narrates the circumstances of the composition with certain facts illustrative of the reception of the several works. It is the opinion of the younger Dickens that the indignation excited by the *American Notes* was due to the novelist's denunciation of slavery, as "practically all America" was in favor of that institution. "Absolute proof" of this view is adduced in the friendly reception given to Dickens after slavery was abolished. Uniform with the above, we have a new edition of *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, edited by his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter. The earliest letter is dated 1833, and from that time up to the writer's death, there is a large and characteristic selection. The ex-

planatory text is brief and to the point, and the notes are unobtrusive. In one place Charles Dickens refers to the frequency of fires in New York, saying "there was a large one there at four this morning, and I don't think a single night has passed since I have been under the protection of the Eagle but I have heard the fire bells dolefully clanging all over the city." It is a rare tribute to the modesty of our national bird that an English editor should construe this as a reference to the "Eagle Fire Insurance Office."—Acting on a suggestion that a good way to arrange wild flowers would be according to color, Mrs. William Starr Dana has prepared a useful hand-book entitled *How to Know the Wild Flowers* (Scribner), for which Miss Marion Satterlee has drawn more than a hundred illustrations. Arranged in general color groups, the individual plants are briefly described, the distinguishing marks of each are noted, with the scientific and popular names and such bits of information as have been gathered by observation and reading. Both text and illustrations show more than an intelligent interest and grasp of the subject. Without enthusiasm and persistent, conscientious endeavor this labor of love would never have been completed.—Young readers will find interest, information and stimulus in *Heroic Happenings*, by Elbridge S. Brooks (Putnam), in which are set forth in prose and verse with accompanying pictures the notable doings of ancient and modern, of Roman, Italian, Frenchman and American, whose deeds live in story.—*The Gods of Olympus, or Mythology of the Greeks and Romans*, has been translated for the benefit of young scholars and edited from the twentieth edition of A. H. Petiscus by Katharine A. Raleigh (Cassell). This new issue of an old-fashioned text-book is freely illustrated and provided with index and references.—In *Louis Agassiz: his life and work* (Putnam), Charles Frederick Holder has told for juvenile readers

the story of the great naturalists' career. The work is freely illustrated and is provided with a useful bibliography.

In the noteworthy fiction of the month are, three shortish South Sea stories, *Island Nights'* Entertainments (Scribner), by Robert Louis Stevenson; *A Tillyloss Scandal* (Lovell), with various characteristic sketches and scenes by J. M. Barrie; a delightful collection of tales and interludes, *In the Bundle of Time* (Roberts), by Arlo Bates; some bright and realistic *Stories of a Western Town*, by Octave Thanet (Scribner), and *The Real Thing* and other tales, by Henry James. Having said so much is equivalent to noting how largely the best talent of the day is directed towards short stories. Of more ambitious works, we remark *Tiny Luttrell*, an Australian tale, by Ernest William Hornung; a singular story, entitled *A Wild Proxy*, by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and *B. L. Farjeon's Last Tenant*, all in Cassell's dollar series. *Fergus Hume's Harlequin Opal* (Rand, McNally & Co.) recounts the sequel of a prank started by school-boys and acted in later life. Yachting life and travel in the tropics are represented beside no end of hard fighting against barcarians. Yachting also appears in *The Story of John Trevennick*, by Walter C. Rhoades (Macmillan), accompanied by smuggling as a means of restoring shattered fortune—it is a pleasantly told story. *The Marplot*, by Sidney Royse Ly-saght (Macmillan), is also agreeably written and the interest is well sustained. In *Val-Maria* (Lippincott), Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull has produced a romance of the time of Napoleon, and in it has woven a thread of mystical meaning, so that a boy's innocent and lofty ideals are powerfully in contrast with the naked selfishness of the monarch. *James Lane Allen's John Gray* (Lippincott) is a strong and moving story of a century ago.

The Baroness von Suttner's *Die Waffen Nieder* (Longmans) is a romantic plea for international peace.—William Watson's caprice, *The Eloping Angels* (Macmillan), represents Faust curious for a glimpse of heaven and with Mephistopheles taking the places of a young couple anxious to leave a spot where there is no giving in marriage. How the celestial twain fare in their second sojourn on earth, and how Faust regrets the steps he has taken, is narrated with much lightness of touch and play of fancy while the serious purpose is hid beneath a show of flippancy. The concluding stanzas may fill out this page:—

"I think," said Faust (himself and Mephisto  
Had just returned from their ethereal  
jaunt),

"This earth is still the nicest place I know.  
It always teases me when people flaunt  
Their own superior bliss before me, so  
Aggressively, as in that sinless haunt  
Where we have just been privileged to see  
The dullness of entire felicity.

"And then, their bliss itself—no objects  
new

Tempting the soul for ever forth to press!  
One goal attained, another half in view,  
One riddle solved, another still to guess,  
Something subdued and something to sub-  
due,

Are the conditions of our happiness  
I know no harsher ordinance of fate  
Than the stagnation of your perfect state."

"All which," said Mephisto, "I've heard  
before.

Well, you and I no risk need apprehend  
Of being stranded on that tedious shore.

From all such perils we are safe, my  
friend,

So make yourself quite easy on that score,  
And your great mind to other matters  
bend.

Meanwhile, old fellow, Earth for you and  
me!

(Aside.) How he will take to my place, we  
shall see."

#### ARS ET LABOR

*Frank Dempster Sherman.....Cosmopolitan*

Not without toil the poet may impart  
Unto his verse the permanence of art:  
Labor alone can make the pebble rhyme  
A jewel worthy to be worn by time.

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